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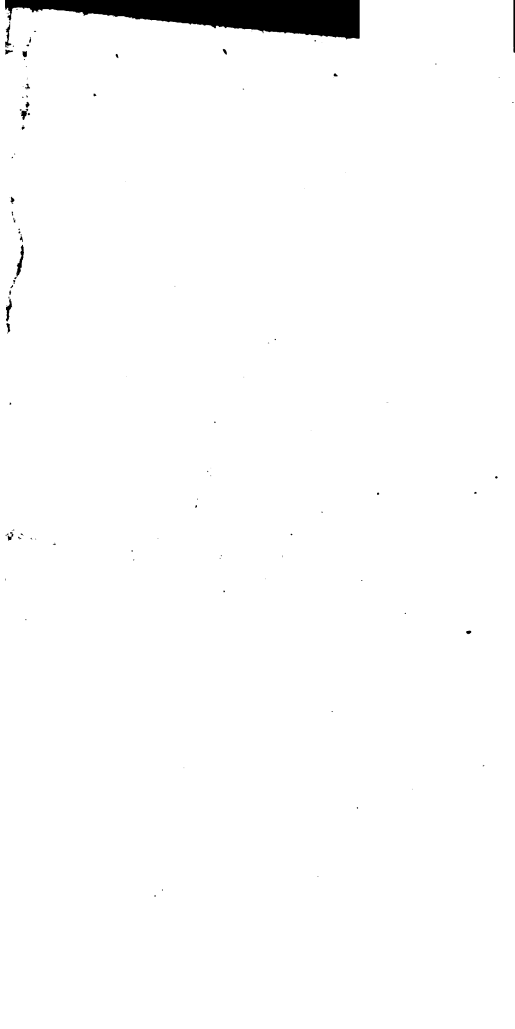


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PETER BINKARD ESQ.

London Published 1826, by Thomas Tegg, 73 Cheapside.

THE
COMMON-PLACE BOOK
OF
HUMOROUS POETRY;
CONSISTING OF
A CHOICE COLLECTION
OF
ENTERTAINING ORIGINAL AND SELECTED
PIECES

WITH A PORTRAIT
OF
PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THOMAS TEGG, 73, CHEAPSIDE;
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THE
COMMON-PLACE BOOK
OF
HUMOROUS POETRY.

THE FRIARS OF DIJON: A TALE.

By T. Campbell, Esq.

WHEN honest men confess'd their sins,
And paid the church genteely—
In Burgundy two capuchins
Lived jovially and freely.

They march'd about from place to place,
With shrift and dispensation ;
And mended broken consciences,
Soul-tinkers by vocation.

One friar was father Boniface,
And he ne'er knew disquiet,
Save when condemn'd to saying grace
O'er mortifying diet.



The other was lean Dominick,
Whose slender form, and fallow,
Would scarce have made a candlewick
For Boniface's tallow.

Albeit, he tippled like a fish,
Though not the same potation ;
And mortal man ne'er clear'd a dish
With nimbler mastication.

Those saints without the shirts arrived,
One evening late, to pigeon
A country pair for alms, that lived
About a league from Dijon—

Whose supper-pot was set to boil
On faggots briskly crackling :
The friars enter'd, with a smile
To Jacquez and to Jacqueline.

They bow'd, and bless'd the dame, and then
In pious terms besought her
To give two holy-minded men
A meal of bread and water.

For water and a crust they crave,
Those mouths that even on Lent days
Scarce knew the taste of water, save
When watering for dainties.

Quoth Jacquez, " That were sorry cheer
For men fatigued and dusty ;
And if ye supp'd on crusts, I fear,
You'd go to bed but crusty."

*So forth he brought a flask of rich
Wine fit to feast Silenus,*

And viands, at the sight of which
They laugh'd like two hyænas.

Alternately, the host and spouse
Regaled each pardon-guager,
Who told them tales right marvellous,
And lied as for a wager—

'Bout churches like balloons convey'd
With æronautic martyrs ;
And wells made warm, where holy maid
Had only dipt her garters.

And if their hearers gaped, I guess,
With jaws three inch asunder,
'Twas partly out of weariness,
And partly out of wonder.

Then striking up duets, the frères
Went on to sing in matches,
From psalms to sentimental airs,
From these to glees and catches.

At last they would have danced outright,
Like a baboon and tame bear,
If Jacquez had not drunk good night,
And shown them to their chamber.

The room was high, the host's was nigh—
Had wife or he suspicion,
That monks would make a raree-show
Of chinks in the partition?—

Or that two confessors would come,
Their holy ears out-reaching
To conversations as hum-drum
Almost as their own preaching?

But every deed will have its me
And hark ! what information
Has made the sinners, in a trice
Look black with consternatio

The farmer on a hone prepares
His knife, a long and keen on
And talks of killing both the frè
The fat one and the lean one.

To-morrow, by the break of day
He orders, too, salt-petre
And pickling tubs——But, reade
Our host was no man-eater.

The priests knew not that country
Gave pigs the name of friars ;
But startled, witless of the joke,
As if they'd trod on briars.

Meanwhile, as they

Yes, Boniface, 'tis time we were
Beginning to be godly.

Would that, for absolution's sake,
Of all our sins and cogging,
We had a whip to give and take
A last kind mutual flogging.

O Dominick, thy nether end.
Should bleed for expiation,
And thou shouldst have, my dear fat friend,
A glorious flagellation.

But having ne'er a switch, poor sculs,
They bow'd like weeping willows,
And told the saints long rigmaroles
Of all their peccadillos.

Yet midst this penitential plight
A thought their fancies tickled,
'Twere better brave the window's height
Than be at morning pickled.

And so they girt themselves to leap,
Both under breath imploring
A regiment of saints to keep
Their host and hostess snoring.

The lean one lighted like a cat,
Then scamper'd off like Jehu,
Nor stopp'd to help the man of fat,
Whose cheek was of a clay hue—

Who being by nature more design'd
For resting than for jumping,
Fell heavy on his parts behind,
That broaden'd with the plumping.

At length he waddled to a sty ;
The pigs, you'd thought for game-sal
Came round and nosed him lovingly,
As if they'd known their namesake.

Meanwhile the other flew to town,
And with short respiration
Bray'd like a donkey up and down
“ Ass-ass-ass-assination ! ”

Men left their beds, and night-capp'd hea
Popp'd out from every casement ;
The cats ran frighten'd on the leads ;
Dijon was all amazement.

Doors bang'd, dogs bay'd, and boys hurr
Throats gaped aghast in bare rows,
Till soundest-sleeping watchmen woke,
And even at last the mayor rose—

Who charging him before natter

Of twenty men rode sword in hand,
To storm the bloody farm's house.

As they were cantering toward the place,
Comes Jacquez to the swineyard,
But started when a great round face
Cried, "Rascal, hold thy whinyard."

'Twas Boniface, as mad 's King Lear,
Playing antics in the piggery :
"And what the devil brought you here,
You mountain of a friar, eh?"

Ah, once how jolly, now how wan,
And blubber'd with the vapours,
That frantic capuchin began
To cut fantastic capers—

Crying, "Help, hollo, the bellows blow,
The pot is on to stew me ;
I am a pretty pig—but no !
They shall not barbacue me."

Nor was this raving fit a sham ;
In truth, he was hysterical,
Until they brought him out a dram,
And that wrought like a miracle.

Just as the horseman halted near,
Crying, "Murderer, stop, ohoy, oh !"
Jacquez was comforting the frère
With a good glass of noyeau—

Who beckon'd to them not to kick up
A row ; but waxing mellow,
Squeezed Jacquez' hand, and with a hiccup
Said, "You're a damn'd good fellow."

Explaining lost but little breath :—
 Here ended all the matter ;
 So God save Queen Elizabeth,
 And long live Henri Quatre !

The gens-d'armes at the story broke
 Into horse-fits of laughter,
 And, as if they had known the joke,
 Their horses neigh'd thereafter.

Lean Dominick, methinks, his chaps
 Yawn'd weary, worn, and moody ;
 So may my readers too, perhaps,
 And thus I wish 'em good day.

MATRIMONIAL FELICITY, AND CONJUGAL
 AFFECTION.

To die, some wicked rascals tell us,
 Is a mere joke, a *bagatelle*,
 Whether we're partial to a gallows,
 Or choose to walk into a well ;
 But from a paltry love of life,
 Say the same rogues—not over civil,
 To take unto yourself a wife—
Alias a spouse,—O that's the devil !
 Who, cry these wags, would ever cumber
 His house with such a dull, insipid,
 Useless, heartless piece of lumber,
 A mere machine, a moving biped ?
 And then they tell of Eve and Adam,
 And Samson's wife, and Lot's sad dame
 And poor Job's breeches-wearing madam,
 And hundreds more than I can name ;

Pandora with her pois'nous box,
And Helen who to Asia ran,
And her who had the art to hoax
Poor Socrates, unhappy man !
Yet after all, I still maintain
That women, on the whole, increase
Man's happiness, and can't refrain
From saying they're a useful piece
Of household furniture, a kind
Domestic animal, that knows
All the vagaries of your mind,
And makes your tea, and mends your clothes.
But marriage is no doubt a sea,
With many a rock that one may split on,
With many a hidden shoal that we
Will soon or late be sure to get on.
Who ever saw a genuine tear
Stand in a widowed husband's eye ?
Who ever had the luck to hear
At such a time a genuine sigh ?
Look at the widower when he goes
Accoutred in his new black clothes,
Is there no smile about his face ?
No air of freedom in his pace ?
No scorn about the glance he throws
In proud security on those
Whose looks inform you well enough
Their mates are "made of sterner stuff ?"—
This puts a story in my head
I somewhere either heard or read.

A messenger in breathless haste,
With hair erected on his head,
Into Cornaro's chamber prest,
And rush'd up to the sleeper's bed :
The sleeper lay in sweet repose,
The wasted strength of life restoring,
R 2

ask'd, what the devil brought
The messenger, in great distress.
At length in broken accents said
"O sir! they've sent me here to
To tell you that your wife is dead
"Indeed!" the widow'd man replied
Turning upon his other side,
And pulling o'er his eyes his cap
In hopes of finishing his nap—
"To-morrow, when I wake, you
How long and loud my grief shall

THE TOPER: A TALE

A TOPER once addicted long
To swilling liquors that were strong
By conscience smote one night in dream
Resolv'd to do—now what d'ye think
To drink no more!—but do not

"Bravo! bravo!" cries Resolution,
"Oh, what a glorious revolution!
My aid you'll have, I'm *always ready*;
Hold up, my friend, be steady—steady!
Come, let us go; 'tis time, indeed;
Lean on my arm, for help you need."

"Where are we now?"—"Just at the door;
You know you must not enter more."
"'Tis very right—exactly so,
Nor will I for a twelvemonth go:
Hip!—hip!—I've made a vow, you know."

"Keep to that,—bravissimo!"
Cries Resolution, "come away."
"Stay," said the Toper, "stay, stay, stay:
Our bargain made, now, don't you think
We might just take a *little* drink?
'Tis mostly done on these occasions."
"Nay, but attend to my persuasions;
My friend, my friend, your vow, your vow."
"Oh, I will keep it, never fear,
But then I feel so thirsty now,
I don't think I included *beer*."

"You did, you did,—nay tarry not."—
"But only just a parting pot."—
"It must not be."—"Well, come away."—
"That's right,—there's danger in delay."

The Toper had some paces gone,
His new friend having help'd him on;
When, suddenly, he stopp'd, and cried
To Resolution at his side:—

"I say, d'ye hear, my sober sir?
Not one inch further will I stir;

—shake hands upon it;—now, d'ye see,
You're quite too dry a chip for me."

Some paces Resolution fled,
And, disappointed, shook his head;
Yet linger'd nigh.—The Toper then
Bespoke the shadowy form again:
"I'll keep my promise, my dear friend
Firm as a rock, you may depend:
Shake hands, my boy,—I'll keep my vow
I feel just up, and gay and mellow.
So, Resolution, dam'me, now
I'll drink your health, my noble fellow
And then I'm off.—Oh! honour bright
Not one drop more I'll taste to night."

The Toper darted to the door
He lately vow'd to pass no more,
And stagger'd through—while, with a sigh,
Grave Resolution said—"Good bye,"
And went his way, distress'd to see

SIR DUNDER O'KELLY.

———Pete regna per undas.—Virg.—

OLD mother O'Kelly the scold,
Who lived in a county of blunder,
Call'd great Tipperary, I'm told,
Thus spoke to her little boy Dunder—
“ I've only got you and a cow,
And, since I can't keep all the three,
I'd better keep her, you'll allow,
Because the kind creature keeps me.”

So Dunder O'Kelly set sail
From Ireland to better himself,
And climb'd up the Holyhead mail
To ease Johnny Bull of his pelf.
To follow of glory the path,
And put British beef in his belly,
At Margate, at Brighton, at Bath,
He sported Sir Dunder O'Kelly.

Sir Dunder in dancing was skill'd,
And look'd very neat in his clothes,
But indeed all his beauty was kill'd
By a terrible wen on his nose.
This double appendage, alas !
He thought neither pretty nor proper ;
Nature gave him one visage of brass,
And Bacchus two noses of copper.

He dived into Bath for a bride ;
The ladies all check'd his advances,
And vow'd they could never abide
Loose manners, and straiten'd finances.

His looking-glass set the po
Ofttimes in his bed-cham
His ugliness showing at nigh
And eke in the morning
He flung himself down on t
Was ever unfortunate elf
So terribly haunted before
By a ghost in the shape of

Resolved Charon's eddy to
His pistol he primed, but
He thought, if he shot at th
'Twould blow out the br
So bang went the slugs at h
At once from this life to
He shot all the quicksilver
But himself was as lively

Amazed at the hubbub was
And began, in the midst
All over to felo de se :

At home he now follows the plough,
And, whilst in his rustical courses
He walks at their tails, you'll allow
He never can frighten his horses.

SECOND-SIGHT.

A SCOTSMAN, like his countrymen who travel
Southward, to find a happier clime,
Where verdant turf and flowers, not heath and
gravel,

Cover the earth, and thistles yield to thyme,
And branching oak and beech luxuriant rise,
Shaming the broom beneath his native skies ;
Where suns glow warmer, richer fruits are eaten,
And oaten cakes yield up the palm to wheaten—

Took up his distant dwelling,
When tired with selling
His pedler wares : having his fortune made
By trucking, chaffering, haggling at his trade.

At Leighton Buzzard 'twas he fix'd his quarters,
And purchased bricks and mortars,
Built a neat house with praiseworthy frugality,
And then sat down for life

Idle—he took no wife
To pester the last years of his mortality.

One faculty of value he could boast,
That none, except his countrymen, possess,
Called *second-sight* ; by this at others' cost

He oft advanced his purse and interest ;
Could see the ghosts at midnight steal away
From churchyard graves, and ramble till 'twas day ;
And mark infernal imps, to tempt poor sinners,
Mix at their plays, and operas, and dinners.

He rose, that he might hobble to a doctor
For some advice to cure his bowels sick,
And save his corpse and cash from proctor.

Two Esculapians practised in the place ;
He sought the nearest out to tell his case,
Regain his ease, and set at rest his doubt
But stared at finding all the door about
Swarming with disembodied shades of those
Despatched to their repose
By BOLUS with his drops and pills,
Scarce gaining time to make their wills :
They stood as thick as bees in summer hive
Relics of practice on a thousand lives.

“ It’s weel, it’s weel, the hint is uncō gude
Thought wary Sawney ; and away he strode
To seek the other son of cataplasms,
Divining the phantasms
That haunted him might less in number he

He said, and enter'd, took a copious dose ;
But when he rose to go away,
The doctor thank'd him, hugg'd him close,
Assured him that for many a day
He'd been despairing, patients were so few,
For till that hour he never had but *two* !

THE BANK CLERK AND THE STABLE-
KEEPERS.

Showing how Peter was undone
By taking care of Number One.

OF Peter Prim (so Johnson would have written)
Let me indulge in the remembrance ;—Peter !
Thy formal phiz has oft my fancy smitten ;
For sure the Bank had never a completer
Quiz among its thousand clerks,
Than he who now elicits our remarks.

Prim was a formalist, a prig,
A solemn fop, an office martinet,
One of those small precisians who look big
If half an hour before their time they get
To an appointment, and abuse those elves
Who are not over-punctual, like themselves.

If you should mark his powder'd head betimes,
And polish'd shoes in Lothbury,
You know the hour, for the three-quarter chimes
Invariably struck as he went by.
From morning fines he always saved his gammon,
Not from his hate of sloth, but love of mammon.

*For Peter had a special eye
To Number One:—his charity*

At home beginning, ne'er extends,
But where it started had its end too ;
And as to lending cash to friends,
Luckily he had none to lend to.

No purchases so cheap as his,
While no one's bargains went so far ;
And though in dress a deadly quiz,
No Quaker more particular.

This live automaton, who seem'd
To move by clock-work, ever keen
To live upon the saving plan,
Had soon the honour to be deem'd
That selfish, heartless, cold machine,
Call'd in the city—a warm man.

A Bank Director once, who dwelt at Chigwell,
Prim to a turtle-feast invited,
And as the reader knows the prig well,
I need not say he went, delighted !
For great men, when they let you slice their mes
May give a slice of loan—a richer treat.

No stage leaves Chigwell after eight,
Which was too early to come back ;
So after much debate,
Peter resolved to hire a hack ;
The more inclined to this because he knew
In London Wall, at Number Two,
An economic stable-keeper,
From whom he hoped to get one cheaper.

Behold him mounted on his jade,
A perfect Johnny-Gilpin figure ;
But the good bargain he had made
Compensating for sneer and snigger,

OF HUMOROUS POETRY.

He trotted on—arrived—sat down,
Devour'd enough for six or seven,
His horse remounted, and reach'd town
As he had fix'd—exactly at eleven.
But whether habit led him, or the Fates,
To give a preference to Number One
(As he had always done),
Or that the darkness jumbled the two gates,
Certain it is he gave *that* bell a drag,
Instead of Number Two,
Rode in—dismounted—left his nag,
And homeward hurried without more ado.

Some days elapsed, and no one came
To bring the bill, or payment claim :
He 'gan to hope 'twas overlook'd,
Forgotten quite, or never book'd—
An error which the honesty of Prim
Would ne'er have rectified, if left to him.
After six weeks, however, comes a pair
Of groom-like looking men,
Each with a bill, which Peter they submit to ;
One for the six weeks' *hire* of a bay mare,
And one for six weeks' *keep* of ditto :
Together—twenty-two pounds ten !

The tale got wind.—What ! Peter make a blunder !
There was no end of joke, and quiz, and wonder,
Which, with the loss of cash, so mortified
Prim, that he suffer'd an attack
Of bile, and bargain'd with a quack,
Who daily swore to cure him—till he died ;
When, as no will was found,
His scraped, and saved, and hoarded store
Went to a man to whom, some months before
He had refused to lend a pound.

Both equally in fault we see,
It needs must strike,
That so alike,
It's wonderful they can't agree* !
But Dr. Johnson, moral sage,
Review'd the past and present age,
And ventured to declare,
That marriage (such its hapless fate)
Was clearly an unnat'ral state,
Which none could calmly bear.
"For mark," said he, "what laws are
How binding, nothing can evade,
When strifes arise, and stormy weather;
Yet spite of all the law's dominion,
Custom, and force of old opinion,
Can scarcely keep the two together†."
A wedded pair there once existed,
'Twixt whom these doctrines were divi
The husband in the last persisted,
The wife was for the first decided.
Constant their squabbles all day long,
Their nightly theme, their morning's song
Their faith was this—*Whatever is*

" Really, my dear, I can't conceive
Why little things should make us grieve,
And put our tempers out of joint,
When neither cares how these succeed,
And we are perfectly agreed
About the main, *the one grand point!*"
" *Agreed!*" the man exclaim'd, " what stuff!
In what grand point, I pray?"
" The grandest point—'tis clear enough,
As you," said she, " shall say;
Agreed in this, which not a fool
Will venture to deny—
You wish to rule,
And so do I!"

THE KING OF THE BAY,

A Ballad, faithfully translated from the Narragansett dialect.

[*From an American Journal.*]

NOT far from Apponaug lived Molly the fair,
A belle in the pride of her glory,
In a fine situation for taking the air,
Which no one will deny who has ever been there;
If he does, 'twill not injure my story.

In a gable-roof'd house, by the side of the road,
She dwelt with a heart void of care;
A chimney of stone, in the old fashion'd mode,
Crown'd the roof of her low and romantic abode,
Which was something in want of repair.

One eve, as fair Molly had set herself down,
Pounding spice in a huge wooden mortar,
A waggoner stopt, just returning from town,
(His coat was snuff colour'd, his trowsers were brown)
And ask'd for a mug of cold water.

THE COMMON-PLACE BOOK

O yes," says the maiden—The stranger remains
At the gate, at the side of his waggon,
Within which some hay and a rundlet remains,
beef's head, by the nose, hung above in the chains)
To wait for the maid and her flagon.

he maid soon appear'd with her flagon so bright,
'Twas pewter, and fill'd with sweet cider ;
e seized it with haste and drank with delight ;
e look'd at the maid (who was six feet in height),
Lord ha' mercy ! how sharply he eyed her.

At a twinkling, the form of a monster he took,
The waggon had vanished from view—
he maid with surprise and astonishment shook,
and gave o'er her shoulder a terrified look,
Her eyes not a little askew.

His hair, of black sea-weed, is wound like a wreath,
His nose like a lobster appears,
A beard of thick eel-grass is hanging beneath,
While two rows of huge barnacles serve him for
teeth,
And two overgrown clam-shells for ears.

Who are you ?" fair Molly with eagerness said.
" No being of earth, pretty maiden—
'm a god of the sea, you perceive, by my head ;
The sharks and the blue-fish behold me with dread,
And I rule the Tautaug and Menhaden.

The king of the Bay Narragansett I've been,
Since the stars and the planets have kept tune ;
My crown"—this was said with a complaisant grin,
Which show'd the enormous extent of his chin,—
' I received from my great uncle Neptune.

“ But, Molly, I’m tired of a *bachelor’s* life,
For a change I’ve been some time preparing ;
And though marriage, I hear, has its troubles and
 strife,
I at length have concluded to make you my wife—
Why, Lord, how the woman is staring !

“ All my subjects will gaze, and behold us with
 pride,
As we range through our kingdom together ;
While the world shall remain, you shall live as my
 bride,
You shall rule all the shell-fish and eels, and shall
 ride
On a shovel-nosed shark in bad weather !”

Then he whisk’d her, while screaming with terror,
 away ;—
To a rock in *North Kingston* he brought her ; ,
And the mark of their feet, as the old women say,
Impress’d in the rock, may be seen at this day*,
Where he jump’d with her into the water.

THE BEST OF WIVES: A TALE.

A MAN had once a vicious wife,
(A most *uncommon* thing in life ;)
His days and nights were spent in strife
 Unceasing.

Her tongue went glibly all day long,
Sweet contradiction still her song,
And all the poor man did was wrong,
 And ill done.

* *This is no fiction; the rock is there, and can speak for itself.*

And every seeming art display'd,
Tried of what stuff her skin was made
Failing in all, to Heav'n he pray'd
To 1

Once walking by a river's side,
In mournful terms, "My dear," he
"No more let feuds our peace divide
I'll 1

"Weary of life, and quite resign'd,
To drown I have made up my mind
So tie my hands as fast behind
As c

"Or Nature may assert her reign,
My arms assist, my will restrain,
And swimming, I once more regain
My

With eager haste the dame complies
While joy stands glist'ning in her eyes
Already in her thoughts he lies

To give the blow the more effect,
Some twenty yards she ran direct,
And did what she could least expect
She should do.

He slips aside, himself to save,
So souse she dashes in the wave,
And gave what ne'er before she gave,
Much pleasure.

"Dear husband, help! I sink!" she cried;
"Thou best of wives!" the man replied,
"I would—but you my hands have tied,
God help ye!"

THE HONEY MOON,

SERENE and tranquil was the night,
The night that clos'd the summer day,
And brilliant shone the moon, and bright
And soft and tender was her ray.

"How like our loves!" the husband cried,
As on his arm Louisa hung—
Scarce had Louisa been a bride,
And both were fond, and both were young.

"This moon, how like our love, my dear!"
He said, and clasp'd her round the waist;
"Tis pure, and perfect, and sincere,
Tender, and true, and warm, though chaste."

Time flew—the youthful pair again
Enjoy'd at eve the stilly vale;
The moon still shone, but in the wane,
Her form less round, her face more pale.

And yet a sigh escap'd her !
Perhaps the fair one would ha
She lik'd the first bright mo

Time linger'd ; yet again the
The balmy breath of eve im
And now less perfect, yet still
The moon, alas ! two horns

“ This too is love,” Louisa sa
“ The love, my dear, that li
Perfect at first, it soon decays,
Decays, and ends at last in !

THE HUMOROUS I

Or sundry novel Objections at
OF a vein most facetious and qu
But the joys of the bottle his t
One day to his sire, who made
In begging to sea he would go.
“ Dear father, no further insis

Nor into the hazard of drowning e'er pops he,
Unless in epitome, drowning—by dropsy.
The ocean oh shun ! would I say to my soul,
Or be thy *main* sport but a brimming punch bowl.
Then, Sir, living at sea would be scarcely to *me*
life,

Who like to see life, though I like not a sea life.
Obeying, I quickly most wretched should be,
And besides being *sea sick*, quite *sick of the sea*.
What *vessels* care I for, save vessels of wine ?
What *anchors*, save ankers of brandy divine ?
Say, how can I *harbour* a thought about *Port*,
Save that which creates the gay Bacchanal's sport ?
Besides, who could ever regard as a treat
That compound of leather and brine, their salt
meat ?

'Twere not fair to expect with such fare life to
drag on ;

No—give me a flagon—I'll ne'er think a flag on.
Then, hang it ! that word of such ominous scope ;
Rope's-end—which suggests the sad end by a rope.
But should some grand booty (like Colchis' rich
fleece)

Reward my sea perils, thro' Fate's kind caprice,
Would there not *then*, you ask me, be argument
some for't ?

Ah no !—I should be but *fleec'd* out of my comfort.
That man must possess, Sir, a mind that nought
minds,

Who at the ship's stern can endure the stern winds ;
Ah ! think what a toil, in one's life's latter stage,
To be *ploughing* the main 'midst the *furrows* of
age !

I prefer a deep glass to the glassy deep, far,
And now *pitch* to oblivion all thoughts 'bout a *tar*.
Thus, as for the *sea*, my dear father now *knows* all
The motives which urge me to *wave* the proposal."

ELEGY ON LEAVING THE COUNTRY.

In the manner of Shenstone.

ADIEU to the village delights,
Since the hamlet, alas ! I must leave ;
Adieu to the moonshiny nights,
And adieu to the "glories of eve !"

Adieu to the moan of the dove,
Adieu to the joys of the plain ;
To the nightingales "down in the grove,"
And the jack-asses down in the lane !

Farewell to the puddles of mire,
That bedevil'd my dear little feet ;
As careless, ah me ! of attire,
I roam'd in my rural retreat.

Farewell to the glen and the dell !
Farewell to the mountain and lake !
A long and a lasting farewell
To gooseberry wine and seed-cake !

The pigsty's enchanting perfume
No more shall my senses inhale ;
Orinoco no more through the room,
With *short-cut* make fragrant the gale.

Gin-twist for a time I forsake ;
Backgammon, alas ! I forego ;
No longer rum-punch I partake,
Nor the dumpling's rich luxury know.

*Adieu to the herds and the flocks,
Roaming free through their sylvan domains ;*

Adieu to the woods and the rocks ;
Adieu to boil'd bacon and greens !

Farewell to the lass and the swain ;
Farewell to the partridge and quail
Thou, Pincher, farewell too ! in vain
Dost thou waggle thine innocent tail !

Sweet friends of my youth, too, forthwith
I must quit you ! a tender adieu !
Adieu to Elizabeth Smith !
And to George Theopompus Carew !

O ! think not my sorrows absurd ;
Cruel destiny bears me to town—
Farewell !—Can I utter the word ?—
Farewell to my Grandmamma Brown ! ! !

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MISERIES OF MATRIMONY.

WHAT, what is Marriage ! Harris, Priscian,
Assist me with a definition.
“ Oh ! ” cries a charming silly fool,
Emerging from her boarding school,
“ Marriage is—love, without disguises,
It is a—something that arises
From raptures and from stolen glances,
To be the end of all romances ;
Vows—quarrels—moonshine—babes—but hush !
I mustn't have you see me blush.”
“ Pshaw ! ” says a modern modish wife,
“ Marriage is splendour, fashion, life ;
A house in town, and villa shady ;
Balls, diamond bracelets, and ‘ My Lady ! ’

An aged bachelor, whose life
Has just been "*sweeten'd*" with a wife
Tells out the latent grievance thus :
" Marriage is—odd ! for one of us
'Tis worse a mile than rope or tree,
Hemlock, or sword, or slavery ;
An end at once to all our ways,
Dismission to the one-horse chaise ;
Adieu to Sunday can and pig,
Adieu to wine, and whist, and wig ;
Our friends turn out—our wives are cl
'Tis ' exit Crony,'—' enter Captain.'
Then hurry in a thousand thorns,
Quarrels and compliments—and Horn
This is the yoke,—and I must wear it
Marriage is—Hell, or something near

" Why, Marriage," says an Exquisite
Sick from the supper of last night,
" Marriage is—after one by me !
I promised Tom to ride at three.—

Hymen, who hears the blockheads groan,
 Rises indignant from his throne,
 And mocks their self-reviling tears,
 And whispers thus in Folly's ears!—
 "Oh! frivolous of heart and head!
 If strifes infest your nuptial bed,
 Not Hymen's hand, but Guilt and Sin,
 Fashion, and Folly, force them in;
 If on your couch is seated Care,
 I did not bring the scoffer there;
 If Hymen's torch is feebler grown,
 The hand that quench'd it was your own;
 And what I am, unthinking elves!
 Ye all have made me for yourselves!"

MORAL REFLECTIONS

Written on the Cross of St. Paul's.

THE man that pays his pence, and goes
 Up to thy lofty Cross, St. Paul,
 Looks over London's naked nose,
 Women and men:
 The world is all beneath his ken,
 He sits above the *Ball*.
 He seems on Mount Olympus' top,
 Among the Gods, by Jupiter! and lets drop
 His eyes from the empyreal clouds
 On mortal crowds.

Seen from these skies,
 How small those emmets in our eyes!
 Some carry little sticks—and one
 His eggs—to warm them in the sun:
 Dear! what a hustle
 And bustle!

And there's my aunt. I know her by her waist,
So long and thin,
And so pinch'd in,
Just in the pismire taste.

Oh ! what are men ?—Beings so small,
That should I fall
Upon their little heads, I must
Crush them by hundreds into dust !

And what is life ! and all its ages—
There's seven stages !
Turnham Green ! Chelsea ! Putney ! Fulham !
Brentford ! and Kew !
And Tooting too !
And oh ! what very little nags to pull 'em.
Yet each would seem a horse indeed,
If here at Paul's tip-top we'd got 'em,
Although like Cinderella's breed,
They're mice at bottom.

Then let me not despise a horse,
Though he looks small from Paul's high cross !
Since he would be, as near the sky,
——Fourteen hands high.

What is this world with London in its lap ?
Mogg's Map.
The Thames, that ebbs and flows in its broad
channel ?
A *tidy* kennel.
The bridges stretching from its banks
Stone planks.

*Ah me ! hence I could read an admonition
To mad Ambition !
But that he would not listen to my call,
Though I should stand upon the cross and bull.*

BAILIE CUDDY,

Or, The Way to be a Wit.

[A Civic Tale of the Olden Time.]

Non ego mordaci destrinxi carmine quenquam.
Nulla venguato est litera mista joco. Ovid.

ONCE Bailie Cuddy was unknown to fame,
And plain John Cuddy was the Bailie's name :
In those dull days he plied the joiner trade,
Shiv'ring in poverty's *sequester'd* shade,
Till fortune's sun at last began to rise,
Call'd maggots from the dunghill to the skies ;
Cuddy took flight, but how no one could say,
Flutt'ring his *paper wings** in fortune's ray.
Old cronies star'd to see his three-cock'd hat,
And chain of gold, that grac'd his neck of fat ;
A few years back, they would have taken a bet,
That *hemp*, in place of *gold*, had been its fate ;
For every little quirk he had at will
To bilk his shopmates o'er the social gill ;
Lank was his *frame*, and show'd in every *spaul*
A walking candidate for Surgeons' hall ;
The fat of bullocks, and of rams, had not,
As yet, combin'd to swell him to a butt.

It chanc'd some thing of great consideration,
Requir'd the Council's deep deliberation ;
Whether it were some burgh grounds to be feu'd,
Or have the Laigh Kirk dial-plate renew'd,

* Accommodation Bills, or, as our Irish neighbours have it, "flying the Kite."

Or something else ; but be it what it may,
They're all to dine upon a certain day ;
The Bull is order'd dinner to prepare,
And Bailie Cuddy is to fill the chair.—
Proud of the seat their wisdom had bestow'd,
The cheeks of Cuddy bright with rapture glow'd ;
High swell'd his breast with self congratulation,
Thus to have met the Council's approbation :
But doubts arose, his budding joys to blight,
How he should act, on that momentous night,
For toasts, and sentiments, the Bailie knew,
Would be expected, and he had but few,
And what he had were very far from new.
Yet much he wished, since he was in the chair,
To give the Council something that was rare ;
Oft he essayed to make a toast or pun,
But soon he found it was not easy done,
For though his head was hard as any *flint*,
Still when he *struck* he found no *sparks* were in't.
The house was empty, and the door was locked,
For Cuddy's brains were in his breeches pocket ;
The wit that *diddled* when a *reckoning** came,
And that which made a toast, were not the same.

Here, by good luck, he recollected Spiers,
A witty shopmate of his poorer years,
And call'd to mind how, in the days of yore,
His jokes had set the workshop in a roar.
“ Now,” cries the Bailie, “ I know what to do,
I'll get this fellow just to make a few.”
Betty's despatch'd in haste to find the man,
To whom the Bailie soon disclosed his plan.
“ If I do that,” replies the man of pun,
Will you admit me just to see the fun ?”

* A Tavern Bill.

" Ah ! Archie, Archie, ill could you appear ;
Your manners, Archie, would not do, I fear."
" Manners !" cried Archie, redd'ning like a rose,
" It is not manners, Sir, I want—but clo'es :
And hear the terms on which I'll do your *job*,
You *fill* my *kyte*, and I will *fill* your *nob* ;
If you refuse this trifling recompense,
I'll make our shopmates laugh at your expense."

The Bailie, puzzled, knew not what to do,
For to his point the joiner *stuck* like *glue* ;
He could not brook to be their laughing stock,
For well the Bailie knew his biting joke ;
And then again, he couldna' weel digest
Taking a joiner to a Council feast.
At last he thought a lucky scheme he'd hit,
To save his dignity and cheat the wit.
" Well, Mr. Spiers, since that is all you ask,
I'll try to do't, though 'tis a hardish task :
Come here to-morrow night, and bring with you
As many *jokes* and *puns* as you can do ;
And as for clothes, 'bout them ye needna' care,
I'll find you some will fit you to a hair."

Archie retires, to set his brains to work,
Inspir'd with vivid thoughts of knife and fork ;
Soon fill'd a sheet of post to admiration,
With toast, and pun, and witty observation.
The Bailie, pleased, could scarcely well refrain,
But told the joiner, o'er and o'er again,
That as for clothes, before that he should lack,
He'd let him have the suit was on his back.
" Thursday's the day on which we're a' to dine—
Come here at four, and we shall make you fine."

*The tinkling music-bells were ringing four,
When Archie, sharp-set, reach'd the Bailie's door*

Long did he knock, and that with mickle din,
 Before the tardy servant let him in.
 "Oome, Mr. Spiers," the simp'ring Bailie said,
 "We'll be owre late for dinner, 'am afraid :
 Here is a suit of *blacks*, I hope they'll fit,"—
 "We'll try and make them do," replies the wit.
 Quick from his foot he kick'd the dirty shoe,
 And o'er his own the Bailie's breeks he drew ;
 Before they'd scarcely fit, and seem'd behind,
 A big balloon forsaken by the wind :
 The Bailie saw't, and said he couldna' hide it ;
 "The coat will hide it, Sir—the coat will hide it,"
 The joiner said, and on the waistcoat threw ;
 The Bailie sigh'd, and said, "It would not do ;
 "And then your legs"—"Lord, sir, there's nought
 like plannin',"
 Archie replies, "We'll wrap them up in *flannen*."

When rigg'd, the joiner felt, from top to toe,
 Stiff as the champion at a Lord Mayor's show :
 The Bailie eyed him, as he stepp'd before,
 And following peevishly towards the door,
 Afraid to give the wit a flat denial,
 But yet resolved to have another trial—
 "Lord, what a sleeve ! you can't go to our din-
 ner :"—
 "There's the mair room tae *laugh in*," cried the
 joiner ;
 "If you can make *my jokes* to answer you,
 I think, Sir Bailie, that the clothes should do ;"
 While Mrs. Cuddy frown'd to see the fellow
 Cleeck with the Bailie, 'neath his silk umbrella.

Happy are they who impudence possess,
 No shame-faced scruples e'er can mar their bliss ;
 While modest merit knows not what to do,
 A decent face of brass will bring them thro'.

The Bailie saw he could not make it better,
So put a gracious face upon the matter,
Announced the joiner to them as a friend,
Come from the country, a few days to spend,
Whom he had ta'en the freedom to bring wi' him.
They all declared that they "were glad to see him,"
Though, of the civic *quid nuncs*, some were there
Who thought they'd seen the face, but couldn't tell
where;

And if they could, they might have bless'd their
eyes,

Thus to have known him in his deep disguise :
As Watty Scott, perhaps, would sing or say,

- * Queer fish ! the mother that him bare,
If she had been in presence there,
In his big breeks and gaucy air,
She had not known her child.

I'll not describe the dinner, nor the wine ;
Both had been good, for all declared them *fine*.
But ere the half of Archie's wit was done,
The Bailie's thought a matchless man of fun ;
Each *flash* of wit proved fatal where it *broke*,
And the laugh's loud thunder follow'd every joke.
The Council laugh'd till they could laugh no more,
And Archie laugh'd till Archie's sides were sore ;
The Bailie saw't, and much approv'd his plan,
Thinking the joiner was a prudent man ;
And on the morrow was so very good,
As give him credit for a lot of wood.
And in return, all that he had to do,
Was make him jokes, and likewise give the cue ;

- * Poor wretch ! the mother that him bare,
If she had been in presence there,
In his wan face and sun burn'd hair,
She had not known her child.—Vide *Marmion*.

That Cuddy was a man of wit and humour,
 His cronies all sat mousing for a joke,
 Watching for wit in every word he spoke;
 And being all so keenly on the scent,
 Oft found out jokes where devil a joke was in
 Archie was feasted, and might long been so,
 But cruel fortune aim'd the wit a blow;
 For *crouse* he grew, nor longer would permit
 The brainless Bailie thus to sport his wit:
 To him the maxim might be well applied,
 "Great wits to madness nearly are allied;"
 For nought but madness could suggest the scheme
 To *unbag the cat*, and blast the Bailie's fame

'Twas on a night, when strangers of renown
 Dined with the rulers of our ancient town;
 Archie got there, and Cuddy saw with fear
 His alter'd phiz, and eye's mischievous leer,
 And show'd as much confusion in his face
 As Bailie Firkin in the Douglas case

"Hang the ungrateful scamp," the Bailie cries.
 "Hang the ungrateful scamp," the dove replies ;
 "The fellow, when I took him to my house,
 Was lean and hungry as a Highland louse ;
 If 'am alive, I will, to-morrow morning,
 Protest his bill, and get a charge o'horning,—
 I'll flay the villain—flay him, inch by inch,
 And send him tae the jail or tae his bench."

For *once* the cit to keep his word thought fit :
 The humble joiner was obliged to flit,
 And Bailie Cuddy's still a Council wit. ANON.

THE DOCTOR AND HIS APPRENTICE, A TALE.

A PUPIL of the Esculapian school
 Was just prepar'd to quit his master's rule :
 Not that he knew his trade, as it appears,
 But that he then had learnt it seven years.

Yet think not that in knowledge he was cheated—
 All that he had to study still
 Was, when a man was well or ill,
 And how, if sick, he should be treated.

One morn he thus address'd his master :
 "Dear Sir, my honour'd father bids me say,
 If I could now and then a visit pay,
 He thinks, with you,
 To notice how you do,
 My business I might learn a little faster."

"The thought is happy," the preceptor cries ;
 "A better method he could scarce devise ;

So Bob," (his pupil's name,) "it shall be so ;
And when I next pay visits, you shall go."

To bring that hour, alas ! time briskly fled :
 With dire intent,
 Away they went,
And now behold them at a patient's bed.

The master-doctor solemnly perus'd
His victim's face, and o'er his symptoms mus'd ;
Look'd wise, said nothing—an unerring way,
When people nothing have to say :
Then felt his pulse, and smelt his cane,
And paus'd, and blink'd, and smelt again,
 And briefly of his corps perform'd each motion :
Manœuvres that for Death's platoon are meant :
A kind of a Make ready and Present,
 Before the fell discharge of pill and potion.

At length the patient's wife he thus address'd :
 " Madam, your husband's danger's great,
 And (what will never his complaint abate)
 The man's been eating oysters, I perceive."—
 " Dear ! you're a witch, I verily believe,"
Madam replied, and to the truth confess'd.

Skill so prodigious Bobby too admir'd ;
And home returning, of the sage inquir'd
 How these same oysters came into his head ?
" Psha ! my dear Bob, the thing was plain—
Sure that can ne'er distress thy brain ;
 I saw the shells lie underneath the bed."

*So wise, by such a lesson grown,
Next day Bob ventur'd forth alone,
And to the self-same sufferer paid his court—*

But soon, with haste and wonder out of breath,
Return'd the stripling minister of death,
And to his master made this dread report :

"Why, Sir, we ne'er can keep that patient under ;
Zounds ! such a maw I never came across !
The fellow must be dying, and no wonder,
For d—me if he hasn't eat a horse !"

"A horse !" the elder man of physic cried,
As if he meant his pupil to deride—
"How came so wild a notion in your head !"
"How ! think not in my duty I was idle ;
Like you, I took a peep beneath the bed,
And there I saw a *saddle and a bridle* !"

THE MERCENARY LOVER'S SONG.

LOVE's a romance I shall never approve ;
Some call it of wedlock the honey ;
But if ever I marry a woman for *love*,
It shall be for the *love* of her *money* !

As for beauty, it is but a name at the best,
No matter how ugly she be, Sir ;
If a woman of *ten thousand pounds* be possess'd,
She has *ten thousand charms* then for me, Sir.

Love may a good principle certainly be,
But Love of itself won't do merely ;
That *principal* only can benefit me,
Which bears interest five per cent. yearly.

*Some may delight in a very fine voice,
Whose notes are indeed very strange, Sir ;*

But that woman only possesses my choice,
Whose *notes* will pass current on 'Change, Sir.

Of a girl's disposition I never inquire,
Even though a real scold she be branded ;
Nor her nature or properties—all I desire
Is her *property*, funded and landed.

There are certainly charms in a smile or a kiss,
And joy may from both be produced ;
But the very best thing to *consolidate* bliss,
Is *Consols* Three per Cent. and Reduced.

. O ! the real charms of Omnium and Scrip—
Let a girl give me them, and I'll thank her ;
Draughts of delight *you* may seek from the lip,
But give *me* your rich *drafts* on a Banker.

If my wife is but rich, I don't even care
If she aged be threescore and twenty ;
For though from her eyes beam no lustre so rare,
In her *diamonds* there surely is plenty.

O give me her jewels, her cash, and her plate,
No matter if children she bear, Sir ;
Her mortgages, quit-rents, and freehold estate,
O give me, and I'll find an heir, Sir !

If her bosom's as brown as a nut, never mind,
If from thence hangs a large *golden locket* ;
And although in her *visage* no charms I may find,
I know there's enough in her *pocket*.

For nothing but *wealth* to the wise can seem fair ;
And, as I'm no fanciful fellow,
O, what *roseate bloom* on the cheek can compare
With a new *guinea's* soft shining yellow ?

Then soon will that girl of my heart be possess,
 (Though *affection* could never once bind it,)
 Let her only unlock her strong *iron chest*,
 And I warrant you *there* she will find it.

No soft vows of love will I make in a *grove*,
 Nor across *flowery meadows* will take her ;
 But so softly and sweetly will we talk of love,
 As we go from the *Bank* to th' *Exchequer*.

Of so prudent a plan we need say no more,
 The main chance we should certainly mind, O !
 For when *Poverty* meanly comes in at the door,
Love always flies out at the window.

Royal Exchange.

THE LIKENESS ; OR, MY COUSIN.

My Lord was all kind, and my Lady all fair,
 And in conjugal fetters were link'd ;
 Yet one thing was wanting, and that was an Heir,
 That the title might not be extinct.
 E'en this came at last, and a sweet rosy boy,
 So like,—but the truth we'll record ;
 Like an angel it look'd, but, to lessen the joy,
 It somehow was *not like—My Lord*.

The babe grew in beauty, the christening came,
 And to it flock'd friends by the dozen :
 When the *likeness*, O yes, ev'ry gossip could name,
 'Twas so like her Ladyship's *cousin* !
 Then sure, at the moment her cousin came in,
 The Captain, all pleasing and grace !
 When his forehead, his nose, and his sweet dimpled
chin,
 All present could easily trace.

The ladies sat smiling ; the Captain smil'd too ;
 But vow'd he no likeness could see :
 Which my Lord, nay my Lady, affirm'd to be true,
 And must with the Captain agree.
 The party, on this, would again view the child :
 When each, looking wise, hemm'd and haw'd ;
 Then, blaming their folly, (by fancy beguil'd,)
 Declar'd it was just like—my Lord !

The next day was fix'd to go down to the Grove ;
 When my Lady, good-humour'd and kind,
 Said, her grandfather's age might an hindrance
 prove,
 So fain wish'd to leave him behind.
 "Then, my Lord, all our friends are inclin'd to be
 gay,
 And we must not have more than a dozen."
 "Why then," cried my Lord, "let your grand-
 father stay,
 And, my dear, we'll *dispense* with my cousin."

DAVID JONES ; OR, WINE AND WORSTED.

HUGH MORGAN, cousin of that Hugh
 Whose cousin was the Lord knows who,
 Was likewise, as the story runs,
 Tenth cousin of one David Jones.
 David, well stored with classic knowledge,
 Was sent betimes to Jesus College ;
 Paternal bounty left him clear
 For life one hundred pounds a-year ;
 And Jones was deem'd another Cæsus
 Among the Commoners of Jesus.
*It boots not here to quote tradition,
 In proof of David's erudition ;*

He'd Virgil scan—in mathematics,
Prove that straight lines were not quadratics.
All Oxford hail'd the youth's *ingressus*,
And wond'ring Welshmen cried "Cot bless us!"
It happen'd that his cousin Hugh
Through Oxford pass'd, to Cambria due,
And from his erudite relation
Receiv'd a written invitation.
Hugh to the college gate repair'd,
And ask'd for Jones;—the porter stared!
"Jones! Sir," quoth he, "discriminate,
Of Mr. Joneses there be eight."
"Ay, but 'tis David Jones," quoth Hugh;
Quoth porter, "We've six Davids too."
"Cot's flesh!" cries Morgan, "cease your mock-
ings,
My David Jones wears worsted stockings!"
Quoth porter, "Which it is, Heaven knows,
For all the eight wear worsted hose."
"My Cot!" says Hugh, "I'm ask'd to dine
With cousin Jones, and quaff his wine."
"That one word 'wine' is worth a dozen,"
Quoth porter, "now I know your cousin.
The wine has stood you, Sir, in more stead
Than David, or the hose of worsted.
You'll find your friend at number nine—
We've but one Jones that quaffs his wine."

[From "Warreniana."]

"Warreniana" is a merry jeu d'esprit after the style of the Rejected Addresses; and consists of pulchritude's blacking, in imitation of the several styles leading and best known writers.

TEN minutes to ten by Saint Dunstan's clock
And the owl has awaken'd the crowing cock
Cock-a-doodle-doo,
Cock-a-doodle-doo.

If he crows at this rate in so thrilling a note
Jesu-Maria! he'll catch a sore throat.

Warren, the manufacturer rich,
Hath a spectral mastiff bitch;
To Saint Dunstan's clock, tho' silent enow
She bark'd her chorus of bow, wow, wow
Bow for the quarters, and *wow* for the hour
Nought cares she for the sun or the shower
But when, like a ghost all array'd in its shroud
The wheels of the thunder are muffled in

Bang, bang, with a pause between,
Rung the weird sound at his door, I ween.
Up from his couch he leap'd in affright,
Oped his grey lattice and look'd on the night,
Then put on his coat, and with harlequin hop
Stood like a phantom in midst of the shop ;
In midst of his shop he stood like a sprite,
Till peering to left and peering to right,
Beside his counter, with tail in hand,
He saw a spirit of darkness stand ;
I guess 'twas frightful there to see
A lady so scantily clad as she,
Ugly and old exceedingly.

In height her figure was six feet two,
In breadth exactly two feet six,
One eye as summer skies was blue,
The other black as the waves of Styx.
Her bloodless lips did aught but pair,
For one was brown and one was fair,
And clatter'd like maid in hysteric fit,
Or jack that turn'd a kitchen spit.
Jesu-Maria ! with awe, I trow,
O'Warren beheld this worricow,
For dreary and dun the death hue came
O'er her cheek, as she traced the words of flame ;
The words of flame that with mystic fuss
Are hatch'd from a still-born incubus,
And doom each wight who reads to dwell,
Till the birth of day, in the caves of hell.

Oh ! read thee not, read thee not, lord of the Strand,
The spell that subjects thee to elfin command ;
Vain hope ! the bogle hath mark'd her hour,
And Warren hath read the words of power ;
Letter by letter he traced the spell,
Till the sullen toll of Saint Dunstan's bell,

“ I’m old mother Nightmare-life-in-dea
Halloo ! halloo ! we may not stay,
Satan is waiting ; away, away ;
Halloo ! halloo ! we’ve far to go,
Then hey for the devil ; jee-up ! jee-h
O’Warren requested a little delay,
But the evil one muttered “ Too late, by r
So he put on his breeches and scamper’d !

[They arrive at their destination, and find Satar

Proudly he strode to his palace gate,
Which the witch and the Warren approach’
But paused at the threshold as onward the
And thus, with words of fever and flame,
The tradesman address’d, “ Your nam
known,

As a vender of *sables* wide over the town ;
But in hell with proviso this praise we mu
For though brilliant your blacking, the
Styx
Is blacker by far, and can throw, as it sui

And they all in one spirit of concord agree,
That my blacking is better than any black sea
Which flows thro' your paltry Avernus, I wis."
"Pshaw!" Satan replied, "I'll be d—d if it is."

The tradesman he laugh'd at this pitiful sneer,
And drew from his pocket, unmoved by the jeer
Of the gathering dæmons, blue, yellow, and pink,
A bottle of blacking more sable than ink;—
With the waves of the Styx in a jiffey they tried it,
But the waves of the Styx looked foolish beside it;
"You motes a well liken the summer sky,"
Quoth Warren the bold, "with an Irish sty;
The nightingale's note with the cockatoo's whine,
As your lily-white river with me or mine."

Round the brow of Abaddon fierce anger play'd,
At the Strand manufacturer's gasconade;
And lifting a fist that mote slaughter an ox,
He wrathfully challenged his foeman to box;
Then summon'd each demon to form a ring,
And witness his truculent triumphing.—
The ring was formed and the twain set to,
Like little Puss with Belasco the Jew,
Satan was seconded in a crack,
By Molineux, the American black,
(Who sported an oath as a civil salâm,)
While Warren was back'd by the ghost of Dutch
Sam.

Gentles, who fondly peruse these lays,
Wild as a colt o'er the moorland that strays,
Who thrill at each wond'rous rede I tell,
As fancy roams o'er the floor of hell,
Now list ye with kindness, the whiles I rehearse
In shapely pugilistic verse,
(Albeit my fancy preferreth still
The quiet of nature,) this desperate Mill.

They sparr'd for a second their ardour to
And rush'd at each other like bull to bul

Rounds.

1. was a *smasher*, for Brummagem Bob
Let fly a *topper* on Beelzebub's *nob* ;
Then follow'd him over the ring with
And *doubled him up* by a blow in the
2. Satan was cautious in making play,
But stuck to his sparring and pummel
Till the *ogles* of Warren look'd *queer*
hue,
(Here, bets upon Beelzebub ; three to
3. *Fibblings*, and *facers*, and *toppers* about
But Satan, it seems, had the worse of
4. Satan was floor'd by a *lunge* in the hip
And the blood from his peepers went
drip,

He *tapp'd* his *claret*, his mug he rent,
And made him so *groggy* with *punishment*,
That he gladly gave in at the close of the round,
And Warren in triumph was led from the ground.

BACHELOR'S FARE.

FUNNY and free are Bachelor's reveries,
Cheerily, merrily passes his life ;
Nothing knows he of connubial devilries,
Troublesome children and clamorous wife.
Free from satiety, care and anxiety,
Charms in variety fall to his share ;
Bacchus's blisses, and Venus's kisses—
This, boys, this is the Bachelor's Fare !

A wife, like a canister, chattering, clattering,
Tied to a dog for his torment and dread,
All bespattering, bumping and battering,
Hurries and worries him till he is dead ;
Old ones are two devils haunted with blue devils,
Young ones are new devils raising despair,
Doctors and nurses combining their curses,
Adieu to full purses and Bachelor's Fare !

Through such folly, days, once sweet holidays,
Such are embitter'd by wrangling and strife,
Wives turn jolly days to melancholy days,
All perplexing and vexing one's life ;
Children are riotous, maid servants fly at us,
Mammy, to quiet us, growls like a bear ;
Polly is squalling, and Molly is bawling,
While dad is recalling his Bachelor's Fare.

— may your wishes, and marry a fool.
Boys will anticipate, lavish and dissipate
All that your busy pate hoarded with care
Then tell me what jollity, fun or frivolity
Equals in quality Bachelor's Fare?

ELEGY ON MRS. TWADDLE.

SIR—I have waited impatiently to see what
(they are all bards or minstrels now, I think
present age could produce, competent to
in an elegy the virtues of the departed Mrs.
dle. While I was mortal I never suffered
lady to sink into the grave unhonoured
Muse; and since the world is in possession
Elegy on Mrs. Twaddle's great prototype
Mary Blaize, I feel it incumbent upon me
as I am, still to do justice to the memory of
latter lady, and snatch from the ~~decease~~

And never known to doubt at all,
Whene'er she was determined.

Her hospitality ne'er balk'd
The hopes of a starved sinner,
And much of it abroad was talk'd,
Whene'er she gave a dinner.

For charity was she renown'd,
By many a kinsman pray'd for ;
She freely gave to all around,
Whate'er the nation paid for.

Her candour none too much commend,
Her courage all men know ;
She dauntless stood the church's friend,
When no one was its foe.

Religious feuds her greatest care,
In them her only hope ;
She never yet was known to swear,
But when she damn'd the Pope.

By Falsehood's art she ne'er deceived
E'en unsuspecting youth ;
And always was by all believed,
Whene'er she told the truth.

She Reformation much approved,
About it never falter'd,
And wish'd all things to be improved ;
But in no tittle alter'd.

Her conscience was a tender thing,
Which oft repentance pricked,
Nor was she careless of its sting,
Except when she was wicked.

Hope's heav'nly comfort hush'd her sighs
 While Death delay'd his blow.
 She said, on high she wish'd to rise,
 But still to stay below.

Some Oxford doctors sought relief,
 More ridiculed her moan,
 She died of "*universal*" grief,
 But felt by her alone.

MRS. DOBBS AT HOME.

"The common chat of gossips when they meet."—*Dryden*.

HE who knows Hackney, needs must know
 That spot enchanting—Prospect Row,
 So called, because a view it shows
 Of Shoreditch Road, and when there blows
 No dust, the folks may one and all get
 A peep—almost to Norton Falgate.
 Here Mrs. Dobbs, at number Three,
 Invited all her friends to tea.
 The Row had never heard before
 Such double knocks at any door,
 And heads were popp'd from ev'ry casement,
 Counting the comers with amazement.

Some magnified them to eleven,
 While others swore there were but seven;
 A point that's keenly mooted still,
 But certain 'tis that Mrs. Gill
 Told Mrs. Grub she reckoned ten :—
Fat Mrs. Hobbs came second—then
Came Mesdames Jenkins, Dump, and Spriggins,
Tapps, Jacks, Briggs, Hoggins, Crump, and Wig-
gins.

Dizen'd in all her best array,
Our melting hostess said her say,
As the souchong repast proceeded,
And curtsying and bobbing press'd
By turns each gormandizing guest,
To stuff as heartily as she did.
Dear Mrs. Hoggins, what !—your cup
Turn'd in your saucer, bottom up !—
Dear me, how soon you've had your fill,
Let me persuade you—one more sup,
'Twill do you good, indeed it will :—
Psha now, you're only making game,
Or else you *tea'd* afore you came.

Stop, Mrs. Jenkins, let me stir it,
Before I pour out any more.—
No, ma'am, that's just as I prefer it.—
O then I'll make it as before.

Lauk ! Mrs. Dump, that toast seems dry,
Do take and eat this middle bit ;
The butter's fresh, you may rely,
And a fine price I paid for it.—
No doubt, ma'am,—what a shame it is,
And Cambridge too again has *riz* !
You don't deal now with Mrs. Keats ?
No, she's a bad one :—ma'am, she cheats.
Hush ! Mrs. Crump's her aunt—Good lack !
How lucky she just turn'd her back.

Don't spare the toast, ma'am, don't say no,
I've got another round below ;
I give folks plenty when I ax e'm,
For cut and come again's my maxim.
Nor should I deem it a misfort'n,
If you demolish'd the whole quart'n ;
Though bread is now a shameful price,—
Why did they 'bolish the assize !

Well, that's a luxury, no doubt.
La ! Mrs. Tapps, do only look,
Those grouts can never be mistook ;
Well, *such* a cup ! it can't be worse,
See, here's six horses and a hearse ;
And there's the church and burying-place
Plain as the nose upon your face ;—
Next dish may dissipate your doubts,
And give you less unlucky grouts ;—
One more—you must—the pot has stood.
I warrant me it's strong and good.

There's Mrs. Spriggins in the garden ;
What a fine gown !—but begging pardon
It seems to be amazing dingy—
D'you think her shawl, ma'am 's really /
Lord love you ! no ;—well, give me cloth
That's plain and good, ma'am, not like t
Though not so tawdry, Mrs. Jacks,
We do put *clean* things 'non our best

OF HUMOROUS POETRY.

Thus on swift wing the moments flew,
Until 'twas time to say adieu ;
When each prepared to waddle back,
Warm'd with a sip of Cogniac,
Which was with Mrs. Dobbs a law,
Whene'er the night was cold or raw.
Umbrellas, pattens, lanterns, clogs,
Were sought—away the party jogs ;
And silent solitude again
O'er Prospect Row resum'd its reign,
Just as the watchman crawl'd in sight,
To cry—" Past ten—a cloudy night."

THE OBLIGING ASSASSIN.

From the French.

ONCE sleeping in an Inn at Dover,
Dreaming of thieves—my passage over—
And murd'rous hands that grasp'd a trigger,
The door flew open—I awoke,
When a pale heteroclite figure,
With dusty shoes, stalk'd in, and spoke :
" You see what 'tis I want—make haste !
Dress !—you've no moment's time to waste."

Trembling all over with the notion
Of being suddenly despatch'd,
I huddled on my clothes, and snatch'd
My hat—prepar'd for locomotion ;
But thrust into a chair, he put
Round me a winding-sheet or shroud :
Behold me pinion'd hand and foot,
What horrors to my fancy crowd !
While no resistance could be plann'd
One with instrument in hand,

Some compound to my lips he held,
Mixing it in a brazen dish ;
And when I winced and made grimace,
He dash'd it foaming in my face.
Fuming and fretting, white as snow,
Expecting some terrific death,
Drops from my face began to flow, &
I clench'd my teeth, and pump'd my bre

Moved by the terror I betray'd,
And wishing to despatch me quicker,
He flourish'd an alarming blade,
Whose very aspect made me sicker :
To work he went—my throat soon ran
With blood from an incision given ;
More than half dead, I then began
To recommend my soul to Heaven.

The cut-throat presently repenting
That all my pangs should thus be sped,

Madden'd to find his purpose balk'd,
 He tried a different method quite,
 In clouds of dust as round he stalk'd,
 Striving to stifle me outright.

As Fate still saved me from his fangs,
 And Death was slow to grant his prayer,
 In order to increase my pangs,
 He twisted, pull'd, and tore my hair.
 I gave a sigh—th' assassin prone
 To let no prize his clutches pass,
 Snatch'd up my purse beside me thrown,
 And then prepared my *Coup-de-grace*.

At this transported more and more,
 My knife (of bone) I fiercely drew ;
 My adversary gain'd the door,
 And in a glass my face I view :
 Guess my surprise—my joy to see,
 That the assassin who distress'd me,
 Instead of mortal injury,
 Had kindly powder'd, shaved, and dress'd me !

THE MATRIMONIAL LADDER.

Written on seeing an ingenious Toy, called the "Matrimonial Ladder."

Admiration.

WHILE graceful Chloe leads the gay quadrille,
 What new sensations Strephon's bosom fill !
 An introduction gain'd, the youth advances,
 And hopes she's disengaged the two next dances.

And proves himself a very nice young man.

Approbation.

With favouring smile the fair one hears his
Sips lemonade, and vows he's quite a rattle
Then, as new raptures rise in every glance,
Exclaims, "I think we'd better join the da

Declaration.

Next morn he calls, (the custom's very old.
To hope the lady has not taken cold.
Thinks she looks charmingly in deshabelle,
And tells what pangs his stricken bosom fil

Hesitation.

While secret joy her soft confusion veils,
Miss gently checks her swain's romantic ta
"She's sure Mamma will think these
wild—
She knows not how to act—she's quite a cl

Solemnization.

At church arrived on some unlucky day,
Poor Chloe falters out the word *obey* ;
Thus of Love's Ladder gain'd the topmost place,
Her downward course the sorrowing muse must
trace.

Possession.

Her honey-moon and raptures fled together,
Behold a rural walk in dirty weather ;
The stile is slippery, but in vain the dame
Sues for that aid which once unask'd for came.

Rumination.

An evening tête-à-tête you next shall see ;
No friendly chat succeeds departed tea ;
Blue burns the candle, and the nymph looks blue,
And rumination serves them but to rue.

Alteration.

No more a social walk the morn employs,
A greasy novel constitutes her joys ;
While he, poor soul ! condemn'd alone to saunter,
Dines with some friend, and empties his decanter.

Irritation.

Return'd at eve, unnumber'd queries wait him,
And she who loved so late, appears to hate him :
From trifles light as air the quarrel swells,
The husband bullies, and the wife rebels.

Disputation.

Fierce and more fierce the wordy contest grows ;
Taunts, gibes, and sneers, and every thing but
blows ;
Each to a separate couch in rage retires,
Whence sleep is banish'd by vexatious fires.

Detestation.

Loud she proclaims the thousands that she b
him ;
He cool retorts, "'twas only those that c
him :"
"The world shall know your conduct, brute
cries :
"Sooner the better, sweet," the youth replies

Separation.

Equipp'd for parting see these quondam turtle
Dead are love's roses, wither'd all his myrtle
Such are the ups and downs of love's short st
"For better or for worse,"—'tis death or glori

THADDY MAHONE AND SILVIA PRATT

OF late a fond couple alone

OF HUMOROUS POETRY.

I'm a lovesick and thirsty young man ;
Oh, give me some gunpowder tea.

"For rolls never trouble your mind ;
I feast when I look upon you ;
To my love let your answer be kind,
And half a potatoe will do."

"No trouble at all, sir, indeed,"
Said the lady, and gave him a leer :
"Do you wish to-day's paper to read ?
Will you please, sir, to take your tea here ?"

"Will I take my tea here ? that I will ;
But I never read papers nor books ;
Be pleased, ma'am, the teapot to fill,
You sweeten the tea with your looks.

"Saint Patrick ! I've emptied the pot,"
Exclaim'd the stout Monaghan youth ;
"But, my honey, your tea is so hot,
It has scalded the top of my tooth.

"How well your good time you employ !
May I beg for a jug of your cream ?
The water's so warm, my dear joy,
My whiskers are singed by the steam.

"Mrs. Pratt, you're an angel in face,
How I doat on your fingers so fair !
Oh, I long like a dragon to place
Another gold wedding-ring there.

"Do you think now my lies are untrue ?
You may shut those sweet eyes of your own,
And never see one that loves you,
Like myself, Mr. Thaddy Mahone.

"Come join your estate to my own,
And then what a change we shall see !
When you are the flesh of my bone,
What a beautiful charmer I'll be !

"I have fields in my farm at Kilmore,"—
Again Mrs. Pratt gave a leer,
And all that he manfully swore,
She drank with a feminine ear.

But scarce did the widow begin
To answer her lover so gay ;
When, alas ! a bumbailiff came in,
And took Mr. Thaddy away.

THE IRISH TRAVELLER.

A Fact.

AN Irishman travelling (though not for delight)
Arrived in a city one cold winter's night,
Found the landlord and servants in bed at the inn,
While standing without, he was drench'd to the skin.

He groped for the knocker, no knocker was found,
When turning his head accidentally round,
He saw, as he thought, by the lamp's feeble ray,
The object he search'd for right over the way.

The knocker he grasp'd, and so loud was the roar,
It seem'd like a sledge breaking open the door ;
The street, far and wide, was disturb'd by the clang,
And resounded aloud with the Irishman's bang.
The wife scream'd aloud, and the husband appears
At the window, his shoulders shrugg'd up to his
ears.

So ho ! honest friend—pray what is the matter,
That at this time of night you should make such
a clatter ?

Go to-bed—go to-bed, says Pat, my dear honey,
I am not a robber to ask for your money,
I borrow'd your knocker, before it is day,
To waken the landlord right over the way.

SURNAMES.

MEN once were surnamed from their shape or
estate,

(You all may from history worm it,)

There was Lewis the Bulky, and Henry the Great,
John Lackland, and Peter the Hermit.

But now, when the door-plates of Misters and
Dames

Are read, each so constantly varies,
From the owner's trade, figure, and calling, Sur-
names

Seem given by the rule of contraries.

Mr. Box, though provoked, never doubles his fist,

Mr. Burns in his grate has no fuel,

Mr. Playfair wont catch me at hazard or whist,

Mr. Coward was wing'd in a duel.

Mr. Wise is a dunce, Mr. King is a whig,

Mr. Coffin's uncommonly sprightly,

And huge Mr. Little broke down in a gig

While driving fat Mrs. Golightly.

Mrs. Drinkwater's apt to indulge in a dram,

Mrs. Angel's an absolute fury,

And meek Mr. Lyon let fierce Mr. Lamb

Tweak his nose in the lobby of Drury.

MISS Joy, wretched maid, when she chose
Love,

Found nothing but sorrow await her :
She now holds in wedlock, as true as a dove,
That fondest of mates, Mr. Hayter.

Mr. Oldcastle dwells in a modern-built hut,
Miss Sage is of madcaps the archest ;
Of all the queer bachelors Cupid e'er cut,
Old Mr. Younghusband's the starchest.

Mr. Child, in a passion, knock'd down Mr. R
Mr. Stone like an aspen-leaf shivers,
Miss Poole used to dance, but she stands lik
stock,

Ever since she became Mrs. Rivers.
Mr. Swift hobbles onward, no mortal knows ho
He moves as though cords had entwined him
Mr. Metcalfe ran off, upon meeting a cow,
With pale Mr. Turnbull behind him.

Mr. Barker's as mute as a fish in the sea,

Mr. Cruickshank stept into three thousand a year,
By showing his leg to an heiress,—
Now I hope you'll acknowledge I've made it quite
clear,
Surnames ever go by contraries.

THE HAUNCH OF VENISON

AT number One dwelt Captain Drew,
George Benson dwelt at number Two ;
(The street we'll not now mention ;)
The latter stunn'd the King's Bench bar,
The former, being lamed in war,
Sung small upon a pension.

Tom Blewit knew them both—than he
None deeper in the mystery
Of culinary knowledge ;
From Turtle soup to Stilton cheese,
Apt student, taking his degrees
In Mrs. Rundell's College.

Benson to dine invited Tom :
Proud of an invitation from
A host who " spread " so nicely,
Tom answer'd, ere the ink was dry,
" Extremely happy—come on Fri-
Day next, at six precisely."
Blewit, with expectation fraught,
Drove up at six, each savoury thought
Ideal turbot rich in :
But, ere he reach'd the winning post,
He saw a Haunch of Ven'son roast
Down in the next door kitchen.

“ Hey ! Zounds ! what’s this ? a haunch at Drew’s ?

I must drop in : I can’t refuse :

To pass were downright treason :

To cut Ned Benson’s not quite staunch ;

But the provocative—a haunch !

Zounds ! it’s the first this season !

“ Ven’son, thou’rt mine ! I’ll talk no more”—

Then, rapping thrice at Benson’s door,

“ John, I’m in such a hurry !

Do tell your master that my aunt

Is paralytic, quite aslant,

I must be off for Surrey.”

Now, Tom at next door makes a din—

“ Is Captain Drew at home ?”—“ Walk in”—

“ Drew, how d’ye do ?”—“ What ! Blewit !”

“ Yes, I—you’ve ask’d me, many a day,

To drop in, in a quiet way,

So now I’m come to do it.”

“ I’m very glad you have,” said Drew,

“ I’ve nothing but an Irish stew—”

Quoth Tom (aside) “ No matter,

’Twon’t do—my stomach’s up to that,

’Twill lie by, till the lucid fat

Comes quiv’ring on the platter.”

“ You see your dinner, Tom,” Drew cried.

“ No, but I don’t though,” Tom replied :

“ I smoked below,”—“ What ?”—“ Ven’son,

A haunch”—“ Oh ! true, it is not mine ;

My neighbour has some friends to dine :—”

“ *Your neighbour ! who ?*”—“ *George Benson.*

" His chimney smoked ; the scene to change,
I let him have my kitchen range
While his was newly polish'd :
The Ven'son you observed below,
Went home just half an hour ago :
I guess it's now demolish'd.

" Tom, why that look of doubtful dread ?
Come, help yourself to salt and bread,
Don't sit with hands and knees up ;
But dine, for once, off Irish stew,
And read the ' Dog and Shadow' through,
When next you open Æsop."

THE AUCTIONEER AND THE LAWYER

A CITY Auctioneer, one Samuel Stubbs,
Did greater execution with his hammer,
Assisted by his puffing clamour,
Than Gog and Magog with their clubs,
Or that great Fee-fa-fum of war,
The Scandinavian Thor,
Did with his mallet, which (see Bryant's
Mythology) fell'd stoutest giants :
For Samuel knock'd down houses, churches,
And woods of oak, and elms and birches,
With greater ease than mad Orlando
Tore the first tree he laid his hand to.

He ought, in reason, to have raised his own
Lot by knocking others' down ;
And had he been content with shaking
His hammer and his hand, and taking
Advantage of what brought him grist, he
Might have been as rich as Christie ;—

But somehow when thy midnight bell, Bow,
 Sounded along Cheapside its knell,
 Our spark was busy in Pall-mall
 Shaking his elbow,—
 Marking, with paw upon his mazzard,
 The turns of hazard ;
 Or rattling in a box the dice,
 Which seem'd as if a grudge they bore
 To Stubbs ; for often in a trice,
 Down on the nail he was compell'd to pay
 All that his hammer brought him in the day,
 And sometimes more.

Thus like a male Penelope, our wight,
 What he had done by day undid at night ;
 No wonder, therefore, if, like her,
 He was beset by clamorous brutes,
 Who crowded round him to prefer
 Their several suits.

One Mr. Snipps, the tailor, had the longest
 Bill for many suits—of raiment,
 And naturally thought he had the strongest
 Claim for payment.

But debts of honour must be paid,
 Whate'er becomes of debts of trade ;
 And so our stylish Auctioneer,
 From month to month throughout the year,
 Excuses, falsehoods, pleas alleges,
 Or flatteries, compliments, and pledges.

When in the latter mood one day,
 He squeezed his hand, and swore to pay,—

“ But when ? ” — “ Next month. — You may d
 pend on't

*My dearest Snipps, before the end on't—
 Your face proclaims in every feature,
 You wouldn't harm a fellow creature—*

You're a kind soul, I know you are, Snipps."
 "Ay, so you said six months ago,
 But such fine words, I'd have you know,
 Butters no parsnips."

This said, he bade his lawyer draw
 A special writ,
 Serve it on Stubbs, and follow it
 Up with the utmost rigour of the law.

This lawyer was a friend of Stubbs,
 That is to say,
 In a civic way,
 Where business interposes not its rubs ;
 For where the main chance is in question,
 Damon leaves Pythias to the stake,
 Pylades and Orestes break,
 And Alexander cuts Hephæstion ;
 But when our man of law *must* sue his friends,
 Tenfold politeness made amends.

So when he met our Auctioneer,
 Into his outstretch'd hand he thrust his
 Writ, and said with friendly leer,
 " My dear, dear Stubbs, pray do me justice ;
 In this affair I hope you see
 No censure can attach to me—
 Don't entertain a wrong impression ;
 I'm doing now what must be done
 In my profession."——
 " And so am I," Stubbs answer'd with a frown,
 So crying " Going—going—gone !"
 He knock'd him down !——

CAPRICE.

LOVE is a bird of summer skies ;

From cold and from winter he soon departs :
He basks in the beam of good-humour'd eyes,
And delights in the warmth of open hearts :
But where he has once found chill and rain,
He seldom returns to that bower again.

Harriet's brow was passing fair,

And Love, in the shape of a mortal sprite,
Came to bask in the sunshine there,
And plume his soft wings for delight :
But a wintry cloud would oft come o'er,
And then, for a time,
Without reason or rhyme,
The sun would shine no more ;
But chills and clouds the sky deform,
Cold and dark as December's storm.

It chanced in one of these winter showers,
As a cloud pass'd by

No one knew why,
And frighten'd poor Love from his garden of
flowers ;

He wander'd in sadness, away, away,

Till he came to a bower that stood hard by ;
Here all was a sunny summer's day,
And never a cloud came over that eye ;
But, morning and night,
It beam'd ever bright,
With spirit, and joy, and courtesy.

He laid himself down—the hours flew o'er,
He thought of the spot he had left no more,
For all was here

Without shadow, or fear,
And each moment was sweet as the one before.

Some friend of poor Harriet, passing that way,
Saw Love in the garden, and told the maid,
That, not long ago, she had seen him lay
Reclined in the bower of Adelaide.
“No matter,” said she, “let him wander awhile,
I can, when I please, bring him back by a smile.”

But ladies who trust so much to their power,
To recover the hearts their caprice has lost,
Will prove, in many a bitter hour,
The danger of playing with Love, to their cost.

Many a day and week pass'd by,
And Harriet, though she would not tell
That she loved the wanderer much and well,
Drew many a secret sigh;
And she managed to get it convey'd to the swain
By some kind friend, in a roundabout way,
That, if he thought proper to seek her again,
The weather in future might be more gay.

Love declined with a smile—“I thank you, my
dear,
I am perfectly happy and free from care;
I never saw other than summer here,
And why run the risk of a winter there?”

THE FARMER AND THE COUNSELLOR.

A COUNSEL in the Common Pleas,
Who was esteem'd a mighty wit,
Upon the strength of a chance hit
Amid a thousand flippancies,
And his occasional bad jokes

In bullying, bantering, browbeating,
 Ridiculing and maltreating
 Women or other timid folks,
 In a late cause resolved to hoax
 A clownish Yorkshire farmer—one
 Who by his uncouth look and gait,
 Appear'd expressly meant by Fate,
 For being quizz'd and play'd upon.

So having tipp'd the wink to those
 In the back rows,
 Who kept their laughter bottled down
 Until our wag should draw the cork,
 He smiled jocosely on the clown,
 And went to work.

"Well, Farmer Numscull, how go calves at York?"

"Why—not, sir, as they do wi' you,
 But on four legs instead of two."

"Officer!" cried the legal elf,
 Piqued at the laugh against himself,
 "Do pray keep silence down below there.
 Now look at me, clown, and attend,
 Have I not seen you somewhere, friend?"—
 "Yees—very like—I often go there."

"Our rustic's waggish—quite laconic,"
 The counsel cried with grin sardonic:—

"I wish I'd known this prodigy,
 This genius of the clods, when I

On circuit was at York residing.—
 Now, Farmer, do for once speak true,
 Mind, you're on oath, so tell me, you
 Who doubtless think yourself so clever,
 Are there as many fools as ever

In the West Riding?"

"Why no, sir, no; we've got our share,
 But not so many as when you were there."

THE FIDDLER.

A FIDDLER's temper, some maintain,
(And I, indeed, have little doubt of it,)
Is never more in tune than when
His fiddle's most completely out of it;
How often, smiling with delight,
We see a one-eyed limping wight,
With fiddle underneath his chin,
Scraping away some murder'd air,
Well pleased to mark the gaping stare,
The glancing eye, the approving grin,
Of half a dozen ragged idlers—
Destined, themselves, to shine as fiddlers.

A music-mangler, such as he
I've been describing, used to sit
On London bridge, and all agree
He was a beggar and a wit.
A three-string'd fiddle was his lyre,
That seem'd to have weather'd many bruises;
And all allow'd the bard's attire
Was just the costume of the Muses.
Summer or winter, wet or dry,
Morn, noon, or night, you'd find him still,
His brimless hat, and single eye,
And crowds of urchins standing by,
Admirers of the minstrel's skill.
Of tunes he had a great variety,—
Merry, or sad, or quick or slow;
And one might say, with great propriety,
That when the fiddler drew his bow
He drew—a crowd around him too.

*But Fortune, in an ugly humour,
(If we can trust the common rumour)*

Always with mortal pleasures meddling,
Wish'd that the music of this Orpheus
Should sleep for ever—sound as Morpheus,
And therefore swore she'd spoil his fiddling.

So one unlucky afternoon,
A while before the sun went down,
Just when the music-loving wag
Had tied his fiddle in a bag,
And mounted on the wall to see
What then was deem'd a novelty—

A boat-race in the Thames below,
Dame Fortune, to fulfil her grudge,
Gave suddenly his arm a *dodge*,—

And down the bag and fiddle go—
Down with a splash into the river,
Lost to their former lord for ever!

'Tis said the votary of Apollo,
Half-mad, was just about to follow,

Had not a lamp-post caught his coat;
'Tis certain that he "scream'd a scream,"
Like one awakening from a dream,

And called in God's name for a boat.
A stranger pass'd, who heard his wailing,
And ask'd the cause? The minstrel show'd
The fiddle in the green bag sailing
Fast down the river, deep and broad.

"Friend," said the stranger, with a face
As long as he could easily make it,

"I feel sincerely for your case"—

"O!" cried the fiddler, "devil take it,"
(He would not, even tho' undone,

Let slip what seem'd a first-rate pun,)

"Pray, sir, excuse my want of grace,

To stop your speech just in the middle,

But, sir, I care not for my case,

Provided I get back my fiddle."

LONDON LYRICS.—ST. JAMES'S PARK.

'Twas June, and many a gossip wench,
Child-frighted, trod the central Mall;
I gain'd a white unpeopled bench,
And gazed upon the long canal.
Beside me soon, in motley talk,
Boys, nursemaids sat, a varying race;
At length two females cross'd the walk,
And occupied the vacant space.

In years they seem'd some forty-four,
Of dwarfish stature, vulgar mien;
A bonnet of black silk each wore,
And each a gown of bombazeen:
And, while in loud and careless tones
They dwelt upon their own concerns,
Ere long I learn'd that Mrs. Jones
Was one, and one was Mrs. Burns.

They talk'd of little Jane and John,
And hoped they'd come before 'twas dark,
Then wonder'd why with pattens on,
One might not walk across the Park:
They call'd it far to Camden-town,
Yet hoped to reach it by and by;
And thought it strange, since flour was down,
That bread should still continue high.

They said last Monday's heavy gales
Had done a monstrous deal of ill;
Then tried to count the iron rails
That wound up Constitution-hill;
This 'larum sedulous to shun,
I donn'd my gloves, to march away,
When as I gazed upon the one,
"Good Heavens!" I cried, "'tis Nancy Gray."

'Twas Nancy, whom I led along
The whiten'd and elastic floor,
Amid mirth's merry dancing throng,
Just two and twenty years before.
Though sadly alter'd, yet I knew her,
While she, 'twas obvious, knew me not;
But mildly said, "Good evening, Sir,"
And with her comrade left the spot.

"Is this," I cried in grief profound,
"The fair with whom, eclipsing all,
I traversed Ranelagh's bright round,
Or trod the mazes of Vauxhall?
And is this all that Time can do?
Has Nature nothing else in store?
Is this of lovely twenty-two,
All that remains at forty-four?"

"Could I to such a helpmate cling?
Were such a wedded dowdy mine,
On yonder lamp-post would I swing,
Or plunge in yonder Serpentine!"
I left the park with eyes askance,
But, ere I enter'd Cleveland-row,
Rude Reason thus threw in her lance,
And dealt self-love a mortal blow:

"Time, at whose touch all mortals bow,
From either sex his prey secures,
His scythe, while wounding Nancy's brow,
Can scarce have smoothly swept o'er yours:
By her you plainly were not known;
Then, while you mourn the alter'd hue
Of Nancy's face, suspect your own
May be a little alter'd too."

THE BREWER AND NEGRO.

A BREWER in a country town
Had got a monstrous reputation ;
No other beer but his went down—
The hosts of the surrounding station
Carving his name upon their mugs,
And painting it on every shutter ;
And tho' some envious folks would utter
Hints that its flavour came from drugs,
Others maintain'd 'twas no such matter,
But owing to his monstrous vat,
At least as corpulent as that
At Heidelberg—and some said fatter.

His foreman was a lusty black,
An honest fellow ;
But one who had an ugly knack
Of tasting samples as he brew'd,
Till he was stupified and mellow.
One day in this top-heavy mood,
Having to cross the vat aforesaid,
(Just then with boiling beer supplied,)
O'ercome with giddiness and qualms, he
Reel'd—fell in—and nothing more said,
But in his favourite liquor died,
Like Clarence in his butt of Malmsey.

In all directions round about
The negro absentee was sought,
But as no human noddle thought
That our fat Black was now Brown Stout,
They settled that the negro had left
The place for debt, or crime, or theft.

Meanwhile the beer was day by day
Drawn into casks and sent away,
Until the lees flow'd thick and thicker,
When, lo ! outstretch'd upon the ground,
Once more their missing friend they found
As they had often done—in liquor.

See, cried his moralizing master,
I always knew the fellow drank hard,
And prophesied some sad disaster ;
His fate should other tipplers strike.
Poor Mungo ! there he welters, like
A toast at bottom of a tankard !

Next morn, a publican, whose tap
Had help'd to drain the vat so dry,
Not having heard of the mishap,
Came to demand a fresh supply.
Protesting loudly that the last
All previous specimens surpass'd,
Possessing a much richer *gusto*
Than formerly it ever used to,
And begging, as a special favour,
Some more of the exact same flavour.

Zounds ! cried the Brewer, that's a task
More difficult to grant than ask.
Most gladly would I give the smack
Of the last beer to the ensuing,
But where am I to find a Black,
And boil him down at every brewing ?

THE DINNER.

THUS to his mate Sir Richard spoke—
“ The House is up ; from London smoke
All fly, the Park grows thinner ;
The friends, who fed us, well condemn
Our backward board ; we must feed them ;
My dear, let's give a dinner.”

“ Agreed,” his lady cries, “ and first
Put down Sir George and Lady Hurst.”
“ Done ! now *I* name—the Gatties !”
“ My dear, they're rather stupid.”—“ Stuff !
We dine with them, and that's enough :
Besides I like their paties.”

“ Who next ?” “ Sir James and Lady Dunn.”
“ Oh no.”—“ Why not ?”—“ They'll bring their
son,
That regular tormentor ;
A couple, with one child, are sure
To bring three fools outside their door,
Whene'er abroad they venture.”

“ Who next ?”—“ John Yates.”—“ What ! M. P.
Yates ;
Who o'er the bottle stale debates
Drags forth ten times a minute ?”
“ He's like the rest : whoever *fails*,
Out of St. Stephen's school tell tales
He'd quake to utter in it.”

“ Well, have him if you will.”—“ The Grants.”
“ My dear, remember, at your aunt's
I view'd them with abhorrence.”

"Why so?"—"Why, since they've come from
Lisle,
(Which they call *Leel*) they bore our isle
With Brussels, Tours, and Florence."

"Where could you meet them?"—"At the Nore."
"Who next?"—"The Lanes." We want two
more,—
Lieutenant General Dizzy."
"He's deaf." "But then he'll bring Tom White."
"True! ask them both: the boy's a bite;
We'll place him next to Lizzy."

'Tis seven—the Hursts, the Dunns, Jack Yates,
The Grants assemble: the dinner waits:
In march the Lanes, the Gatties.
Objections, taunts, rebukes are fled,
Hate, scorn, and ridicule lie dead
As if so many Donatties.

Yates carves the turbot, Lane the lamb,
Sir George the fowls, Sir James the ham,
Dunn with the beef is busy.
His helpmate pats her darling boy,
And, to complete a mother's joy,
Tom White sits next to Lizzy.

All trot their hobbies round the room;
They talk of routs, retrenchments, Hume,
The bard who won't lie fallow,
The Turks, the statue in the Park,
Which both the Grants, at once, remark
Jump'd down from Mount Cavallo.

*They talk of dances, operas, dress,
They nod, they smile, they acquiesce;
None pout; all seem delighted:*

Heavens ! can this be the self-same set,
So courteously received, when met ;
So taunted, when invited ?

So have I seen, at Drury-Lane,
A play rehearsed : the Thespian train
In arms ; the bard astounded ;
Scenes cut ; parts shifted ; songs displaced ;
Jokes mangled ; characters effaced ;
“ Confusion worse confounded.”

But, on the night, with seeming hearts,
The warring tribe their several parts
Enact with due decorum.
Such is the gulf that intervenes
’Twixt those who get behind the scenes,
And those who sit before ’em !

THE COLLEGIAN AND THE PORTER.

AT Trin. Coll. Cam.—which means, in proper
spelling,
Trinity College, Cambridge,—there resided
One Harry Dashington—a youth excelling
In all the learning commonly provided
For those who choose that classic station
For finishing their education :—
That is—he understood computing
The odds at any race or match ;
Was a dead hand at pigeon-shooting ;
Could kick up rows—knock down the watch—
Play truant and the rake at random—
Drink—tie cravats—and drive a tandem.

*Remonstrance, fine, and rustication,
So far from working reformation,*

Seem'd but to make his lapses greater,
Till he was warn'd that next offence
Would have this certain consequence—
Expulsion from his Alma Mater.

One need not be a necromancer
To guess that, with so wild a wight,
The next offence occur'd next night;
When our Incurable came rolling
Home as the midnight chimes were tolling,
And rang the College bell.—No answer.—

The second peal was vain—the third
Made the street echo its alarum;
When to his great delight he heard
The sordid Janitor, old Ben,
Rousing and growling in his den.
“Who's there?—I s'pose young Harum-scaru
“'Tis I, my worthy Ben—'tis Harry.”
“Ay, so I thought—and there you'll tarry.
‘Tis past the hour—the gates are closed—
You know my orders—I shall lose
My place if I undo the door.”—
“And I”—(young Hopeful interposed)
“Shall be expell'd if you refuse,
So prythee”—Ben began to snore.—

“I'm wet,” cried Harry, “to the skin,
Hip! hallo! Ben—don't be a ninny;
Beneath the gate I've thrust a guinea,
So tumble out and let me in.”

“*Humph!*” growl'd the greedy old curmudge,
Half overjoy'd and half in dudgeon,
“Now you may pass; but make no fuss,

On tiptoe walk, and hold your prate."—
"Look on the stones, old Cerberus,"
Cried Harry as he pass'd the gate,
"I've dropp'd a shilling—take the light,
You'll find it just outside—good night.

Behold the porter in his shirt,
Cursing the rain which never stopp'd,
Groping and raking in the dirt,
And all without success; but that
Is hardly to be wonder'd at,
Because no shilling had been dropp'd;
So he gave o'er the search at last,
Regain'd the door, and found it fast!—

With sundry oaths and growls and groans,
He rang once—twice—and thrice; and then,
Mingled with giggling heard the tones
Of Harry mimicking old Ben.—

"Who's there?—'Tis really a disgrace
To ring so loud—I've lock'd the gate—
I know my duty—'Tis too late—
You wouldn't have me lose my place."

"Psha! Mr. Dashington: remember,
This is the middle of November.

I'm stripp'd;—'tis raining cats and dogs."

"Hush, hush!" quoth Hal; "I'm fast asleep;"
And then he snored as loud and deep
As a whole company of hogs.

"But, harkye, Ben, I'll grant admittance
At the same rate I paid myself."

"Nay, master, leave me half the pittance,"
Replied the avaricious elf.

"No: all, or none—a full acquittance;—

The terms, I know, are somewhat high ;
But you have fix'd the price, not I—

I won't take less;—I can't afford it."
So finding all his haggling vain,
Ben with an oath and groan of pain
Drew out the guinea, and restored it.

"Surely you'll give me," growl'd th' outwitted
Porter when again admitted,

"Something, now you've done your joking,
For all this trouble, time, and soaking."

"Oh, surely—surely," Harry said ;

"Since, as you urge, I broke your rest,
And you're half drown'd, and quite undress'd,
I'll give you——leave to go to bed."

THE LAWYER AND THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

A ROGUISH old Lawyer was planning new sin,
As he lay on his bed in a fit of the gout,
The mails and the day-light were just coming in,
The milkmaids and rushlights were just going out :

When a chimney-sweep's boy, who had made a
mistake,
Came flop down the flue with a clattering rush,
And bawl'd, as he gave his black muzzle a shake,
"My master's a coming to give you a brush."

"If that be the case," said the cunning old elf,
"*There's no moment to lose—it is high time to flee ;
Ere he gives me a brush, I will brush off myself ;
If I wait for the Devil, the Devil take me !*"

So he limp'd to the door without saying his prayers ;
But Old Nick was too deep to be nick'd of his prey,
For the knave broke his neck by a tumble down
 stairs,
And thus ran to the Devil by running away.

THE DREAMING TAILOR.

AT Hippocrene's fount I would fain take a sip
Of wit from the clear-flowing stream,
To sing of a luckless descendant from Snip,
Who fell ill, and was mournful as hen with the pip,
Because of an ominous dream.

He dream'd that the angel, who pilfering watches,
Exposed a large cloth to his view,
And, as he show'd this collection of patches,
Compos'd of the pieces he'd cribb'd by small
 snatches,
That he beat him black, yellow, and blue.

Poor Snip, though asleep, with Stentorian might,
'Gan to bellow and hideously roar ;
And awoke from his dream in a terrible fright,
Devoutly determined, from that very night,
He'd be honest and ne'er cabbage more.

But attach'd to his trade, like a thorough-paced
varlet,

He soon found a *reason* to cheat—
For an officer ordering a new suit of scarlet,
" *In the patch-work I saw, there was none,*" cried
 the varlet,
" *So I'll crib some to make it complete.*"

GOLD.

By the late Rev. Mr. Moore.

ALMIGHTY Gold ! whose magic charms dispense
 Worth to the worthless, to the graceless grace ;
 To cowards valour, and to blockheads sense—
 And to the wither'd maid a Hebe's face ;
 Poor Love exiled, thou sit'st on Hymen's throne,
 Thou rul'st the court, the senate, and the bar ;
 And though the church thy Deity disown,
 Some whisper thou hast priest and altar there.
 All human charities, all laws divine,
 Deluded mortals offer at thy shrine :
 O thou, supreme, like fate, to kill or save !
 To thy vast empire what is wanting more ?
 " Nought," sighs Avaro, " had it but the pow'r
 To silence conscience, and to bribe the grave."

JOE MILLER PETER-PINDARIZED.

A LONDON Jockey, well known for a fool,
 Whose saddle might be aptly styled a mule,
 Since when he rode, it ever came to pass,
 That 'twas a something 'twixt a horse and ass ;
 Once left the town ;
 And, as most travellers will,
 When often down,
 And often up a hill :
 At length a steep of fearful height
 Struck our horseman's wond'ring sight ;
But what did most alarm him now,
Was, that at bottom seem'd a slough.
Doubtful he stood
In thoughtful mood,

When hard by, in a brake
A clown he spied ; and thus bespake :
“ Is bottom hard of yonder place ? ”
“ Hard, *mon* ? the clown replied ; “ ay, that it
be.”
With nimble pace he then descended,
And up to boots in mud his journey ended.
Swearing at clowns, he storm'd and raged his fill,
And wish'd with all his heart the devil had got
'em ;
When out he bawl'd to him upon the hill—
“ Did you not, rascal, say, 'twas hard at bottom ? ”
The clown rejoin'd with broadest grin,
Which he conceived no mortal sin,
“ And so it be, I'll tak' ye *ony* bet,
But *you're* not *half-way* to the bottom yet ! ”

A RECEIPT FOR A MODERN ROMANCE.

IN the dreary recess of a thick-planted wood,
Imagine a castle for ages has stood ;
Suppose, too, a pale, bleeding spectre in white,
Stalking round its rude walls, in the dead of the
night ;
Make some hero (in courage a match for the devil)
March forth, in determined pursuit of the evil
That keeps the whole place in perpetual affright,
From the close of the day till the dawning of light.
Make some heroine a close-winding passage explore,
Which (most wondrous !) has never been found
out before ;
While the hail beats in torrents, the winds howl
around,
And a deep sullen murmur breaks forth from the
ground.

Let her lamp be extinguish'd—let one feeble ray,
Of the moon through a chink in the wall find its way,
As it just for an instant escapes from a cloud,
Then let darkness, deep darkness, its visage en-
shroud.

Having groped in this horrible place for a while,
Let her find out a room in this half-ruin'd pile,
Where murder most foul was committed of old ;
In due form and order the tale to unfold,
Let a worm-eaten trunk the apartment adorn,
(Containing some manuscripts mouldy and torn ;)
An old table and chair thickly cover'd with dust,
A deep-batter'd helmet, a cuirass all rust ;
Let a dagger, with three drops of blood on the blade,
At a few inches distance be skilfully laid.
On her turning a key let the spectre appear,
While the heroine displays not a symptom of fear ;
At this solemn time let her lover attain,
By a track, which till now he had sought for in vain,
The mysterious abode, be surprised with the maid,
By the lord of the castle pursued and betray'd.
Let the trumpet be sounded, the drum beat to arms,
And the place be assail'd. In the midst of alarms
Let the baron be slain, yet confess, ere he fall,
The dire fact brought to light to the wonder of all.
Let the clock at this critical moment strike one,
Set the pile in a blaze, and the business is done.

SYMPTOMS OF OBSTINACY.

BOB had a wife, but so perverse,
He almost wish'd her in her hearse ;
To mend her temper was in vain ;
Her spirit work'd against the grain.—
A fishing once she went in dudgeon,
And tried the river for a gudgeon ;

When reaching far to hook a bite,
Plump in she fell, went down outright,
Which Robin saw, but, in his fright,
Could scarcely hobble to the river,
His Kate from drowning to deliver ;
Yet call'd aloud for some assistance,
When Will and Tom from no small distance
Flew to the bank, and found their master
Quite frantic at the sad disaster—
The current was in rapid force,
And with it all things went of course ;
They therefore put their boat-hooks down,
As the stream ran, to hitch her gown ;
But *lower* they began their search,
Than where she'd fallen off the perch.
"What fools you are !" exclaim'd old Robin,
"Thus *with* the tide your hooks to bob in ;
Go *higher up*," said patient Bob ;
"The other were a fruitless job :
Try, try above the place, where fate
Thus robb'd me of my dearest Kate ;
Some chance there is in such a scheme—
She ever went against the stream."
The servants follow'd in a trice
Their master's orders and advice,
And found he was a knowing guide—
They hook'd her *buffeting the tide*.

VILLIAM VICKS: OR, DO AS OTHER PEOPLE
DO !

VON Villiam Vicks, as I've heard tell,
A wintner vas at Clerkenvell :
His vife she vas a vixen vile,
And oft poor Vill she would rewile ;
For, ever vanting something new,

She'd cry, "Dear Vill, I *wish* as you
 You'd *do as other people do* !

"There's neighbour Vite's, they keep a *shay*;
 And when they vants to dash away,
 And vie with all the beaux and belles,
 Away they vhip to Hornsey Vells;
 Then, since ve all vant something new,
 Dear Villiam Vicks, I *wish* as you
 You'd *do as other people do* !"

"Vat now," says Vill, "vat vant you next
 "Vy Vill, I wow it makes me wext
 To think ve lives in dirt and filth !
 A *country-house* would save my health;
 And here's a spot with charming *woo* !
 Dear Villiam Vicks, I *wish* as you
 You'd *do as other people do* !"

The house was bought—and Madam now
 Must have a coach and servants too;
 A pair of geldings smooth and sleek,
 And routs and parties thrice a week;
 And ven poor Vill impatient grew,
 "Dear Vill," says she, "you know that yo
 Must *do as other people do* !"

But now Vill's cash run wery brief,
 So Vill turn'd o'er another leaf;
 The maids dismiss'd—the house was sold—
 And coach and horses, too, we're told :—
 "Lord, Vick," she scream'd, "vat shall ve d
 "In troth," says Vicks, "you know that yo
 Must *do as other people do* !"

Ma'am did not like this change of life,
 So death *whipp'd* off poor Vicks's wife—

OF HUMOROUS POETRY.

And now retrieving his affairs,
Most Christianlike his loss he bears ;
And when you ask him "How d'ye do !"
Vill cries, " Indeed, to tell you true,
I do as other people do !"

MR. GRAHAM TO MISS DAWSON IN THE
CLOUDS.

" Mr. Graham now handed Miss Dawson to the ear,
and in a few minutes the aeronaut and his accomplished
and beautiful fellow-voyager were lost to the gaze of the
admiring multitude."—*Kendall Paper.*

" Here we go up, up, up,—
And now we go down, down, down ;—
Now we go backward and forward,
And heigh ! for London town !"

Dean Swift.

WHO says the moon is made of cheese ?
The sky a sheet of paper ?
The little stars so many peas—
The sun a mere gas taper ?
That all the clouds are chimney-smoke,
The sun's attraction draws on ?
'Tis clear as noon, that's all a joke
To you and me, Miss Dawson.

The secrets of the sky are ours—
The heaven is opening o'er us—
The region of the thunder-showers
Is spreading wide before us.
How pleasant from this fleecy cloud,
To look on ancient places,
And peer upon the pigmy crowd
Of upturn'd gaping faces !

Oh what a place were this for love !
 Nay, never start, I pray ;
 Suppose our hearts could jointly move,
 And in a lawful way,
 Like Ixion, I should scorn the crowds
 Of earthly beauties, to know,
 And love a lady in the clouds—
 And you should be my Juno.

Speed higher yet—throw out more sand—
 We're not the last who'll rise,
 By scattering with lavish hand,
 Dust in our neighbour's eyes.
 Away ! away ! the clouds divide—
 Hiah ! what a freezing's here !—
 And now we thread the mist-hill's side,
 And now the heavens appear.

“How blest !” (so Tommy Moore might sing)
 “Did worldly love not blind us,
 “Could we to yon bright cloud but wing,
 “And leave this earth behind us :
 “There fed on sunshine—safe from woe—
 “We'd live and love together !”
 Ah ! you and I, Miss Dawson, know,
 Here's devilish cool weather.

Suppose some future act made void
 And lawless Gretna marriages,
 The snuff-man joiner's trade destroy'd,
 And nullified post-carriages :
 What think you if a Gretna here,
 With *post-balloons*, were given ?
 Such marriages (we all could swear)
 At least, were made in Heaven.

How small, Miss Dawson, from the sky,
Appears that man below—
The triton of the *nabbing* fry,
The saddler-king of Bow !
A fig for Dogberry, say we !
For leathern bench and “ watchus ! ”
A fig for law ! I'd like to see
What Bishop here could catch us !

Suppose we smash the stars for fun ?
Have with the larks a *lark* ?
Or hang a cloak upon the sun,
And leave the world all dark ?
Or upward still pursue our flight,
Leave that dull world at rest,
And into Eden peep—and fright
The banquet of the blest ?

Whiz ! whiz ! the fatal word is spoke—
The sprites are round our car—
Our gas is spent—our pinion broke,
And, like a shooting star,
Down, down we glide—the clouds divide—
The clouds close o'er our head—
Now, safe and sound, we touch the ground,
And now——we go to bed.

OCTOBER FASHIONS, IN RHYME.

Now comes in the staid October,
When our summer fashion's sober :—
Here we rhymingly profess
To describe each modish dress,
Worn by English fair, or French :
We protest we won't entrench

When the month just gone hath seen
Gone—with things “which once hav

Gowns—for morning—dinner—bed
We shall here describe them all.
First, the morning—’t isn’t puzzling
To find out a rhyme for muslin—
That of which such gowns are wrought
Is the stuff call’d jaconot,
And a spencer or a shawl
O’er it must be worn by all.
Then the sleeve must be so big—Oh,
What’s the term?—I think *en gigo*
Open gowns some ladies use—
But the *corsage* is *en blouse*.
A *gros de Naples* dinner gown
Is the mode just now in town:—
Some folks are already seen
Wearing gowns of levantine,
Trimm’d—and here a rhyme comes pa
With letter V’s in folds of satin.

Purple, lavender, and rose,
Deck'd with every flower that grows ;
Satin chapeau, Spanish hat,
Trimm'd with feathers, and—all that :
White silk bonnets, and *crêpe lisse*—
Are the things which chiefly please.

Turbans must be made of scarlet,
For lady Jane or lady Charlotte—
And Mrs. Bell must o'er the face
Put a head-piece edged with lace.

All throughout our English nation,
'Tis the most prevailing fashion,
For " the fairest of the fair"
Pale blue gauze dress hats to wear ;
Blue satin leaves surround the crown,
And ostrich feathers droop adown.

Little change that we remember
Has been made since last September,
In the mantua-making labours
Of our modish Gallic neighbours—
Andrinople, or *Barège*,
For walking gowns is quite the rage ;
Whether zig-zag, strip'd, or plaided,
Every gown like this is braided
(So, at least, *TRIAUD* pronounces)
With three nicely meeting flounces.
Nobody of fashion uses
Gowns in any form but *blouses*.
Trimmings now are only seen
With *entre-deux* of work between.
Cachemires, borders *en rosaces*,
Sometimes (though but rarely) pass
By us in our walks—I think a
Black lace pelerine, à l'*Inca*,

By a hat of crape or gauze,
And a satin bonnet, too,
Trimm'd with blond *en dents de lou*

Head-dresses of hair, however,
Chiefly are the *mode*—for never
Do you see a *toque* or turban,
But upon some head suburban.

For the colours most in fashion
In this fashionable nation,
We have only seen as yet
Citron-colour, violet,
Green, and various shades of red,
Or azure :—now our “say is said!”

CLUBS.

TUNE—Bow, wow, wow.

If any man loves comfort, and has little
it he

The *inns* are *out* ! hotels for single men scarce
keep alive on it,
While none but houses that are in the *family way*
thrive on it !

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

There's first, the Athenæum club, so wise, there's
not a man of it
That has not sense enough for six (in fact, that is
the plan of it) :
The very waiters answer you with eloquence So-
cratical,
And always place the knives and forks in order
mathematical.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Then opposite the *mental* club you'll find the *regi-*
mental one,
A meeting made of men of war, and yet a very
gentle one ;
If *uniform* good living please your palate, here's
excess of it,
Especially at private dinners, when they *make a*
mess of it !

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

E'en Isis has a house in town ; and Cam abandons
her city !

The *Master* now hangs out at the United Uni-
versity ;

In Common Room she gave a route ! (a novel
freak to hit upon)

Where Masters gave the Mistresses of Arts no
chairs to sit upon !

Bow, wow, wow, &c

at ~~next~~ ~~past~~ six, the *joint concern*, for eighteen
pence is given you—
half-pints of port are sent in *ketchup bottles* to e
liven you!

Bow, wow, wow, &

The travellers are in Pall-Mall, and smoke ciga
so cozeyly—
and dream they climb the highest Alps, or ro
the plains of Moselai;
The world for them has nothing new, they hav
explored all parts of it,
and now they are club-footed! and they sit an
look at charts of it.

Bow, wow, wow, &

he Orientals homeward bound, now seek the
clubs much sallower.
nd while they eat green fat, they find their ow

Clubs where the *winning* ways of *sharper* folks
 pervert the *use* of clubs,
 Where *knaves* will make subscribers cry, "Egad,
 this is the *deuce* of clubs!"

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

For country 'squires the only club in London now
 is Boodle's, sirs;
 The Crockford club for playful men, the Alfred
 club for noodles, sirs:
 These are the stages which all men propose to play
 their parts upon,
 For *clubs* are what the Londoners have clearly set
 their *hearts* upon.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

Avant-Propos.

I INTEND to write some Tales of the Time,
 All in rhyme—
 If, reader, you will take this sample,
 As an example
 Of the manner in which I intend to trample
 On all poetical laws,
 'Tis very clear we sha'nt fall out for straws.—
 My rhymes shall not be mouthy,
 Like Southey—
 Nor hot and smooth as a laundress's iron,
 Like Byron—
 Nor very highly wrought,
 Like Scott—
 Nor "pretty fair,"
 Like Clare—

Nor wanting staminal,
Like him of the Examiner.
Nor swathed in prosodical tran
Like Campbell's—
Nor *tithing* all the Elizabethian
Like *Proctor's*—
Nor interspersed with moralizir
mery,
Like Montgomery—
Nor dying for *a cause*, their
smarten,
Like Barton—
But pithy—cut and dried—bri
and clever,—
Like—YOURS EVER.

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT. A NE

—

We'll all of us shortly be doom'd
To part with our plain understanding ;
For *Intellect* now has assumed
An attitude truly commanding !
All ranks are so dreadfully wise,
Common sense is set quite at defiance ;
And the child for its porridge that cries,
Must cry in the language of *Science*,
Sing, tol de rol lol, &c. &c.

The *Weaver* it surely becomes
To talk of his web's involution,
For doubtless the hero of thrums
Is a member of some institution ;
He speaks of supply and demand,
With the airs of a great legislator,
And almost can tell you off hand,
That the smaller is less than the greater !
Sing, tol de rol lol, &c. &c.

The *Tailor*, in cutting his cloth,
Will speak of the true conic section ;
And no tailor is now such a Goth
But he talks of his trade's genuflection !
If you laugh at his bandy-legg'd clan,
He calls it unhandsome detraction,
And cocks up his chin like a man,
Though we know that he's only a fraction !
Sing, tol de rol lol, &c. &c.

The *Blacksmith* 'midst cinders and smoke,
Whose visage is one of the dimmest,
His furnace profoundly will poke,
With the air of a practical chemist :
Poor Vulcan has recently got
A lingo that's almost historic,
And can tell you that iron is hot,
Because it is fill'd with caloric !
Sing, tol de rol lol, &c. &c.

The *Mason*, in book-learned tone,
 Describes, in the very best grammar,
 The resistance that dwells in the stone,
 And the power that resides in the hammer ;
 For the son of the trowel and hod
 Looks as big as the Frog in the fable,
 While he talks in a jargon as odd
 As his brethren the builders of Babel !
 Sing, tol de rol lol, &c. &c.

The *Cobbler* who sits at your gate
 Now pensively points his hog's bristle,
 Though the very same cobbler of late
 O'er his work used to sing and to whistle ;
 But cobbling's a paltry pursuit
 For a man of polite education—
 His works may be trod under foot,
 Yet he's one of the Lords of Creation !
 Sing, tol de rol lol, &c. &c.

Oh ! learning's a very fine thing !
 It almost is treason to doubt it—
 Yet many of whom I could sing,
 Perhaps might as well be without it !
 And without it my days I will pass,
 For to me it was ne'er worth a dollar,
 And I don't wish to look like an Ass
 By trying to talk like a *Scholar* !
 Sing, tol de rol lol, &c. &c.

Let schoolmasters bother their brains
 In their dry and their musty vocation ;
 But what can the rest of us gain
 By meddling with such botheration ?
 We cannot be very far wrong,
 If we live like our fathers before us,
 Whose *Learning* went round in the song,
 And whose cares were dispell'd in the Chorus.
 Singing, tol de rol lol, &c. &c.

FAREWELL LINES BY A LATE VISITOR TO
NORMANDY.

FAREWELL to the land of bows and grimaces,
Farewell to the land of high caps and large faces ;
Farewell to the land of confessions and sinners,
Farewell to the land of fat priests and good dinners ;
Farewell to the land of cathedrals and churches,
Farewell to the land of passports and searches ;
Farewell to gen-d'armerie, prefects and mayors,
Farewell to sextons, to beadles, and players ;
Farewell to hotels, farewell to their bills,
Farewell to their breakfasts, the least of their ills ;
Farewell to their cider, both sour and thick,
Farewell to their wine which made me so sick ;
Farewell to the garçons, filles de chambre farewell,
Farewell to each shop where *fuir* dealing doés dwell ;
Farewell to the fools whom I met on their travels,
Farewell to the landlord their wants who unravels ;
Farewell to the voitures dirty and crazy,
Farewell to the diligence heavy and lazy ;
Farewell to the girls who are pretty and easy,
Farewell to the men who are filthy and greasy ;
Farewell to the streets which seldom are clean,
Farewell to the priests at mass often seen ;
Farewell to thee France, thou shalt not me detain
From country, from home, and plum-pudding again.

THE DEVIL'S WALK.

FROM his brimstone bed, at break of day,
A-walking the devil is gone,
To look at his snug little farm the world,
And see how his stock went on.

Over the hill and over the dale,
And he went o'er the plain ;
And backward and forward he switch'd his tail
As a gentleman switches his cane.

He pass'd by a cottage with a double coach-hou
A cottage of gentility ;
And he grinn'd at the sight—for his favourite
Is pride that apes humility.

He saw a lawyer killing a viper,
On the dunghill beside his stable ;
And the devil was shock'd—for it put him in m
Of the story of Cain and Abel.

An apothecary, on a white horse,
Rode by on his vocation ;
And the devil thought of his old friend,
Death, in the Revelation.

And he was pleas'd—for it gave him a hint
For improving the prisons of hell.

He saw a turnkey in a trice
Fetter a troublesome blade;
How nimbly, quoth he, the fingers move,
If a man is but used to his trade!

He saw the same turnkey unfetter a man,
With but little expedition;
And he laugh'd—for he thought of the long debate
On the slave-trade abolition.

He met with an old acquaintance
Close by the Methodist meeting;
She bore a consecrated flag,
And she gave him a nod of greeting.

She tipp'd him the wink, and then cried,
Avaunt! my name's Religion;
And she leer'd on Mr. Wilberforce
Like a love-sick pigeon.

As he stood near Somerset House he saw
A pig down the river float;
The pig swam well, but every stroke
Was cutting his own throat.

He view'd the sight with gloating eyes
Of joy and exultation;
For he thought of his own daughter, War,
And her darling child, Taxation.

He met a lord of the north countrie,
The Lord of the Dale was his name;
Such was the twin-likeness between the pair,
That it make old Beelzebub start and stare;

* For he thought, to be sure, 'twas a looking-glass
there,

But he could not see the frame.

He saw a certain minister,
A minister of his mind,
Go into a certain house,
With a majority behind.

The devil quoted Genesis,
Like a learned clerk,
How Noah and his *creeping* things
Went into the ark.

When he saw General ——'s face,
He fled with consternation ;
For the devil thought, by a small mistake,
'Twas the *general* conflagration.

A MODERN QUADRILLE.

“Concordia discors.”—OVID.

THIN dandies in tights, weighing each one an ounce;
Young ladies befurbelow'd, flounce upon flounce;
Fond mothers extolling their daughters so dear
To some good-natur'd youth of nine hundred a-
year;

A party at whist, looking grim as a cannibal
Each at their foe, like the Romans at Hannibal ;
Some prints on the table, distressingly maul'd,
And “*exquisite, lovely, bewitching,*” miscall'd ;
Three footmen in lace, and three others without,
All brilliant as candlesticks, stalking about ;

An Austrian hussar, a Sir Patrick O'Strokes,
Of the Poyais Lighthorse (but of course that's a
hoax);
A crowd on the stairs, with a wind like a knife
Coming sharp round the legs of maid, husband, or
wife;
A pensive young lady, rich, fickle, but cross,
With a pensive young Irishman near her, of course;
One preacher, two poets, and three poetesses;
A critic, fantastic and tawdry whose dress is:
All these, with their talents, loquacious or still,
Make up, gentle lady, a modern quadrille!

STANZAS FROM THE SERPENTINE;

Being a New Song to an Old Tune.

"Raras equidem sed fortasse pergratas, delicias hieims
profert."—TACITUS.

RUN, neighbours, run; all town is in Hyde Park
to-day,

Carriage, cart, and donkey-chaise—a raree show;
Hunt's four-in-hand is on the ice, and, hark away!

Shouts from half a hundred sprawlers—down
they go!

There Mrs. Smith from Wapping Stairs, Miss
Higgs from Norton Falgate;

Sir Peter Paunch, old Mister Hobbs, and Master
Hobbs from Aldgate;

With Thomas Potts, the oilman, smelling vastly
strong of turpentine,

All standing fast like pillars (or like posts) beside
the Serpentine.

Run, neighbours, run, &c. &c.

“Till her sweetheart on the ice is cooling
 billing it,

Fire in her virgin heart, and childblains o
 hand.

Vainly, from shore, mamma cries out, with for
 bold

And frowning eye, “My dear, as sure as I
 you’ll catch a horrid cold;”

Nought care our cooing ones, till, spite of
 and weather, sir,

Ice cracks, and in they go, to cool their
 together, sir.

Run, neighbours, run, &c

Far to the left, your exquisites are showing of
 While novices more timidly along the c
 glide;

Mr. Tims, poor soul, is down, and now, I ve
 blowing off

The snow that sticks—Lord bless us! he
 bruised his side:

There too, poor I am sure, the

Mirth is abroad (I vouch not for the quality),
Phrenologists shine forth in their wittiest array ;
Sims, for instance, cracks his joke on Tims, who
cracks his cranium,—
It gets a bump at every fall, like buds on a
geranium ;
Which proves by phrenologic laws, that Tims (but
sure you know it, sir),
Though he tumbles down a proser, may jump up
again a poet, sir.

Run, neighbours, run, &c. &c.

Run, neighbour's run,—sure such a sight was
never seen,—

Dandies from Bond Street, and statesmen from
Whitehall ;
He, she, and epicene, your ever-green and never-
green,
Exhibit, in succession, their "decline and fall."
Thus 'tis with the world, we glide along our sum-
mer-time,
On life's slippery surface, regardless of a rummer
time ;
Till, spite of scientific skill, and all our bold
endeavour, sir,
Death yawns, and down we go beneath the sod for
ever, sir.

Run, neighbours, run, &c. &c.

THE GHOST OF CHRIST-CHURCH ;

A Ballad.

" A ghost ! stand off ! — —
 I'll have thee laid in the Red Sea !"

Tom Thumb.

NIMMING Ned and his love stood by Christ-church
 one night—

(Mister Barclay had changed his last shilling :)

" My Mary !" says Ned, " you're my love and de-
 light ;"

" And you," answer'd Moll, " are the joy of my
 sight ;

But this love vidout *wittles* is killing."

Ned heav'd a deep sigh, and look'd knowingly
 round,

From beneath his brown hat and dark locks ;
 Few wanderers were there to be had—and no sound,
 Save the tramp of the constable going his round,
 And the snore of the watch in his box.

Loud howl'd the deep blast ; all the gas-lamps
 burn'd bright ;

The moon shed a glimmering ray :
 Ned crept with the lady away from the light ;
 He grieved as he shrunk from the constable's sight,
 And thought of the days of John Gay.

When sudden a lucky thought flash'd on Ned's
 brain—

WIT loves her poor children in trouble ;
 And never is genius so brilliant as then—
In statesman's protocol—on young poet's pen—
Painter's pencil—or 'Change-alley bubble.

A number of urchins were passing him by—
 Two or three, (the *Times* don't say how many):
 "Here, get into this church-yard!" said Ned, and
 there lie,
 Each lad by a tomb-stone conceal'd.—By and by,
 You shall each of you finger a penny!"

The bargain was struck—pish! a fig for the height—
 The lads scrambled over the railing;
 And Neddy and Mary, in seeming affright,
 Stood gazing in silence beneath the dim light,
 With nose and eye poked through the paling.

"Ho! what see ye there?" said a stranger:—said
 Ned,
 "That 'ere I von't say vitt percision;
 But summut I sawr, wery like a huge ghost,
 As vite as your neckcloth, and tall as a post—
 And it wanish'd away like a wision!"

The passenger stopp'd—and a second with him,
 A third came—because there were two;
 While the urchins inside glided out in the dim
 And half-misty light of the midnight moon-beam,
 Half reveal'd, and half hidden from view.

While Ned plied about at his trade, in the rout,
 A Pat in the distance who lingers,
 And sees him at work, laughs, and shouts "Strike
 me dumb!
 This ghost must be the spirit of old * Gaffer Thumb,
 He is such a good friend to the *fingers*!"

* *King*. What art thou? Speak!

Ghost.——— The ghost of Gaffer Thumb!

Tom Thumb.

THE CITY KNIGHT AND THE WELSH COOK;

A late Occurrence.

O MIGHTY spirit of immortal Sam !
 The shame and pride of England's courtliest
 court—
 ('Twas well the wits who starved thee could not
 damn
 The fiery-mettled muse that "made them sport !")
 Oh, put a little salt into my quill,
 A drop of lees from thy immortal cask—
 Let but thy influence guide me, while I steal
 A sign of thy great life unto my task !
 Thou art—let numskull Pepys rail his worst—
 Of England's rhyming wits—the last—the first !

Where Norton Falgate shines, in mud so bright,
 Swarming with coaches like the very devil,
 A wight there dwelt—Bill Rawlins was he hight,
 With mister Rawlins grac'd when folks were
 civil—
 Till dubb'd into a kind of bastard quality,
 A groggy—half-and-half nobility—
 By the majestic mandate of regality,
 A worthy knight of London's "good citye,"
 He cut the Mister—sunk the vulgar Bill,—
 Rose up a titled cit—and wrote—Sir Will.

Ye cits, whom fate hath bless'd with lengthy
 purses,
 To make glad boards, and appetites to honour
 'em,
 Ye know how heavy is the curse of curses—
 To those who spurn the laws of Gideon or Ham—

What 'tis to have a costly dinner spoil'd
 By some thick-headed cook, (the devil's gift !)
 To have one's cherish'd hopes all—overboil'd—
 One's pork and greens—merely by way of
 “thrift”—
 Render'd uneatable—ye, who know all this,
 'Tis meet our hero meet your sympathies.

Sir William had a cook—a devilish bad one,—
 Not a worse hand e'er handled dishes, hash'd or
 Roasted—in short, no dish she touch'd but had one
 Great fault or other in't—and so he thrash'd her—
 But the cook's thrashing ne'er improv'd the dishes ;
 So he resolved to turn her out of door,
 And searching round, to find one to his wishes,
 He brought from Cambria “one true Briton
 more”—
 A “hot Welse plood”—one mistress Charlotte
 Sayers,
 A very pretty name to go to prayers.

This new cook found our knight, as she relates,
 Standing beside the old cook in the kitchen,
 Jangling and jarring about broken plates—
 One hand Sir William held a bacon flitch in,
 The other grasp'd a “*bifstek*.” As they warm'd,
 Use went the *steaks* and all into her *chops*—
 Oh ! shame to knighthood !—the fair cook, alarm'd,
 Gather'd herself away as fast as hops.
 So, so !” apart, exclaim'd our Cambrian maid,
 All arn't nuts with sir William, I'm afraid.”

! so, indeed, it prov'd—the first day pass'd
 way—and nothing happen'd much contrary :
 next—sir William found some “*wittels*” cas-
 ping the dust and cobwebs in the “*hairy*”

Well, that pass'd over. But the next, at dinner,
The Muse was doom'd to witness stormy passages—

Sir William rang the bell—"Come here, you sinner!
You saucy jade, what sauce is this? These sausages

Are underdone, and tougher than tarpaulins,
By J—— the suet pudding's raw!" says Rawlins.

His eyeballs flash'd, just like an ode by Byron—

His voice warn't sweeter than an Irish melody—
His knightly nose glow'd like to red hot iron—

His clenched fist is raised, (alas, and well-a-day!)
He bade her quit the house, ('twas somewhat hard,
sure,)

Telling her she would never there be miss'd—
And then, by way of quickening her departure,
He knock'd her down three times with his
clench'd fist:—

His blows, in spite of all she wept and said, just
here,

Came thump and thump! like Cobbett's Weekly
Register.

At length our Cambrian vow'd she was quite dead—

Whereat sir Will grew sweet as sugar-candy;
He raised her gently—held her drooping head,
And soothed her anguish with a glass of brandy.

(I take this literally from the papers)—

Then, swearing that she had forgotten all,
She packs her wardrobe up, and off she capers,
And tells her woeful story at Guildhall,

With no more reverence for sublime sir Will,
Than if he had been Billy Rawlins still.

L'ENVOYE.

*Reader, if more you'd learn, see Tuesday's Times;
The devil calls, and I must close my rhymes.*

If curiously you ask me why I wrote 'em,
 I *had* some reasons—but faith, I've forgot 'em.
 Perhaps I wish'd to show—(a simple case!)—
 How different knighthood is from what it was.
 Perhaps I chose to prove, by demonstration,
 Such clever folks write for “The News of Fashion,”
 We can as quickly tell whatever goes
 Abroad, in rhyme—as other folks in prose.

MRS. CHRISTMAS'S LETTER TO JOHN BULL,
 IN RHYME.

FOR full twenty years, ay, and more, I was wife
 To dear captain Wright, whom I loved as my life :
 For his pension he cared just as little as I did,
 As he for his widow had amply provided.
 Well, he chose for his bankers the Hoares of
 Fleet-street,
 And there their clerk Christmas I happen'd to
 meet :
 He was always a right *merry Christmas* reported—
 And far merrier he now is—for now he's *trans-
 ported*.

Well, such were his ways and agreeable car-
 riage,
 That our business transactions led on to a mar-
 riage.
 We lived very well, I must say, until latterly,
 When Christmas thought fit to admire Mrs. Chat-
 terley.
 To my husband this lady had made some ap-
 proaches ;
 And when some other actresses set up their coaches,

THE COMMON--

ght that she quite fairly might
o' them,
in age (if in nought else) she far surpass'd
o' them.

Christmas, of course, was attach'd to the
loares,
h he show'd by abundantly plundering their
stores,

order to fit up *Thirteen, Craven-street*,
ere he used the old Chatterley daily to meet;
hile he left his poor young and unfortunate wife,
'm but fifty years old) scarce the bare means of
life.

At length, in last May, (twenty-five) Christmas
bought
Howell's mansion, which long Mrs. Chatterley

sought;
He set up a chariot, too, which, for splendour,
Outshone most—and hired footmen were got to at-
tend her:

So he ruin'd himself, and, as in all the daily
Papers, it may be seen at the Old Bailey,
He was found to be guilty, and to transportation
He was lately condemn'd—for the good of the na-
tion.

His wife now appeals (for she's left in a garret)
To those who can or make a fortune or mar it,
To beg that they'll favour her with a perusal
Of papers, which quite will prevent the refusal
Of something—for even the smallest donation
From any one in this most cash-giving nation,
Will be gratefully taken by her who below
(Poor soul!) dates from twenty, in Frith-street,
Soho,

ELIZA CHRISTMAS.

A CHANCERY SUIT.

Dedicated to innumerable Suitors in England, Ireland, and Wales, and our Town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, and so forth.

Quid rides? mutato nomine, de te
Fabula narratur.

HOR.

THE fabulist, who well describes
The actions and the motives too
Of men, through all their various tribes,
What's done, and what they ought to do,
Hath shadow'd out beneath the brute
The very picture of a *Chancery suit*.

Two mice, who lived, like many men,
At large,
And fed just how they could and when,
At other people's charge,
By great good luck—'twas so ordain'd
By fortune's odd decrees, obtain'd
A thumping piece of cheese.
As man, so mouse, believes
"There's honour among thieves,"
And "*halves—divide*"—was cried,
And both complied.
But in division being view'd,
One piece was larger—hence a feud,
A violent dispute,
Which terminated in a suit.

The litigants resolve, and off they trudge,
To take a neighbouring monkey as the judge.
Pug eyed the cheese—" 'Tis true, by heaven,"
Said he, "the pieces are not even:
'Tis fit the scales of Justice here
Should weigh, and set this matter clear."

So nibbling on he went,
In *doubt* and discontent,
Till plaintiff and defendant fearing,
As fast the cheese was disappearing,
That they of all should be bereft,
Exclaim'd " We are agreed,
And no more law we need—
Pray give us what is left !"

Assuming now a grave judicial face,
Pug vow'd he never had *so nice* a case :—
" They grumbled, and all suitors were the same
The *toiling* judge was constantly to blame :—
Folks out of doors should (and 'twould make the
pause)
See how *we* labour to *get through* a cause !
Mice knew not, he knew better what they would
have—
They came for *equity*, and *equity* they should have !
So saying, he kept gnawing on,
Till every morsel of the *cheese* was gone !

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A SOVEREIGN AND
A ONE POUND NOTE.

"O ego non felix, quam tu fugis, ut pavet acres Agna
lupos, capreæque leones."—HOR.

SAID a Sovereign to a Note,
In the pocket of my coat,
Where they met, in a neat purse of leather,
"How happens it, I prithee,
That, though I'm wedded with thee,
Fair Pound, we can never live together?"

"Like your sex, fond of *change*,
With Silver you can range,
And of lots of young sixpences be mother;
While with *me*—on my word,
Not my lady and my lord
Of W——th see so little of each other!"

Th' indignant Note replied
(Lying crumpled by his side),
"Shame, shame, it is yourself that roam, sir;
One cannot look askance,
But, whip! you're off to France,
Leaving nothing but old rags at home, sir.

"Your scampering began
From the moment Parson Van,
Poor man, made us *one* in love's fetter,
'For better or for worse'
Is the usual marriage curse;
But ours is all 'worse' and no 'better.'

"In vain are laws pass'd,
There's nothing holds you fast,
Though you know, sweet Sovereign, I adore you—
G

At the smallest hint in life,
 You forsake your lawful wife,
 As *other* Sovereigns did before you.

“ I flirt with Silver, true—
 But what can ladies do,
 When disown'd by their natural protectors ?
 And as to falsehood, stuff !
 I shall soon be *false* enough,
 When I get among those wicked Bank Directors.”

The Sovereign, smiling on her,
 Now swore, upon his honour,
 To be henceforth domestic and loyal :
 But within an hour or two,
 Why—I sold him to a Jew,
 And he's now at No. 10, Palais Royal.

THE REV. DOCTOR TITHE-SCRAPER AND HIS CONSCIENCE.

“ A man of *superhuman* eloquence and powerful in
 argument.”

A CERTAIN reverend doctor, far renown'd
 For *eloquence*, and every gift divine—
 One of those few who rarely can be found
 Both precept and example to combine,
 Had on a late occasion
 Every trace
 That can adorn the preaching race
 Called into action :
In fact, his very RIGHT OF TITHES,—
A subject tender as the apple of his eyes,—
Became a matter of dispute by a vile faction.

SATAN, it seems, had got within the fold,
 Playing his wicked pranks with young and old ;
 Persuading them it was no harm
 To wear the wool themselves to keep them warm :
 And when the gentle shepherd with his shears
 Wanted to trim them to the neck and ears,
 Loth of their fleecy coats to be bereft,
 They call'd his kind attention " fraud and theft ;"
 Though every bishop proves to demonstration
 The right divine, and old as the creation.

Returning to his home one day,
 After an altercation and affray,
 With his unruly flock most sorely vex'd,
 The angry ebullitions partly spent
 By inward muttering, grumbling, seeking vent,
 Flush on his recollection popp'd a text,
 Which rous'd his CONSCIENCE by a gentle knock,
 And seem'd to whisper to him, "*Feed my flock.*"
 " *Feed !*—Why, aye, so I do ;
 But then the flock must *feed* me too.
 A pretty joke, if, out of all these sheep,
 The shepherd's not to have what he can eat !
 I give them good advice—the best I can ;
 And what, pray, is *two thousand pounds* per ann.

Such times !

For let me say,
 Though there may be a little fall in wines,
 Poultry and meat are rising every day."

A sort of colloquy, in short, began
 Between the doctor and his inward man ;
 When, waxing rather warm, he cries " Odds
 curse !"
 (And very near had mutter'd something worse).
 " *Swear not at all,*" the inward Mentor cries :

“ At all !—No, to be sure,” the casuist replies ;
“ I only swear at *such* as don’t pay tithes !”

POETICAL DISTRESS.

A POET once within his attic hid,
The muse’s seat—to him, at least, no other ;
But while he occupied the one he did,
The Nine had cunning been to find another ;
Unless they squatted on the naked ground,
And form’d a sort of social circle round.

But still there was a table and a bed ;
The latter serv’d as “ bed and board” together :
And for the former, little can be said
In its behalf,—’twas even doubtful, whether
’Twould bear a poet in its present state,
Altho’ a most decidedly “ light weight.”

Indeed, to try it were an insane action—
’Twas hardly safe, to trust one’s elbow on it ;
Yet thus Rush sat in beautiful abstraction,
Poring and boring o’er a snoring sonnet.
A rush-light in a bottle stuff’d with paper,
Perform’d the office of his “ midnight taper.”

A tea-pot, which might once have had a spout,
Stood freezing on the hob ; for, know, the fire
Within his head had let the other out ;
Or perhaps—but no ! what heeds it to inquire ?
On table was his cup, antique as Chaucer,
Which long had mourn’d for its departed saucer.

No carpet warm’d his floor ; but there were reasons
Besides those *ex necessitate* built ;



For Rush had really one, but, with the seasons,
It was a carpet, or it was a quilt;
Just as the Fahrenheit one's eye might harp at,
A quilt at fifty—fifty one—a carpet.

No ornaments his white-wash'd walls adorn,
Save a small picture of "Expiring Merit,"
Which seem'd to typify his own forlorn
Unpitied portion; and his jaded spirit
Would sidelong glance upon the MS. heap
Of genius in oblivion—hope said—sleep!

Without his coat; and, at the very most
Three quarters only of a small sized shirt;
Small-clothes which long had "given up the ghost,"
But kept in skeleton by patch and dirt;
Stockings, by which his toes disdain'd control,
And shoes, like he himself, with worn out *soul*.

But thus Rush sat; and as it was his fate
But seldom to be bless'd with letter-backs,
Paper was scarce—cash scarcer—so a slate
Caught the first dictates—as his mind he racks,
From its distorted visions;—this displays
The "art of making poetry"—now-a-days.

His labours went on flowingly—the Nine
Smil'd on his prowess; or, perhaps, only Eight;
For, most unluckily, the closing line
Wrought to distraction's very verge, his pate;
But one short simile he strove to meet,
And would have giv'n his head for two small feet.

*"Thus deep-eyed thought upon his dark brow sat,
Like the sad presage of"—what could he say?
He ran the alphabet—At, Bat, Cat, Dat,
And strain'd a simile in every way;*

Twisting his thought in anguish for improvements
Gave to his frame a hundred diff'rent movements.

He rubb'd, and wrote again ; and rubb'd and wrote ;
And bit his nails ; and pull'd his uncomb'd hair ;
Stared full ten minutes on his prostrate coat ;
Then cast his *pencil* down in wild despair ;
And might have done, God knows what foolish
thing,
But just that moment hearing the bell ring—

He traced the footsteps one by one up stairs ;
And when they pass'd the second landing-place,
And still he heard them mount, his look declares
It was almost an isolated case ;
And yet, in fact, he scarcely seem'd to know it,
So much the man was merged into a poet.

A knock !—no answer, yet distinctly heard ;
But still the jingle of the wanted rhyme
Absorb'd his mind :—a second, and—a third.
“ Come in, come in ! ” he cries in hurried time,
As tho' he merely wish'd to rid the noise,
That all his airy wandering destroys.

To all the outward world was Rush so callous,
He gaz'd upon the being, who forthwith enter'd ;
And tho' he seem'd a herald from the gallows,
It made no odds to him ; he even ventur'd
To take his slate and “ catch at an idea,”
Far, very far indeed, from who was near !

“ Is your name Rush, Sir ? ”—After a long pause,
Again—“ Your pardon, Sir, is your name Rush ? ”
No answer still—“ I wish you'd say, because
“ I've other bus'ness, Sir, and wants to brush.”

All silent!—"Then I must acquaint you that
 "I've got for you a sort of—latitat!"

"A what?"—in sudden ecstasy—"a what?"

"A latitat, Sir?" "Pray, my friend, be seated;
 That's just the thing I wanted."—Gripe could not
 Unriddle it all.—Rush then repeated—

"*Thus deep-eyed thought upon his dark brow sat,
 Like the sad presage of—a latitat!*"

His joy and gratitude in accents break,

That far outrun his means' contracted bound;

"So much obliged"—"his thanks"—"what would
 he take?"

Cried Gripe, significantly eyeing round:

"Why, as for that, Sir, in my present view,
 I'd rather not take any thing—but you!"

SAINT PATRICK.

OH! Saint Patrick was a gentleman,

And came from decent people:

He built a church in Dublin town,

And on it put a steeple.

His father was a Gallagher;

His mother was a Brady;

His aunt was an O'Shaughnessy,

First cousin to O'Grady.

Oh! success attend Saint Patrick's fist,

For he's the handsome Saint, O.

Oh! he gave the snakes and toads a twist;

He's a beauty without paint, sir.

The Wicklow Hills are very high,

And so's the Hill of Howth, sir;

But there's a hill much higher still,

Much higher nor them both, sir.

'Twas on the top of this big hill
Saint Patrick preach'd his *sarmint*,
That drove the frogs into the bogs,
And bother'd all the *varmint*.

Oh ! success, &c.

There's not a mile in Ireland's isle
Where dirty vermin musters,
But there he put his dear fore-foot,
And murder'd them in clusters.
The toads went pop, the frogs went plop.
Slap-dash into the water ;
And the snakes committed suicide,
To save themselves from slaughter.

Oh ! success, &c.

No wonder that those Irish lads
Should be so free and frisky,
For sure Saint Pat, he taught them that,
As well as drinking whiskey.
No wonder that the saint himself
To drink it should be willing,
Since his mother kept a *sheebcen* shop
In the town of Enniskillen.

Oh ! success, &c.

Oh ! was I but so fortunate,
But to be back in Munster,
'Tis I'd be bound, that from that ground
I never more would once stir :
'Twas there Saint Patrick planted turf
And plenty of the *praties* ;
With pigs *gallore*, *ma gra m'astore*,
And cabbages—and ladies !

Oh ! success, &c.

THE COLLEGIANS.

THEY who profess a fatherly affection
 For their wives' children under their direction,
 And hope to place them in the way of knowledge,
 Can do no less than other people do—
 Let down their progeny amid a crew
 Of drinking, drunken, roaring dogs at college ;
 Where rowing, boxing, wenching is the go,
 The classics too—but where, I do not know.

In truth, it is a place of meditation,
 Where there is no spare time for recreation,
 Save those deep studies which take place
 o' nights,
 Hunting some drunken "Fellow" through the
 streets,
 Or gravely beating *bull-dogs* on their beats ;
 With now and then those exquisite delights
 Of generously easing people's panes,
 And, having none, knocking out others' brains.

Tom Tristful had a first floor in St. John's ;
 A devilish pretty birth among the Dons,
 The genuine "otium cum dignitate,"
 One of those places which, I know not how,
 (They must have been inspir'd by David's sow),
 Friends regularly dropt in just to stay tea,
 And just as regularly went away,
 Extremely early on the following day.

Now this, of course, swept off Tom Tristful's cash,
 And conscience often whisper'd—"Don't be rash ;"
 "But still," said Tom, "Dash me, I cannot
 leave it,
 The next remittance I receive from town."

Sure as a gun their throttles I'll cram down

The whole,—or part, as soon as I receive it."

A good decision, but what's to be done ?

There seem'd no likelihood of having one.

A month elaps'd :—Tom's sanguine projects were
Surrender'd "habeas corpus," to despair,

And an unnatural economy

Pervaded all his household ; and in short,

He seem'd—without uncommon stretch of thought,

Devoted to the study of astronomy—

For oft he curs'd his stars—swore he was starving,

Nay, hinted something about weasand carving.

And every morning, as the clock struck ten,

He hasten'd to the window of his den,

To mark the postman's *belli-gerent* course,

And from his first-floor elevation, he

Would cry, "You rascal, any thing for me ?"

Till frequent repetition made him hoarse,

"Oh ! curse the fellow," Tom would mutter,—

"well,

For that man's sake I hope there is a hell."

One morn, his better genius passing by,

The bell invites him—now another try,

And forthwith gulp'd he down his sixteenth cup ;

"Well, any thing this morning, postman ?"—

"Yes,

"Your name is Tristful ?"—"A most sapient
guess ;

Why, you slow villain, don't you throw it up ?"

"A double letter, one and fourpence."—"True,

I see it is," said Tom, "I'll owe it you."

Down went the window, away went the seal ;

'Twas heavy—it had a most pleasant feel :

"I'm sure there must be something in it—
zounds !

As I'm a sinner," cried he, in amaze,
"My most respectable friend, 'Henry Hase,'
A flimsey—or Bank note for fifty pounds !
Oh ! my dear father, was't not I who said
I wish'd that I, or rather you, were dead ?"

He glanc'd his eye wildly o'er the contents :

"Oh ! a mere string of family events.
Surely my dad's fingers have got the cramp—
Eh !—what is this ? your poor old aunt is dead—
Died on the 5th—'twas caus'd, the doctors said,
By the dear, good old lady's sheets being damp.
And here again—your old sweetheart Jemima
Is tack'd to Slendergut, and gone to Lima !"

"Why, who the devil's she ? I can't remember,
Nay, in my memory remains no ember,
Of that same flame—now torturing Slendergut—
Such paragraphs keep people in the dark.
Oh yes—I see—some highly comic lark,
Devis'd from home consumption, or it—but—
No matter"—and he plac'd it in the fire,
Turning his thoughts at once to something higher.

The note was thrust into his breeches pocket,
And off he darted, like a Congreve rocket,
At the same time, to half-a-dozen places,
But scarce one fellow's throat was stopp'd when he
Remember'd (he'd too good a memory)
'Twas the last day of the Newmarket races—
"Oh ! d—n the other tradesmen, they must wait,
I'm off at once. God bless me ! very late !"

And off he went, was just in time to see
Zephyr beat Rhadamanthus cleverly,

And fly away with ten pounds—never mind,
Go it again—"I'll bet you two to one,
Done."—"And with you, sir?"—"Certainly,
sir,"—Done.

Upon that noble animal behind.
What if he be behind?—look at his strength,
Just mark his sinew, and his length—his length!"

In this way by degrees not very slow,
Did our poor hero's new gain'd treasure go.
Till goaded to despair, he found twas gone—
"Well!" said his friend, Dick Dreary, "I'm quite
clear,

I wish to heav'n I had not been here:
And you?"—"Like you," said Tom, "com-
pletely shorn,
They've nibbled up the notes—completely bit!
All's lost—the race has run away with it!"

Back to his rooms our luckless better hied,
Opining that he'd better not have tried
His fortune on so very strange a footing:
Completely dish'd—no prospect of supplies,
Or any other, set before his eyes—
But famine, which was quite enough to put in
A most infernal fit of frenzy, poor
Tristful—who voted it, "nem. con." a bore.

A sleepless night in feverish fury past,
Kick'd out the hours, and lugg'd in day at last;
And up got Tristful, just to chew the cud,
And then he had full leisure to devote
To the infernal gods, the d—d bank note;
And in rotation, every separate stud,
And every man that for a horse e'er bid,
Which he with horrid oaths and curses, did.

OF HUMOROUS POETRY.

While thus engaged, a modest double rap
Usher'd a kind of atomy, or scrap
Of pale mortality, into the room ;
A tall and slender youth, as parchment pale,
Who with an accent "very like a wail"
Of one about to go—or from—the tomb,
Begg'd to apologize, in some confusion,
And then began to account for his intrusion.

"My name is Tristful."—"Tristful!" echoes
Tom,

"Why, where in heaven's name did you come
from?"

"Oh! I'm of Trinity—Why this surprise, Sir?
My name's Tobias Tristful, eldest son
Not of your father, but another one ;

I'm enter'd in at Trinity, a sizar."

"A sizar!" cried the other, "yes, I sec—
It's clear you are a size—he! he! he!"

"I've come," rejoin'd Tobias, with great gravity,
Albeit delighted with the other's suavity,

"About a letter, which, by a mistake,
The postman, inadvertently, you see,
Deliver'd wrong to you, instead of me ;

I hope, my dear sir, that you did not break
The seal."—"To me?" in agonized dismay
Falter'd the other, "what—not yesterday?"

"Yes, yesterday it must have been, I rather
Expected a remittance from my father."

"Did you?" said Tom, whose fright now knew
no bounds ;

Then if you did expect it, do not doubt it,
I tell you, my dear fellow, all about it.

There was a bank-note sent for fifty pounds.

BOOK

a look
he proceeded :
g I needed—
out Tobias,

u'd got it ?
n, "why, yes

d not—
out of it,
abt of it."

s hands
ds
te.
l bereft ?"
ence left,"
Sir, wait—
l,
ias, "when ?
events—"
ontents .—

The fifty pounds, for a few months till, I
See whether dad intends to live or die."

"I lose! God bless your soul!" replied the sizar,

"My father is the most inhuman miser,
And makes me live on fifty pounds a year."

"That's rather awkward," replied Tom, "because
My father's something—" and he made a pause—

"But he'll let me have it, never fear—
I'll drop a note to him, and—let me see—

Next Thursday—yes—he'll drop a note to me."

"Next Thursday?—well, I'll call next Thursday."

—"Do,

And then, most likely, I can pay it you ;

Or, if not then, most certain the day after.

Old bucks, you know, don't much like being
bled"—

And then he most significantly said,

As he plac'd, striving to restrain his laughter,

The wafer on his lying tongue, to wet it,

"Now, mind you come on Thursday—don't forget
it."

* * * * *

"I don't know how that fellow stands at Trinity,"

Said Tom, when he had gone, "whether divinity,

Or law, or death, or physic, be the goal ;

But this I'm sure, he never will get through.

Soft—very soft indeed—he'll never do.

Quite fresh, unfledged, undone, upon my soul ;

But howsoe'er that be—I really fear

He will not gain much note by coming here."

BUBBLES OF 1825.

TUNE—"Run, neighbours, run."

Run, neighbours, run, you're just in time to get a share

In all the famous projects that amuse John Bull;

Run, take a peep on 'Change, for anxious crowds beset us there,

Each trying which can make himself the greatest gull.

No sooner are they puff'd, than a universal wish there is

For shares in mines, insurances in foreign loans and fisheries.

No matter where the project *lies*, so violent the mania,

In Africa, New Providence, Peru, or Pennsylvania!

Run, neighbours, run, you're just in time to get a share

In all the famous Bubbles that amuse John Bull.

Few folks for news very anxious at this crisis are,
For marriages, and deaths, and births, no thirst exists;

All take the papers in, to find out what the prices are

Of shares in this or that, upon the brokers' lists.

The doctor leaves his patient—the pedagogue his Lexicon,

For mines of Real Monte, or for those of Anglo-Mexican:

E'en *Chili* bonds don't cool the rage, nor those still
more romantic, sir,
For new canals to join the seas, Pacific and At-
lantic, sir.

Run, neighbours, run, you're just in time
to get a share
In all the famous Bubbles that amuse John
Bull.

At home we have projects too for draining surplus
capital,

And honest master Johnny of his cash to chouse ;
Though t' other day, Judge Abbott gave a rather
sharpish slap at all,
And Eldon launched his thunder from the Upper
House.

Investment banks to lend a lift to people who are
undone—

Proposals for Assurance—there's no end of that in
London ;

And one amongst the number, who in parliament
now press their bills,

For lending cash at eight per cent. on coats and in-
expressibles.

Run, neighbours, run, you're just in time
to get a share

In all the famous Bubbles that amuse John
Bull.

No more with her bright pails the milkman's rosy
daughter works,

A Company must serve you now with milk and
cream ;

Perhaps they've some connexion with the adver-
tising *water-works*,

That promise to supply you from the limpid
stream,

... your ...
suds, sir,
And brings it home in carriages with fou
of blood, sir.
Run, neighbours, run, you're ju
to get a share
In all the famous Bubbles that an
Bull.

When Greenwich coaches go by steam on
iron railing, sir,
How pleasant it will be to see a dozen i
And ships of heavy burden over hills an
sailing, sir,
Shall cross from Bristol's Channel to th
or Tyne.
And Dame Speculation, if she ever fully
ends,
Will give us docks at Bermondsey, St.
and St. Catherine's;
While side-long bridges over mud ~~shall on~~

With sluices made to drown the French, if e'er they
would come over, sir,
Has long been talk'd of, till at length 'tis thought
a monstrous bore.

Amongst the many scheming folks, I take it *he's*
no ninny, sir,
Who bargains with the Ashantees to fish the coast
of Guinea, sir ;

For, secretly, 'tis known, that another brilliant view
he has,
Of lighting up the famous town of Timbuctoo with
oil gas.

Run, neighbours, run, you're just in time
to get a share

In all the famous Bubbles that amuse John
Bull.

Then a Company is form'd, though not yet adver-
tising,

To build, upon a splendid scale, a large balloon,
And send up tools and broken stones for fresh Mac-
Adamizing

The new discover'd turnpike roads which cross
the moon.

But the most inviting scheme of all, is one propos'd
for carrying

Large furnaces to melt the ice which hems poor
Captain Parry in ;

They'll then have steam-boats twice a week to all
the newly-seen land,

And call for goods and passengers at Labrador and
Greenland !

Run, neighbours, run, you're just in time
to get a share

In all the famous Bubbles that amuse John
Bull.

CHRISTMAS OUT OF TOWN.

For many a winter in Billiter-lane,
My wife, Mrs. Brown, was not heard to complain;
At Christmas the family met there to dine
On beef and plum-pudding, and turkey and chine.
Our bark has now taken a contrary heel,
My wife has found out that the sea is genteel;
To Brighton we duly go scampering down,
For nobody now spends his Christmas in Town.

Our register-stoves and our crimson-baized doors,
Our weather-proof walls, and our carpeted floors,
Our casements well fitted to stem the north wind,
Our arm-chair and sofa, are all left behind.
We lodge on the Steine, in a bow-window'd box,
That beckons up stairs every zephyr that knocks;
The sun hides his head and the elements frown;
But nobody now spends his Christmas in Town.

In Billiter-lane, at this mirth-moving time,
The lamplighter brought us his annual rhyme;
The tricks of Grimaldi were sure to be seen,
We carv'd a twelfth cake, and we drew king and queen;
These pastimes gave oil to Time's roundabout wheel,
Before we began to be growing genteel:
'Twas all very well for a cockney or clown,
But nobody now spends his Christmas in Town.

At Brighton I'm stuck up in Donaldson's shop,
Or walk upon bricks, till I'm ready to drop;
Throw stones at an anchor, look out for a skiff,
Or view the Chain-pier from the top of the cliff,
Till winds from all quarters oblige me to halt,
With an eye full of sand, and a mouth full of salt.

Yet still I am suffering with folks of renown,
For nobody now spends his Christmas in Town.

In gallop the winds, at the full of the moon,
And puff up my carpet like Sadler's balloon;
My drawing-room rug is besprinkled with soot,
And there is not a lock in the house that will shut.
At Mahomet's steam-bath I lean on my cane,
And murmur in secret—"Ah, Billiter-lane!"
But would not express what I think for a crown,
For nobody now spends his Christmas in Town.

The duke and the earl are no cronies of mine,
His majesty never invites me to dine;
The marquis won't speak when we meet on the pier,
Which makes me suspect that I'm *nobody* here.
If that be the case, why then welcome again
Twelfth-cake and snap-dragon in Billiter-lane.
Next winter I'll prove to my dear Mrs. Brown,
That *Nobody* now spends his Christmas in Town.

A LADY'S PARTING ADDRESS TO LONDON.

"Sed jumenta vocant, et sol inclinat, eundum est."

AND must we part! dear Town adieu!
Where every object still was new,
Where days and nights so swiftly flew—
Farewell, dear London!

No more thy bustle shall delight,
No more thy shops shall glad my sight,
With every ware and dainty dight—
Farewell, dear London!



THE COMMON-PLACE BOOK

Where else such bargains can we buy?
Where else make so quick the money fly?
Where every wildest want supply,
As in dear London?

Where can we gad the livelong day
With most variety so gay?
Then at night to see a play!
O charming London!

Happy City, bless'd by fate!
Where else do people dine so late,
Kings, merchants, ministers of state,
As in dear London?

How sweet at night, by hook or crook,
To squeeze through crowds, and snatch a look,
To wing bishop, lord, or duke,
On stairs in London.

How oft at operas, balls, and plays,
With *nonchalance* affect to gaze
On painted girls and men in stays,
Who throng in London.

How! such joys are mine no more,
To join my Aunt—the bore!
To rise at seven, and dine at four,
Far, far from London.

How oft in tedious winter nights,
In every gentler sound affrights,
I remember thy delights,
Too charming London

Nay, when the cypresses shall wave
Their mournful branches o'er my grave,
Oft shall my ghost escape, and have
A peep at London.

THE PRESCRIPTION.

DOCTOR SNAKE was an M. D., as tall
And lithe as an eel or a conger ;
The science of physic in small,
Never enter'd man thinner or longer.

Doctor Snake had a dark little eye,
That peer'd through an eyebrow of thicket
One day upon rich Widow Spry,
As she open'd the latch of her wicket.

Doctor Snake felt a soft fascination
No cathartics nor opiates could cure ;
He physick'd and fed to repletion,
Still doom'd to repine and endure.

Doctor Snake tried infusions and lotions,
Decoctions, and gargles, and pills,
Electuaries, powders, and potions,
Spermaceti, salts, scammony, squills—

Horse aloes, burnt alum, agaric,
Balm, benzoin, blood-stone, and birch,
Castor, camphor, and acid tartaric,
Crabs' eyes, calomel—all but the church.

Doctor Snake tried in vain—his disorder
Gain'd daily new exacerbation,
He fruitlessly sought to avoid her,
The cause of his pain and vexation.

Doctor Snake met her last at Miss Snapper's,
A virgin of fifty years standing,
Like most "blues," with a tongue a bell-clapper's
Prim, knowing, and fond of commanding.

Doctor Snake made a friend of her blueness,
And let out his passion like blood;
Said his heart to the fair was all trueness—
That physic could do him no good.

That he dared not his sickness discover,
And ask the specific to heal;
Though his heart beat the pulse of a lover,
The symptoms he fear'd to reveal.

That the symptom Brunonian he'd ventur'd,
And stimulants push'd to extremes,
And his hope of recovery now centred
On feeding and nursing his flames.

Miss Snapper look'd serious—(she'd rather
Have been in the place of her friend;)
At length, with some studying together,
To the Doctor the following they send:—

"You may take *quantum suff.* of the lady,
Add a drachm of gold ring and a prayer,
In dispensary canonical ready,
Commingle and swallow with care."

TO BE, OR NOT TO BE?—A PETER
PINDARIC.

"MY Lady's out, and so," cried liquorish Betty
While smiles embellish'd features rather pretty,

" I'll to her private cupboard run,
And there, as every honest servant should,
Treat myself with a little something good—
As I have often done."

This was resolved, but Betty had a fear
Her prudent mistress might that day
Have put such matters carefully away;
For she, as Betty used to say,
" Was, like all *Missesses*, so very near !"

But no such disappointment was her lot ;
The object of her hope she quickly got ;
No door against the anxious maid was closed,
That which she sought was temptingly exposed.
The treasure was, as you may well be sure,
A very choice and delicate *liqueur*,
Which ladies, though they seldom eulogise,
Are often much disposed to patronise—
Bright as their eyes, and as their bosoms fair—
Its name ought not to be express'd ;
Its quality I may declare—
'Twas *Hodges' very best*.

Our heroine snatch'd it, blushing, from the shelf,
And fill'd a sparkling bumper to herself ;
Then raised it to her ruby lip,
Sipp'd it and cough'd, then had another sip ;
Look'd slyly round, next took a bolder sup,
And then—she fairly drank it up ;
And presently, this little theft to smother,
She fill'd and swallow'd, without pause, another.
All ladies, maids, it is the will of fate,
The habits of their betters imitate.

A pleasing glow was spread through Betty's frame,
But soon sensations very different came—

Throbs, pinches, dire varieties of pain,
Disturb her inwardly. Her burning brain
Can nothing whisper to the tortur'd thief
To bring relief.

While Betty suffer'd such repeated shocks,
Her mistress, home returning, loudly knocks.
'Twas past dissembling; much against her will,
Poor Betty owned that "she was very ill."

"With what? Quick! tell me—what, I say—
come, come?"

"O!" sighed the maiden, "ma'am! my stom—
my stom—!"

"Good heavens!" the lady cries, with mournful
face,

"You've had the bottle from my dressing-case!
Speak, for your life."—"Forgive me," Betty said,
"I have."—"Then you are numbered with the
dead.

Haste for a surgeon, John, look sharp, man—
jump—

Tell Doctor Probe to bring his stomach-pump.

Poor foolish girl—you'll never be a wise one;

Why, child, you have been drinking mortal poison."

Here Betty fainted at the awful sound,
And, swooning, sunk exhausted on the ground.
She wakes to find the instrument of Jukes

(O! name sublime!

Ordain'd to chime

With what his pump suggests for rhyme)

Forc'd down her throat, while gently-breathed re-
bukes

*Fall from her mistress.—Soon 'tis understood,
Even the pump can do, alas! no good.*

A pious matron volunteer'd to stay
With Betty through the night, to soothe and pray ;
To scream, the sufferer now had no capacity
Or, as Majendie has been heard to say,
Of the nailed dog's howl on the second day,
There was a shocking failure of "*vivacity*."

The sufferer thought no more to go down stairs,
And tried to listen to the matron's prayers.

Resolved terrestrial objects to despise,
To every solemn strain she sobb'd "*Amen*,"
Owned she had sinned, and wrung her hands—and
then
Turned up her eyes.

"The moment fast approaches, when my sight
Must be for ever closed in awful night!"
So Betty said, when speaking to her friend,
Thinking of Heaven, and on her latter end,
She whisper'd—be her language ne'er forgot—
"The moment comes when I must go to pot."

The hours of darkness fled, and morn arrived,
When Betty's mistress, finding she survived,
Gave her this counsel, in reproachful tone,
Which, less than aught that she had lately known,
Partook of the pathetic—

"Your life is safe—your torture o'er,
But act as you have done no more ;
Knowing you tumbled on a former day,
To *physic* you, last evening, in your way
I put—a *strong emetic*."

CURIOUS COINCIDENCES.

TUNE—"Over the Water to Charley."

'Tis *curious* to find in this overgrown town,
While through its long streets we are dodging,
That many a man is in trade settled down,
Whose name don't agree with his lodging!!!
For instance, Jack Munday in *Friday-street* dwells,
Mr. Pitt in *Fox-court* is residing;
Mr. White, in *Black's-buildings*, green-grocery
sells,
While East in *West-square* is abiding.

Mr. Lamb in *Red Lion-street* perks up his head,
To *Lamb's Conduit street* *Lion* goes courting;
Mr. Boxer at *Battle-bridge* hires a bed,
While Moon is in *Sun-street* disporting;
Bill Brown up to *Green-street* to live now is gone,
In *Stanhope-mews* Dennett keeps horses—
Doctor Low lives in *High-street*, Saint Mary-le-
bone,
In *Brown-street* one Johnny White's door sees.

But still much more curious it is, when the streets
Accord with the names of their tenants;
And yet with such curious accordance one meets,
In taking a town-tour like Pennant's.
For instance, in *Crown-street*, George King you
may note,
To Booth, in *May-fair*, you go shopping;
And Porter, of *Brewer-street*, rows in a boat
To Waters of *River-street*, Wapping!

Mr. *Sparrow* in *Bird-street* has feather'd his nest,
Mr. *Archer* in *Bow-street* woos Sally ;
Mr. *Windham* in *Air-street* gets zephyr'd to rest,
Mr. *Dancer* resides in *Bull-alley*.
Mr. *Fisher* in *Finsbury* fixes his views,
Mrs. *Foot*e in *Shoe-lane* works at carding ;
Mr. *Hawke* has a residence close to the *Mews*,
And *Winter* puts up in *Spring-garden*.

In *Orange-street*, *Lemon* vends porter and ale,
In *Hart-street*, Jack *Deer* keeps a stable ;
In *Hill-street*, located, you'll find Mr. *Dale*,
In Blue *Anchor-row*, Mr. *Cable*.
In *Knight Rider-street*, you've both *Walker* and
 Day,
In *Castle street*, *Champion* and *Spearman* ;
In *Blackman-street*, *Lillywhite* makes a display,
In *Cheapside* lives sweet Mrs. *Dearman*.

In *Paradise-row*, Mr. *Adam* sells figs,
 Eve, in *Apple-tree yard*, rooms has taken ;
Mr. *Colt-man*, in *Foley-street*, fits you with wigs,
In *Hog-lane* you call upon *Bacon*.
Old *Homer* in *Greek-street*, sells barrels and staves,
 While *Pope* in *Cross-lane*, is a baker ;
In *Liquorpond-street*, Mr. *Drinkwater* shaves,
In *Cow-lane* lives A. *Veal*, undertaker !

My jumbles and jingles I've now written down,
But if for their meaning you tease me—
That they really have none, I must candidly own,
And silence will therefore best please me.
If not witty, or curious, they'll answer, I ween,
To get me "ask'd out" by great ninnies—
And out of the firm of some new Magazine
Procure me a couple of guineas.

THE ruling passion in mankind,
 Like instinct in the brute, you'll find—
 His creature so great Jove endows—
 And as 'twas truly said of yore,
 If you turn nature out of door,
 She'll creep in at the windows.
 But vice or weakness in the man
 Is not true nature—No, nor can
 It ever so be reckon'd ;
 But 'tis, as PASCAL hath declar'd,
 A habit, and the things compar'd,
 This habit's nature-second.
 A Tale in point—none will deny it—
 I'll shortly tell, and then apply it :
 A man, enamour'd of his cat,
 Would wed her, as they say—
 A cat for wife ! no wonder that,
 It happens every day !
 But first he thought it meet, and he had caus
 To shave her whiskers and cut off her claws—

OF HUMOROUS POETRY

But happiness is not etern,
Not e'en in marriage, as we learn,
So here—for tho' as lady she was cleve
'Tis hard to act a character for ever.
The honey-moon was o'er, and in that e
'Tis said in families some change takes
One night—omitting what should not
The secrets of the prison house—
She leapt all fours out of her husband's
In hot pursuit of what?—a mouse!
Sad change indeed, but not uncommon,
A cat she prov'd, and not a woman!
What Nature did in case of Puss,
We see in those who make more fuss;
And yet we marvel, when the tale
Proves *force of habit* will prevail.
Take from *Newcastle* one, whose lot
Shall be the Seals, and Lord knows what.
What sense is there in our surprise
That he should wealth so dearly prize
And doat upon it with his soul?
Habit will triumph o'er his state,
And, tho' in other things sedate,
His fingers itch to touch *the Cole*.

THE COCKNEY UNIVERSITY.

TUNE—"Over the Water to Charley."

ME bustle, my neighbours, give over your
Leave digging and delving and churning
w lights are preparing to set you a starin
And fill all your noddles with learning.
A Dustman shall speak both in Latin and
nd Tinkers beat Bishops in knowledge
opulent tribe will consent to subac
build up a new Cockney College.

Of tombstones, and places for slaughter
But none are so sure, so snug and secure,
As this for which now we are burning,
For 'tis noble and wise to rub the world's
And set all the Journey-men learning.

This notable scheme, as we've all of us seen
To enlighten the stall and the shamble,
Is twin to a dun-colour'd dull Magazine,
The offspring of Ritter Bann Campbell
Has he wedded the Muse (I'm sure he'll e
A truth which ought not to be hidden),
To publish such *Banns* was the worst of s
Unless he had wish'd them forbidden.

This College, when form'd, establish'd, en
Will astonish each Radical's grannam,
Who may place her young fry in the mid
crowd
For two pounds ten shillings per annum

From *Locke* shall the Blacksmiths authority crave,
And Gas-men cite *Coke* at discretion ;
Undertakers talk *Gay* as they go to the *Grave*,
And watermen *Rowe*, by profession.

Burdett, who from Oxford received the degree
Which in Scotland procured him such laurels,
Will lecture each Tuesday at half after three,
On manners, and marriage, and morals ;
Tom Creevey will teach the poor Sweeps how to
dance,
Lord Cochrane shall tutor the Sailors ;
On horseback mad Law instruct Beggars to prance,
And Fergusson manage the *Tailors* !

Pam Brougham shall teach mildness, and patience,
and tact,
And respect for the laws and his betters ;
And Hume shall instruct them to add and subtract,
While Wood teaches wisdom and letters.
On tactics of war civil Wilson shall speak,
Lord Sefton shall ground them in driving,
And Mackintosh show them, three days in the week,
The easiest way to be thriving.

From a College like this, what advantage must
spring,
What strides will the people be taking !
Each Cobbler will soon be as good as a King,
And a King a thing hardly worth making :
The rising of some, and the fall of the rest,
Will bring things at last to their level ;
And just as in France, which has suffer'd the rest,
Old England will go to the Devil.

RHYMES ON THE PROJECTED WESTERN IMPROVEMENTS.

AIR—" Oh what a town, what a wonderful metropolis !"

Now is the time that the rage for building palaces
Has seiz'd upon our countrymen from high to
low :

A sneer at Mr. Nash now held for paltry malice is ;
His pillars and their pedestals are all the go.

None now grins at the architecture *Nash-onal*,
For Waterloo and Regent-streets have put it in the
fashion all ;

And Mr. Nash, without a rival, at his work may
quiet feel—

For no one can compare with him—not even Mr.
Wyattville !

Oh ! what a town, what a wonderful metro-
polis !

Such a place as this *will be*, was never seen !

First and foremost, Mr. Nash attacks the *House of
Buckingham—*

(I don't mean the family so famed for fat) :

Round the palace there's to run, a lengthy sort of
ducking-dam,

For which effect the Serpentine comes in most
pat :

The house itself is all to be of architecture Grecian,
A vast improvement surely on its present elevation :
And all the front, at present standing awkwardly
and all awry,

Will form it seems, when all is done, a splendid
picture-gallery.

Oh ! what a town, &c.

The next of our improvements, is the total demolition

Of that dingiest of palaces, called Carlton House :
Behind they intend to improve the Park's condition,
(I hope they'll take an order to exclude the cows).
And next there's a change to be made upon old
Charing-cross,

Where stands the wretched statue of a king upon a
staring horse ;
And the palace of duke Smithson*, who was lately
our ambassador

To France, will be admired by many who at present
pass the door.

Oh ! what a town, &c.

What a grand square it will be, when Mr. Nash
embellishes

Its buildings with his columns never seen before,—

His towers and his steeples which our gracious
Monarch relishes,

But which make other folks laugh till their sides
are sore !

In this new square we're to have a new-made Par-
thenon,

To replace that of Athens, which will vanish from
the earth anon :

The College of the Heralds is to be another orna-
ment,

And the whole of its buildings are to form a *gran*
contorno meant.

Oh ! what a town, &c.

* This nobleman, the representative of the Percies, has the misfortune to bear the roturier name of Smithson, being the grandson of Sir Hugh Smithson, first Duke of Northumberland. The Anti-Jacobin made great sport of the name.

Saint Martin's Church will then be seen; the College
of Physicians

Appropriately lift its head near that church-yard;
The old *King's Mews* are in the list of demolitions,
(I don't mean the muse of Southey, pension'd
bard).

Then next up rises the club-house, call'd the *Union*,
And near its site another club, which all must own
a funny one.

My readers guess the club I mean; and surely all
cry fie on

The *Athénée Royal*, whose *alias* is THE ATHEN-
AION!

Oh! what a town, &c.

The next new street runs through the Seven Dials,
(Where strangers often lose at once their watch
and way):

I never yet could navigate, in spite of sundry trials,
My road through their windings, which lead
folks astray.

St. Giles's all is sure to fall, and St. George's Church
in Bloomsbury

Will then be visible, though now its front St. Giles's
glooms bury:

And we shall gain a sight, at least, of the door of
the Museum,

With other vast improvements—Well, I hope we
soon shall see 'em!

Oh! what a town, &c.

AUTHORS TURN'D SHOPKEEPERS.—A NEW
SONG.

"Fallen from their high estate."—DRYDEN.

"*Du sublime*," Nap said, "*jusqu'au ridicule*
Helas ! il n'y a qu'un pas :"

And his destiny proved it a rule,
As true as the world ever saw.
Then if emperors, princes, and kings,
Are subject to sudden disasters,
Who can wonder that similar things
Should happen to *authors*, my masters ?

Poor *Homer*, who sung about Troy,
At Paddington now is a mason :
To sing *down* a town once was his joy,
And now he is helping to raise one.
There's *Pindar*, whose difficult Greek
Has bored us full oft, to our sorrow ;
Of games he has long ceas'd to speak,
And consents to sell hops in the Borough.

Old *Galen* makes hats in the Strand,
Poor *Horace* is writing for Colburn :
Sly *Martial* makes gloves for your hand,
And *Lucan* sells sugar in Holborn :
Mohammed shampoos you at Brighton,
And *Alfred* makes good fishing-hooks ;
And *Bacon*, in Thames-street, you light on,
Who for salmon has given up his books.

I've lost sight of *Shakspeare* and Chaucer ;
But *Spencer*, the tailor, makes breeches :
And *Raphael* no longer can draw, Sir ;
From cut-glass he draws all his riches.

For coach-plating *Marlow* quits plays,
Rare *Benjamin Jonson's* a glover;
Sam Butler his hard fate obeys,
And for *Hudibras* makes a dish-cover !

Poor *Milton* engraves you a seal,
[Sad work for a man who was blind !]
And *Pope* in Fleet-market sells veal—
John Dryden I really can't find :
Dean Swift now sells English broad-cloth,
Dick Steele stamps in Chancery-lane;
And *Congreve* gets salt to his broth,
By ribbons instead of his pen !

In globes *Mr. Addison* trades,
Sam Richardson's taken to wine :
And *Fielding's* for calico shades
His character shades must resign.
The author of *Robinson Crusoe**
To-day as a fruiterer must grovel ;
His hard fate compels him to do so—
So a nect'rine he gives for a novel !

To come down at once to our times,
There's *Southey* who turns auctioneer :
[Let him put up his name or his rhymes,
And they'll never be bid for, I fear.]
Crabbe, who held up the mirror to nature,
To make new looking-glasses professes :
Tom Moore sells *fine salt* : but a greater
Taste his own Attic possesses !

But why need I talk of the changes
That have happen'd to mere mortal men ?
Even gods we know fate disarranges,
And calls them to earth back again !

* The grandson of *Daniel Defoe* actually keeps a stall in Covent-Garden market.

OF HUMOROUS POETRY.

There's Bacchus, the god of the grape,
Who has fallen, (what mortal would think)
From diffusing his fire through its shape
To making the glasses to drink it!

For this sad fact, as well as the others,
Dear reader, I beg to refer you
To a book which has saved many bothers
To merchants "from China to Peru:"
The book I mean is the Directory,
Where you'll find all my names *tout au long*
Then adjourn to some pleasant refectory,
And refresh yourself after my song.

AN ODE TO MY TEA-POT.

My Tea-pot! while thy lips pour forth
For me, a stream of matchless worth,
I'll pour forth rhymes for thee;
Don Juan's verse is gross, they say,
But I will pen a *grocer* lay,
Commencing "*Amo tea.*"

Yes—let Anacreon's votary sip
His flowing bowl with feverish lip,
And breathe abominations;
Some day he'll be *bowl'd out* for it.
He's brewing mischief, whilst *I* sit
And brew my *Tea-pot-ations*.

After fatigue, how dear to me
The maid who suits me to a T,
And makes the water bubble;
From her red hand when I receive
The evergreen, I seem to give
A T. T. L. to trouble.

I scorn the hop, disdain the malt,
I hate solutions sweet and salt—
Injurious I vote 'em;
For tea my faithful palate yearns,
Thus,—though my fancy never turns,
It always is *tea totum*!

Yet some assure me whilst I sip,
That thou has stain'd thy silver lip
With sad adulterations!
Slow poison drawn from leaves of sloe,
That quickly cause the quick to go
And join their dead relations!

Aunt Malaprop now drinks Noyeau
Instead of tea, and well I know
That she prefers it greatly;
She says, "Alas! I give up tea,
"There's been so much *adultery*
Among the grocers lately!"

She warns me of tea-dealers' tricks,
Those double-dealing men, who mix
Unwholesome drugs with *some* tea;
'Tis bad to sip—and yet to give
Up sipping's worse; we cannot live,
" *Nec sine tea, nec cum tea.*"

Yet, still tenacious of my tea,
I think the grocers send it me
Quite pure, ('tis what they *call* so)
Heedless of warnings, still I get
"Tea veniente die," et
"Tea desedente," also.

ODE TO MY LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR.

(By His Poet-Laureate.)

*Set to Music and Sung by his Lordship's Servants,
at the Chapel, on Thursday, the 18th of May.*

"A lass is good, and a glass is good,
And a pipe to smoke in cold weather;
The King is good, and the People are good,
And we're all good fellows together."

NIPPERKIN.

THE Court is good, the Report is good,
And so is Solicitor *Wether*;
The *Chancellor*'s good, and *Equity*'s good,
And they're all good fellows together.

Large fees are good, and sham pleas are good,
And have lasted a pretty good season;
The suitors are good, and their patience is good,
And *delay*'s the "perfection of reason."

CHORISTERS.

The Court is good, the Report is good,
And so is Solicitor *Wether*;
The *Chancellor*'s good, and *Equity*'s good,
And they're all good fellows together!

THE STEAM-BOAT.

IF *smack* to London thou wouldst wish to go,
Then, gentle reader, go not in a *smack*,
Because accommodation's but so-so,
And if the wind's not fair, she can but tack:

And if (as sometimes does) it comes to blow,
Long sickness makes thee wish that thou wert
back ;
So, taking all things into view, I deem
Thy best and wisest plan's to go by steam.

Four guineas and a half the cabin fare ;
And when thy parting friends sigh out *farewell*,
The wish is granted. Seated on thy chair,
When sounds the breakfast or the dinner-bell,
With roasted, boil'd, and bak'd, I know not where
Thou couldst fare better, save in an hotel :
But men of moderate incomes it don't suit
To pay maids, waiters, and somewhat *to boot*.

Her library has standard works—with those
Of Byron, Campbell, Scott,—the mighty three ;
Upon its shelves, the authors that repose
Of rank more varied than her inmates be ;
Fast by the Scottish novels show their nose—
In native *calf*, of vulgar pedigree—
Sir Andrew Wylie and his brethren—rife
With all that's low in language and in life.

But I am wandering widely from my theme ;
Digression is a growing fault, I find ;
So to the point again. I sing of steam ;
Our bark glides swiftly with or without wind ;
On the calm sea, while other vessels seem
Like sleeping turtles, lingering far behind,
She rushes onward with unslacken'd speed,
And passengers who will not sleep, must read.

Her mighty engine wheels with splash and splutter,
And power of hundred horses churn the ocean ;
('Tis pity that such churning makes no butter ;)
On, on she sweeps, with vibratory motion,

Much faster than a pleasure-boat or cutter;
And, yet, for all her speed, I have a notion
She would not "walk the waters" in high gales
So well as vessels fitted with good sails.

Hark to the summons, "Dinner's on the table!"

Hark to the clattering of the knives and forks—
The rising uproar of the ocean Babel;
The only silent one is he that works,
Shutting his mouth as fast as he is able;

While ever and anon the starting corks
Fir'd in your face by furious ginger-beer,
Cause sudden starts of momentary fear.

But hapless he, the wight whose lot is cast

Before a mighty round of corned beef;
He, luckless wretch, must help himself the last,
His time of eating, too, be very brief,
And half the dishes from the board be past,
Ere general taste yet sated, gives relief:
Warn'd by his fate, choose thou position where
Potatoes only claim thy humbler care.

Another scene succeeds; a sudden qualm

Comes o'er each bosom with the rising squall;
Sea-sickness comes, for which there is no balm,

Not ev'n the Balm of Gilead, curing all
Our other ills—alike, in storm or calm,

It baffles human aid, and you may call
For aught that medicine has art and part in,
You'll find 'tis *all my eye and Betty Martin*.

Then Beauty's head declines; her pensive eye

Looks sadly o'er the dark and heaving billow;
And through her tresses, as the rude winds sigh,
She leans above the wave like drooping willow;

"And dull were he that heedless pass'd her by,"
Nor handed her a chair, and brought a pillow !
'Tis strange, a meal prevented from digesting,
Should make a woman look so interesting !

She seems so helpless, and so innocent,
Still as a lake beneath the summer even ;
A bright and beautiful embodiment
Of calm and peace, and all we dream of heaven :

A sight to shake an anchorite or saint.
'Gainst Beauty's smiles successful who have
striven ?

A pretty woman, like a sight of wonder,
Makes men turn up their eyes like ducks in thunder.

The bark is at Blackwall ; and so adieu !
My song and subject cease together there.—
Oh ! wonder-working steam, what thou may'st do,
Where's the prophetic spirit to declare ?
By thee we make broad cloth, hatch chickens too ;
We roam the seas, we yet may traverse air ;
Nay, do not laugh, if I should fondly dream,
We yet may manufacture poems by steam !

PARSONS THE ACTOR, AND THE LION.

PARSONS, so long on London's comic stage,
Rank'd with the foremost actors of his age,
For humour bold, original, and true,
In early days was toss'd about by fate,
Through every change of that precarious state
Which marks the fortune of a strolling crew.

With such a troop he quarter'd once at Lynn,
The town was full of bustle, spirit, din,
And many an object to surprise and scare :
Among the rest, to aid the mingled roar,
Bears, tigers, lions, a tremendous store,
With all the wonders of a country fair.

Beds were so scarce 'mid such a numerous heap,
That Parsons with a friend was forc'd to sleep
At the same inn where stood the mimic stage.
The savage breed were in the space below,
All rang'd in order for the morning show,
And howling serenades from cage to cage.

Wearied at last by all this hideous sound,
Our friends had sunk into a sleep profound,
When, just at one o'clock, portentous hour !
Parsons was gently pull'd, and, with a groan,
His friend inform'd him in a whispering tone,
To save their lives was not in fortune's power.

At first he thought some danger might be near,
But soon accus'd his trembling friend of fear,
The wild illusion of a slumbering brain.
"For Heaven's sake, hush !" with moans the other
said,
"A lion 's at the bottom of the bed,
My foot, this moment, touch'd his shaggy mane."

Parsons assail'd this panic with a jest,
But all his sportive sallies more distress'd
His wretched friend ; who answer'd, with a sigh,
"'Tis not a phantom, conjur'd up by fear,
Alas ! I'm certain there's a lion here ;
But, if you're mad, put down your foot and try."

*Still Parsons thought 'twas mere fantastic dread
That thus disturb'd his dreaming partner's head,*

Tho' the poor man seem'd tortur'd on the rack.
Resolv'd, howe'er, the point to ascertain,
He stretch'd his leg, to find the shaggy mane,
But straight, in silent horror, drew it back.

Too well assur'd his friend was in the right,
He felt the danger now with equal fright,
And both, indeed, were sunk in deep dismay ;
Afraid to stay, yet more afraid to go,
Lest motion should but rouse the sleeping foe,
And morn soon light him to his helpless prey.

Some hours they pass'd in this disastrous state,
Dumb, almost breathless, brooding o'er their fate.
Their fears increas'd each time they heard the
clock,
Lest it should break the monster's dread repose,
When, as new terrors with the day arose,
The door alarm'd them with a sudden shock.

As if a peel of thunder shook the room,
The sound appear'd the signal of their doom,
Nor dar'd they raise their heads to eye the door ;
The beast seem'd moving, as if just awake,
And, with redoubled horror, made them quake,
When hark ! a knock much louder than before.

While lost in wild suspense, a heavier knock
Sent to their palpitating hearts a shock,
And seem'd the crisis of their fate to bring :
Again they thought the beast began to stir,
And drew more distant from his dreadful fur,
Expecting every moment he would spring.

The door was open'd, and with eager stare,
A waiter now approach'd the shudd'ring pair,
And ask'd them why in horrors thus they lay ?

With broken whispers they reveal'd the case,
He started as if death were in the place,
And straight on tiptoe stole in haste away.

The news like lightning o'er the mansion spread,
And tho' it struck the stoutest there with dread,
At once they all in search of weapons flew;
Together to the chamber then they bend,
To save poor Parsons and his wretched friend,
Firmly resolv'd the monster to subdue.

But when they saw the door, the hostile band,
Aw'd by the danger, made a solemn stand.
While thus they paus'd, with apprehension pale,
A serjeant bold, who sent the waiter there,
Now seiz'd the direful cause of all their care,
A *hairy knapsack*,—and so ends the tale.

THE GOUTY MERCHANT AND THE STRANGER.

IN Broad-Street Buildings, on a winter night,
Snug by his parlour-fire, a gouty wight
Sat all alone, with one hand rubbing
His leg roll'd up in fleecy hose,
While t'other held beneath his nose
The Public Ledger, in whose columns grubbing,
He noted all the sales of hops,
Ships, shops, and slops,
Gum, galls and groceries, ginger, gin,
Tar, tallow, turmeric, turpentine, and tin,
When, lo ! a decent personage in black
Enter'd, and most politely said,—
“Your footman, sir, has gone his nightly track
To the King's Head,

And left your door ajar, which I
Observ'd in passing by,
And thought it neighbourly to give you notice."
"Ten thousand thanks—how very few get,
In time of danger,
Such kind attentions from a stranger !
Assuredly that fellow's throat is
Doom'd to a final drop at Newgate.
He knows too, the unconscionable elf,
That there's no soul at home except myself."
"Indeed !" replied the stranger, looking grave—
"Then he's a double knave :
He knows that rogues and thieves by scores
Nightly beset unguarded doors ;
And see how easily might one
Of these domestic foes,
Even beneath your very nose,
Perform his knavish tricks,
Enter your room as I have done,
Blow out your candles—thus—and thus—
Pocket your silver candlesticks,
And walk off—thus."
So said, so done—he made no more remark,
Nor waited for replies,
But march'd off with his prize,
Leaving the Gouty Merchant in the dark.

THE BURNING OF DRURY LANE THEATRE.

From "Rejected Addresses."

As Chaos, which, by heavenly doom,
Had slept in everlasting gloom,
Started with terror and surprise,
When light first flash'd upon her eyes,
So London's sons in nightcap woke
In bedgown woke her dames,

For shouts were heard 'mid fire and smoke,
 And twice ten hundred voices spoke,
 "The Playhouse is in flames!"
 And lo! where Catherine Street extends,
 A fiery tail its lustre lends
 To every window pane:
 Blushes each spout in Martlet Court,
 And Barbican, moth-eaten fort,
 And Covent Garden kennels, sport
 A bright ensanguin'd drain:
 Meux's new brewhouse shows the light,
 Rowland Hill's chapel, and the height
 Where patent shot they sell:
 The Tennis Court, so fair and tall,
 Partakes the ray, with Surgeons' Hall,
 The ticket-porters' house of call,
 Old Bedlam close by London Wall,
 Wright's shrimp and oyster shop withal,
 And Richardson's Hotel.
 Nor these alone, but far and wide
 Across the Thames's gleaming tide,
 To distant fields the blaze was borne,
 And daisy white and heary thorn
 In borrow'd lustre seem'd to sham
 The rose or red sweet Wil-li-am.
 To those who on the hills around
 Beheld the flames from Drury's mound,
 As from a lofty altar rise;
 It seem'd that nations did conspire
 To offer to the god of fire
 Some vast stupendous sacrifice!
 The summon'd firemen woke at call,
 And hied them to their stations all.
 Starting from short and broken snooze,
 Each sought his ponderous hobnail'd shoes.
But first his worsted hosen plied,
Plush breeches next in crimson dyed,

His nether bulk embrac'd ;
 Then jacket thick of red or blue,
 Whose massy shoulder gave to view
 The badge of each respective crew,
 In tin or copper trac'd.
 The engines thunder'd thro' the street,
 Fire-hook, pipe, bucket, all complete,
 And torches glared, and clattering feet,
 Along the pavement pac'd.

And one, the leader of the band,
 From Charing Cross along the Strand,
 Like stag by beagles hunted hard,
 Ran till he stopp'd at Vin'gar Yard.
 The burning badge his shoulder bore,
 The belt and oil-skin hat he wore,
 The cane he had his men to bang,
 Show'd foreman of the British gang.
 His name was Higginbottom ; now
 'Tis meet that I should tell you how
 The others came in view ;
 The Hand-in-Hand the race begun,
 Then came the Phoenix and the Sun,
 The Exchange, where old insurers run,
 The Eagle, where the new :
 With these came Rumford, Bumford, Cole,
 Robins from Hockley in the Hole,
 Lawson and Dawson, cheek by jowl,
 Crump from St. Giles's Pound :
 Whitford and Mitford join'd the train,
 Huggins and Muggins from Chick Lane,
 And Clutterbuck, who got a sprain
 Before the plug was found.
 Hobson and Jobson did not sleep,
 But ah ! no trophy could they reap,
 For both were in the Donjon Keep
 Of Bridewell's gloomy mound !

E'en Higginbottom now was pos'd,
 For sadder scene was ne'er disclos'd ;
 Without, within, in hideous show,
 Devouring flames resistless glow,
 And blazing rafters downward go,
 And never halloo " Heads below !"

Nor notice give at all :

The firemen, terrified, are slow
 To bid the pumping torrent flow,

For fear the roof should fall.

Back, Robins, back ! Crump stand aloof !

— Whitford, keep near the walls !

Higgins, regard your own behoof,
 For lo ! the blazing rocking roof

Down, down in thunder falls !

An awful pause succeeds the stroke,
 And o'er the ruin's volum'd smoke,
 Rolling around its pitchy shroud,
 Conceal'd them from th' astonish'd crowd.

At length the mist awhile was clear'd,

When lo ! amid the wreck uprear'd,

Gradual a moving head appear'd.

And Eagle firemen knew

'Twas Joseph Muggins, name revered,

The foreman of their crew.

Loud shouted all in sign of woe,

" A Muggins to the rescue, ho !"

And pour'd the hissing tide ;

Meanwhile the Muggins fought amain,

And strove and struggled all in vain,

For rallying but to fall again,

He totter'd, sunk, and died !

Did none attempt, before he fell,

To succour one they lov'd so well ?

Yes, Higginbottom did aspire

(His fireman's soul was all on fire)

His brother chief to save ;
 But ah ! his reckless generous ire
 Serv'd but to share his grave !
 'Mid blazing beams and scalding streams,
 Thro' fire and smoke he dauntless broke,
 Where Muggins broke before ;
 But sulphury stench and boiling drench
 Destroying sight, o'erwhelm'd him quite,
 He sunk to rise no more.
 Still o'er his head, while Fate he brav'd,
 His whizzing water-pipe he wav'd ;
 " Whitford and Mitford ply your pumps ;
 You, Clutterbuck, come stir your stumps,
 Why are you in such doleful dumps ?
 A fireman and afraid of bumps !
 What are they fear'd on ? fools ! 'od rot em !"
 Were the last words of Higginbottom.

FROM A LOUNGER'S POETICAL JOURNAL.

I ROSE this morning about half past nine,
 At breakfast coffee I consumed *pour quatre*,
 Unnumber'd rolls enrich'd with marmalade fine,
 And little balls of butter dish'd in water,
 Three eggs, two platefuls of superb cold chine
 (Much recommended to make thin folks fatter) ;
 And having thus my ballast stow'd on board,
 Roam'd forth to kill a day's time like a lord.

How I contriv'd to pass the whole forenoon,
 I can't remember though my life were on it ;
 I help'd G. T. in jotting of a tune,
 And hinted rhymes to G——s for a sonnet ;
 Call'd at the Knox's shop with Miss Balloon,
 And heard her *ipsa dixit* on a bonnet ;

Then wash'd my mouth with ices, tarts, and flum-
meries,
And ginger-beer and soda, at Montgomery's.

Down Prince's Street I once or twice paraded,
And gazed upon these same eternal faces ;
Those beardless beaux and bearded belles, those
faded

And flashy silks, surtouts, pelisses, laces ;
Those crowds of clerks astride on hackneys jaded,
Prancing and capering with notarial graces ;
Dreaming enthusiasts, who indulge vain whimsies,
That they might pass in Bond Street or St. James's.

I saw equestrian and pedestrian vanish—
One to a herring in his lonely shop,
And some of kind gregarious and more clannish,
To club at Waters' for a mutton chop ;
Myself, resolv'd for once my cares to banish,
And give the Cerberus of thought a sop,
Got Jack's, and Sam's, and Dick's, and Tom's
consent,
And o'er the mound to Billy Young's we went.

I am not nice, I care not what I dine on,
A sheep's head or beef-steak is all I wish ;
Old Homer ! how he lov'd the *σπυθόρον οἶνον*,*
It is the glass that glorifies the dish.
The thing that I have always set my mind on,
(A small foundation laid of fowl, flesh, fish),
Is out of bottle, pitcher, or punch-bowl,
To suck reviving solace to my soul.

Life's a dull dusty desert, waste and drear,
With now and then an oasis between,
Where palm-trees rise, and fountains gushing clear,
Burst 'neath the shelter of that leafy screen ;

* Ruddy Wine.

Haste not your parting steps when such appear,
 Repose, ye weary travellers, on the green :
 Horace and Milton, Dante, Burns, and Schiller,
 Dined at a tavern—when they had “the siller.”

And ne’er did poet, epical or tragical,
 At Florence, London, Weimar, Rome, Maybole,
 See time’s dark lantern glow with hues more magi-
 cal

Than I have witness’d in the Coffin-hole.
 Praise of antiquity a bam and fudge I call,
 Ne’er past the present let my wishes roll ;
 A fig for all comparing, croaking grumblers,
 Hear me, dear dimpling Billy, bring the tumblers.

Let blank verse hero, or Spenserian rhymers,
 Treat Donna Musa with Chateau-margout,
 Chateau-la-filte, Johannisberg, Hocheimer,
 In tall outlandish glasses green and blue,
 Thanks to my stars, myself, a doggrel-chimer,
 Have nothing with such costly tastes to do ;
 My Muse is always kindest when I court her
 O’er whisky-punch, gin-twist, strong-beer, or por-
 ter.

THE COCKNEY FOWLERS.

YOUNG Billy Button and Tim Tagg,
 Two Cockneys of no small renown,
 Equipt with powder, gun, and bag,
 Took lodgings at an inn near town :
Intending there to pass the night,
 And wait the earliest dawn of day,
When through the fields, as soon as light,
They safely might pursue their way.

Our heroes, mute as any mouse,
Trudged slowly on,—straight something white,
Majestic sailing round the house,
Struck full on their astonish'd sight.

"Vy, that's a voodcock vitch I spy,
Or some sich sort of that there game,"
Says Tagg; then charging quick, let fly,
And deadly certain was his aim.
The victim fell, Tagg breathless ran
With swelling crest to seize his prize;
Oh! guess his panic if you can:
He saw a brace of goggle-eyes.
Quite frighten'd at its monstrous head,
Its mournful screams, and visage grim;
Tagg roar'd, and fainted; Button fled,
Exclaiming: "Oh! the Cherubim!"

"O lawk! O lawk! unlucky chase!
He did not mean it; O poor Tim!"
"Why, what's all this?" cries Boniface;
"O lawk! he's shot a cherubim!"
Mine host and wife with solemn face,
Came forth with broomsticks and a light;
And both ran trembling to the place,
Where lay poor Tagg in piteous plight.
They set the lantern on the ground;
They heard, at times, a dismal howl:
When, searching near the spot, they found
The lovely cherub was—*An Owl.*

THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY AND THE
KNIFE-GRINDER.

IN ENGLISH SAPPHICS.

Friend of Humanity.

"NEEDY Knife-grinder, whither are you going?
Rough is the road, your wheel is out of order—
Bleak blows the blast;—your hat has got a hole in't,
So have your breeches!

"Weary Knife-grinder! little think the proud
ones,
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-
Road, what hard work 'tis crying all day, 'Knives
and
Scissors to grind, Oh!"

"Tell me, Knife-grinder, how came you to grind
knives?
Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
Was it the squire? or parson of the parish?
Or the attorney?

"Was it the squire for killing of his game? or
Covetous parson, for his tithes distraining?
Or roguish lawyer made you lose your little
All in a lawsuit?

"(Have you not read the Rights of Man, by Tom
Paine?)

*Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids
Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story."*

Knife-grinder.

"Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir,
 Only last night a-drinking at the Chequers,
 This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
 Torn in a scuffle.

"Constables came up for to take me into
 Custody; they took me before the Justice;
 Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish-
 -Stocks for a vagrant.

"I should be glad to drink your Honour's health in
 A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence;
 But for my part, I never love to meddle
 With politics, sir."

Friend of Humanity.

"I give thee sixpence! I will see thee hang'd first—
 Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to
 vengeance—
 Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
 Spiritless outcast!"

(*Kicks the Knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and
 exit in a transport of republican enthusiasm and
 universal philanthropy.*)

PARODY ON SHAKSPEARE.

To buy, or not to buy? that is the question;
 Whether to live contentedly within
 The scanty limits of a narrow income,
 Or make a stand against increasing debts,
 1 2

And by the lottery end them—to try one's fate?
To be in Fortune's way? and so to end
The heart-ache, and a thousand haunting fears
The insolvent's heir to:—'tis a resolution
Instantly to be made; to run the hazard?
Perchance to gain? ay there's the lucky hit—
For in that wheel what to our share may come,
When the safe number's shuffled to the last,
Must give us hope; there's the great odds
That makes a ticket so much worth the purchase:
For who would bear the dearness of the times,
The oppressive tax, the tradesman's cozenage,
The shame of refus'd credit, the law's arrest,
The insolence of duns, and the base 'vantage
That griping lenders of the borrower take,
When he himself might an estate secure
With a bare sixteenth? who in a rack-rent farm
Would toil and sweat under a lordly steward,
But that the dread of (ev'n on the first day's draw-
ing)

A fatal blank! whose cruel disappointment
No adventurer survives, shuts up the purse,
And makes us rather bear our present losses,
Than feel still greater that we dream not of;
For gambling doth make spendthrifts of us all,
And, though the puffing schemes of every office
Be pasted up with the broad glare of capitals,
Yet the fair chance of plodding industry
In the long run shall turn up richer prizes;
Nor honesty its labour lose.—

A KING OF FRANCE AND THE FAIR LADY
AT BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK.

A KING of France, upon a day,
With a fair lady of his court,
Was pleas'd at battledore to play—
A very fashionable sport.

Into the *bosom* of this fair court dame,
Whose whiteness did the snow's pure whiteness
shame,
King Louis, by an odd mischance, did knock
The Shuttlecock ;
Thrice happy rogue, upon the down of doves,
To nestle with the pretty little loves.

"Now, Sire, pray take it out," quoth she,
With an arch smile.—But what did he ?
What ? what to charming Modesty belongs !
Obedient to her soft command,
He rais'd it—but not with his *hand* !
No, marv'ling reader, but the *chimney tongs*.

What a chaste thought in this good King !
How clever !
When shall we hear again of such a thing ?
Lord ! never.
Now were *our* princes to be pray'd
To such an act by some fair maid,
I'll bet my life *not one* would mind it ;
But *handy*, without more ado,
The youths would search the *bosom thro'*,
Although it took a *day* to find it !

THE CARELESS COUPLE.

JENNY is poor, and I am poor ;
Yet we will wed—so say no more ;
And should the bairns you mention come,
(As few that marry but have some)
No doubt but Heav'n will stand our friend,
And *bread*, as well as *children*, send.
So fares the hen, in farmer's yard,
To live alone she finds it hard ;
I've known her weary every claw
In search of corn amongst the straw ;
But when in quest of nicer food,
She clucks amongst her chirping brood ;
With joy I've seen that self-same hen
That scratch'd for *one*, could scratch for *ten*.
These are the thoughts that make me willing
To take my *girl* without a shilling ;
And for the self-same cause, d'ye see,
Jenny's resolv'd to marry me !

THE MISER AND THE DERVISE.

THE Miser Sherdi, on his sick-bed lying,
Affrighted, groaning, wheezing, praying, sighing,
Expecting ev'ry hour to lose his breath—
Enter a Dervise—"Holy Father, say,
As life seems parting from this sinful clay,
What can preserve me from the jaws of Death?"

"A sacrifice, dear son—good joints of meat,
Of lamb, and mutton, for the Priest and Poor ;
Nay, from the *Koran* shouldst thou lines repeat,
Those lines may possibly thy health restore."

"Thank ye, dear Father ! you have said *enough* ;
 Your counsel has *already* giv'n me ease :
 Now, as my sheep are all a great way off,
 I'll quote our holy *Koran*, if you please."

A PETER PINDARIC.

A PRINTER'S devil in a country town—
 His name ? Why whether he had one at all
 I think is almost needless to set down—
 But say 'twas Peter Pull or Sammy Hawl—
 No matter which—
 Had got the itch ;
 (Forgive me, Ladies, for so foul a name,)
 A very merry, scratching, gay disease,
 Giving the fingers plenty of good game,
 But which had the misfortune not to please
 Our printer's devil,
 (Although such maladies as it
 For diabolic claws would seem most fit),
 Chiefly because the lasses look'd uncivil,
 And turning up their noses, seem'd to say,
 Sir, keep away,
 We do not like the instrument you play ;
 It may be very airy, and all that,
 But pray excuse us, for we do not yearn
 From your fair hands to learn
 The Scottish fiddle gamut. Sir, that's flat.

Annoy'd at this, he went to Doctor Slop,
 And from that learn'd apothecary's shop
 He got a salve compos'd of things expedient
 All titillation to drive clean away ;
 What was the recipe I cannot say,
 But brimstone was, I'm sure, a prime ingredient.

Being rubb'd up, right skilfully no doubt,
He paid his twopence, and walk'd out

Into the street,

Where he an old acquaintance chanc'd to meet.
Pho ! pho ! exclaim'd his friend, you smell
Just as if newly 'scaped from hell ;

What's this, what's this ?

Why, said the anointed man with knowing phiz,
What is there strange in this affair, I pray ?
You know my trade, and in the name of thunder,
Where is the wonder,
That I, a devil, should smell of brimstone, eh ?

A NEW MODE TO ESCAPE BEING ROBBED ;
OR THE IRISH WAY OF GIVING ALL
TO SAVE THE REMAINDER.

ONCE on a time, 'tis said, that Hounslow Heath
Was by a gang of robbers sore infested,
Who with the sword of justice boldly jested,
Till Mister Kirby's necklace stopp'd their breath.
Three doughty Officers of Volunteers,
Knights of the thimble (fame reports) and sheers,
Stopping at Hounslow in a chaise and pair,
Ask'd fiercely if the Heath was safe from thieves,—
“ Yes, Sir,” replied the Ostler, “ I believes ;
“ Besides—What needs such warlike gemmen care ?”

The Ostler had a friend that lurk'd at hand
A tribute-gatherer upon the road—no worse ;
Who, viewing slily this redoubted band,
Swore each should pay the forc'd loan of his purse,
Or put (to speak more like a politician)
Their money in a state of requisition !

Away then rode he on to wait his prey ;
 The heroes paid their score, and off went they,
 But, ere they half the Heath had cross'd,
 They found the Chevalier upon his post :
 He stopp'd the chaise—"Gemmen (says he) I hear
 "This road is dreadfully by rogues beset ;
 "And, though such valiant men despise all fear,
 "Perhaps you'll be in danger if you're met."

At this their powder'd locks began to bristle :
 "What shall we do?" they cried, "oh, tell us
 what !"
 "Why, Gemmen," said the rogue, and show'd a
 pistol,
 "Best leave your cash with me ; I'll tell you
 that."
 "What! all our money? Nay, for goodness
 hold."
 "Yes, all—Quick, quick!" replied the rogue ;
 "your gold !"
 "Make haste! your watches too must be unfob'd ;
 "Or, d——I burn me, Sirs, but you'll be robb'd !"

THE SHE AND HE DANDY.

—BUT bless me! what! two Nondescripts toge-
 ther !
 The *She*, a pile of riband, straw, and feather ;
 Her back a pillion, all above and on it—
 A church-bell? cradle? tower? no, faith! a bon-
 net!
 Ay, and an actual woman in it—able,
 Rouse but her tongue, to make that tower a Babel.
 Now for the *He*, the fellow Nondescript.
 Whence has that mockery of man been shipt?

Has Ross, or Buchan, brought him to console
 The Quidnuncs for the passage to the Pole?
 While on her iceberg howls some Greenland
 squaw,

Robb'd of her pretty monster till next thaw!
 No; Paris has the honour,—“*Au que oui*”
 “*Voilà*,—the air, grace, shrug, smell of *Paris*!
 France gave his step its trip, his tongue its phrase,
 His head its peruke, and his waist its stays!
 The thing is contraband. Let's crush the trade;
 Ladies insist on't; all is best home-made,
 All British, from your shoe-tie or your fan,
 Down to that necessary brute, call'd man!
 Now for the compound creature,—first, the wig,
 With every frizzle striving to look big;
 On the rouged cheek the fresh-dy'd whisker spread,
 The thousandth way of dressing a calf's head.
 The neckcloth next, where starch and whalebone vie
 To make the slave a walking pillory.
 The bolster'd bosom, ah! ye envying fair,
 How little dream you of the stuff that's there!
 What straps, ropes, steel, the aching ribs compress,
 To make the Dandy—beautifully less!
 Thus fools, their final stake of folly cast,
 By instinct to strait waistcoats come at last.
 Misjudging Shakspeare, this escap'd thine eye—
 For, though the brains are out, the thing won't die!

THE APPARITION.

'Twas silence all, the rising moon
 With clouds had veil'd her light;
 The clock struck twelve, when, lo! I saw
 A very chilling sight.



Pale as a *snow-ball* was its face,
Like *icicles* its hair ;
For mantle it appear'd to me
A sheet of ice to wear.

Tho' seldom given to alarm,
I' faith ! I'll not dissemble,
My *teeth all chatter'd in my head*,
And *every joint did tremble*.

At last I cried, " Pray who are you,
And whither do you go ?"
Methought the Phantom thus replied,
" My name is Sally Snow.

" My Father is the *Northern Wind*,
My Mother's name was *Water*,
Old Parson Winter married them,
And I'm their hopeful Daughter ;

" I have a lover, *Jacky Frost*,
My Dad the match condemns ;
I've run from home, to-night, to meet
My Love upon the *Thames*."

I stopp'd Miss Snow in her discourse,
This answer just to cast in,
" I hope, if John and you unite,
Your *union won't be lasting*.

" Besides, if you should marry him,
You never would do well, oh !
For I know *Jacky Frost* to be
A very *slippery fellow*."

She sat her down before the fire ;
My wonder now increases.

For she I took to be a maid,
Now tumbled into pieces.

For "*air, thin air,*" did Hamlet's Ghost
His form at cock-crow barter ;
But what I saw, and now describe,
Resolv'd itself to Water.

PATIENCE.—A TALE.

'Twas at some country place, a parson, preaching,
The virtue of long sufferance was teaching ;
And so pathetically did exhort
His list'ning congregation, and, in short,
Discours'd so much of Job, and how he bore,
With such exceeding pleasantry, his woes ;
Faith, 'twas enough to make a man suppose
Job wish'd for more.

Meaning, perhaps, that since 'tis plain
How needlessly we grieve at pain,
How would it be if man
Pursu'd a different plan,
And were to laugh, and treat the matter lightly ;
And not, when tortur'd with the gout,
To make wry faces, roar, and shout,
But look agreeable and sprightly.

" And pray, d'ye think, my dearest life,
Exclaim'd the parson's wife,
As after church they sat,
In courteous chat,
" That 'tis in human nature to endure
The sad extremity of woe
That Job, you say, did undergo ?
'Tis more than you or I could do, I'm sure.

"My dear," quoth he, "this diffidence
Shows, let me tell you, great good sense,
A talent in your sex we seldom see;
And, doubtless, the remark is true,
As far as it extends to you,
Tho' not, I think, to me.

"No woman, since the world began,
Could bear misfortune like a *man*;
And in good truth, 'twixt you and me,
And that without much vanity,
I do conceive that I myself have shown
That patience and that strength of mind
Were not entirely confin'd
To Job alone."

Thus said the modest priest, and would have said
much more,
But for the sudden opening of the door;
When, out of breath, in stumps
His clownish servant, Numps;
His mouth wide open—on the parson gazing—
Just like the wight
Who drew old Priam's curtains in the night
To tell him Troy was blazing.

"Well, Numps, the matter? speak! why look'st
so pale?
Has any thing gone wrong?" Quoth Numps, "The
ale—"

"What!" cries the priest; "the ale gone sour?"
(And then his phiz began to lour).

"Turn'd sour? no, measter, no," replied the fel-
low;

"But just now, as I went, d'ye see,
To tilt the cask, away rolled he,
And all the liquor's spilt about the cellar."

The fact was, Numps a cask of ale had stav'd :
Now, prithee, tell me how the priest behav'd ?

Did he pull off his wig, or tear his hair ?
Or, like that silly fellow Job,
Throw ashes on his head, or rend his robe ?
Say, how did he this dire misfortune bear ?
And thus, in voice of pious resignation,
He to his man address'd this *mild* oration :

" May God confound thee, thou d—n'd stupid bear,
(The best of priests, you know, will sometimes
swear) :

What! you must meddle, must ye,
With the barrel, and be curst t'ye ?
I wish thy paws were in the fire—odd rot 'em.
Get thee down stairs, this instant, wretch,
Or, by the living G—d, I'll kick thy breech
From top to bottom."

" Nay, now, my dearest," cried the dame,

" Is this your patience?—Fie for shame !

I beg you'll recollect your text ;

Job was not half so vext

When he'd his sons and daughters to bewail."

" D—n all his sons and daughters, if you choose:

Answer me this, I say—Did Job e'er lose

A barrel of such ale ?"

ELEGIAC EXPOSTULATION TO AN UNFORTU- NATE TAILOR.

Hei mihi !

O THOU ! whose visionary bills unpaid,
Long as thy measure, o'er my slumber stream ;
Whose goose, hot-hissing thro' the midnight shade,
Disturbs the transport of each softer dream.

Why do imaginary needles wound ?
Why do thy sheers clip short my fleeting joys ?
Ah ! why, emerging from thy hell profound,
The "ghost of shreds and patches," awful, rise ?

Once more look up, nor droop thy hanging head ;
The liberal linings of that breast unfold ;
Be smiles, far brighter than thy buttons, spread,
And nobly scorn the vulgar lust of gold !

Tho' doom'd by fortune, since remotest time,
No meaner coin of modern date to use,
Lo ! I can well reward with sterling rhyme,
Stamp'd by the sacred mintage of the Muse.

Why mourn thy folly ? why deplore thy fate ?
Why call on every pow'r in sore dismay ?
Thy warmest orisons, alas ! are late.
Reflect : didst thou e'er know a poet pay ?

Vain from thy shopboard the eternal sigh ;
Vain thy devotions from that sable shrine :
Can guineas from the vacant pocket fly ?
Can sorrow fill this empty purse of mine ?

Ah me ! so long with dire consumption pin'd,
When shall that purse, ill-omen'd, proudly
swell
Full as the sail that holds the fav'ring wind ?
Mysterious ministers of money, tell !

Fond man ! while pausing o'er that gloomy page,
That tells thee what thou art, in terms too plain ;
O'er the capacious ledger lose thy rage,
Nor of unsettled debts again be vain.

There lords, and dukes, and mighty princes lie ;
Nor on them canst thou for prompt payment call.
Why starts the big drop in thine anguish'd eye ?
One honest, genuine bard is worth them all !

A common garment, such as mortals wear,
(Dull sons of clay, the ready price who give)
Thou mad'st, and, lo ! it lasted one short year ;
But in my garment thou shalt ever live.

Time ne'er shall rip one consecrated seam
Of cloth, from Fancy's loom, all superfine ;
Nor shall I, cruel, haunt thy softer dream,
E'en when I dress thee in a suit divine.

Let sage Philosophy thy soul inform
With strength heroic every ill to bear ;
Not better broad-cloth braves the angry storm,
And constant Patience is delightful wear.

Be patient, then, and wise, nor meanly shrink
Beneath Despondency's tumultuous blast ;
The reck'ning-day may come when least you think—
A joyful day—tho' miracles are past !

THE WELCOME AND UNWELCOME DECISION.

ONCE a Cockney and Yorkist maintain'd a dispute,
Whether London or York was of oldest repute ;
And the contest kept up, with a clamorous pother,
About "which Lord Mayor took place of the other."
When a wag, who stood by, took the part of the tyke,
Saying, London to York was in fame nothing like ;

And, that, when their chief magistrates met on the road,
Never yet did the *first* dare the *last* incommode ;
As the law of the land, which binds lords to obey,
Makes the Lord Mayor of London turn out of the way !

At this *sage* arbitration so pleas'd was the clod,
That the umpire, he swore, was a *wise man*, by
G-d.

But the wag thus reply'd, " No great conjuror I ;
For, without the black art, we this knot can untie ;
And, before you exult, hear the reason, I pray,
Why the Lord Mayor of London for *yours* must
break way :

The former, when pleas'd on a journey to fix,
From the city sets out in his chariot and six ;
While the latter, whose state you so boastfully brag
on,

His journey must take in the Yorkshire stage wag-
gon ;

Which *wags on*, by law, with its dignify'd load,
Unimpeded ; while chariots turn out of the road !"
Poor *Sapskull*, thus craftily put to the blush,
Thought, a badg'ring to 'scape, 'twas the best way
to brush.

THE TINKER AND MILLER'S DAUGHTER—A
TALE.

THE meanest creature *somewhat* may contain,
As Providence ne'er makes a thing *in vain*.

Upon a day, a poor and trav'ling Tinker,
On Fortune's various tricks a constant thinker,

Pass'd in some village, near a Miller's door ;
Where, lo ! his eye did, most astonish'd, catch
The Miller's daughter peeping o'er the hatch,
Deform'd, and monstrous ugly, to be sure.

Struck with th' uncommon form, the Tinker *started*,
Just like a frighten'd horse, or murd'rer carted,

Up gazing at the gibbet and the rope :
Turning his brain about, in a brown study,
(For, as I've said, his brain was not so muddy)

" 'Sbud !" quoth the Tinker, " I have now some
hope ;
" Fortune, the jade, is not far off, perchance"—
And then began to rub his hands, and dance.

Now all so full of love, o'erjoy'd he ran,
Embrac'd and squeez'd Miss Grist, and thus began :

" My dear, my soul, my angel, sweet Miss Grist,
Now may I never mend a kettle more,
If ever I saw one like *you* before !"

Then, " nothing loth," like Eve, the nymph he
kiss'd.

Now, very sensibly indeed, Miss Grist
Thought opportunity should not be miss'd,
Knowing that Prudery oft lets slip a joy ;
Thus was Miss Grist too *prudent* to be *coy* ;
For really 'tis with girls a dangerous farce,
To flout a swain, when offers are but scarce.

She did not *scream*, and cry, " I'll not be woo'd ;
Keep off, you smutty fellow—don't be rude ;
I'm meat for your superiors, Tinker."—*No*,
Indeed she treated not the Tinker *so*.

But, lo ! the damsel, with her usual squint,
Suffer'd her Tinker lover to imprint

Sweet kisses on her lip, and squeeze her hand,
Hug her, and say the softest things unto her,
And in Love's plain and pretty language woo her,
Without a frown, or e'en a reprimand.

Soon won, the Nymph agreed to join his bed,
And, when the Tinker chose, to church he led.

Now to the Father the brisk Lover hy'd,
Who at his noisy mill so busy ply'd,
Grinding and taking *handsome* toll of corn,
Sometimes, indeed, *too handsome* to be borne.

"Ho ! Master Miller !" did the Tinker say—
Forth from his cloud of smoke the Miller came.
"Nice weather, Master Miller—charming day—
God's very kind"—The Miller said the *same*.

"Now, Miller, possibly you may not guess
At this same business I am come about :
'Tis this, then—know, I love your daughter Bess :—
There, Master Miller !—now the riddle's *out*.

"I'm not for mincing matters, Lord ! d'ye see—
I likes your daughter Bess, and she likes *me*."

"Poh !" quoth the Miller, grinning at the Tinker,
"Thou dost not mean to marriage to persuade her ;
Ugly as is the dev'l I needs must think her,
Though, to be sure, 'tis said, 'twas *me* that *made*
her.

"No, no ; though she's my daughter, I'm not *blind* :
But, Tinker, what hath now possess'd thy mind ?
Thou'rt the first offer she has met, by Gad—
But tell me, Tinker, art thou drunk or mad ?"

K

-- I know it," quoth the Tinker, "

" Her *face*," quoth Grist, " is freck
flat ;

Her mouth as wide as that of my Tom
And then she squints a thousand w
Her waist, a corkscrew ; and her hair,
A downright bunch of carrots on her h
Why, what the dev'l is got into thy

" No dev'l is in *my* sconce," rejoin'd

" But, Lord ! what's that to *you*, if
her ?"

" Why, man," quoth Grist, " she's f
Show,

And therefore sure I am that thou m

" Miller," replied the Tinker, " right
'Tis for that *very thing*, a Show, I

Nor nobility's shield can ward off the broad slur,
But blots to their 'scutcheons will stick like a blur:
And that history's page may the truth here decide,
We'll look back, and appeal to Lord Chancellor
Hyde;

Who, when Charles was restor'd to the sceptre and
crown,

On the woolsack, "*with horn high exalted*," sat
down.

And it happ'd on those days when we prize regal
rule,

That an honest old thump-cushion, call'd Doctor
Bull,

Who had preach'd for his king, ay, and pray'd like
a saint,

For preferment petition'd, in language so quaint,
That the mirth-loving monarch laugh'd loud at the
letter,

And swore that no bishop deserv'd a boon better;

So quickly comply'd with the doctor's demand,

And sign'd him a benefice under his hand.

But the haughty cornuto who held the great seal,

A march on his master had ventur'd to steal,

And, before *royal* hands did the vic'rage convey,

With *his* own had bequeath'd the fat living away.

So the doctor was robb'd of the royal donation,

Nor could the king's hand cancel Hyde's presenta-
tion.

Thus baulk'd, and quite beggar'd with waiting in
town,

On a bench, in the Park, the poor doctor sat down,

Like a crest-fallen loser, when fleec'd by the winner,

And lucklessly counting the trees for his dinner;

When putting his hand in his pocket perchance,

He took out the king's grant, at the name gave a
glance,

... THE FATES HAVE THEIR IRONIES, IT SO

TRINE,

That the king was then coming from com
When the parson resolv'd to pluck up a
And the state of his case to the monard
For tho' pocketing horns to tame cucko
He determin'd not tamely to pocket his
So the king he accosted, with lowly sub
And he said, " Though I'm rais'd, by
commission,

From poor humble curate to rich master
Nor plenty, nor peace, follows faster or t
Lord Hyde, my dread liege, scarce your
read,

But a shadow they prov'd, for their sub
fled ;

He the fatling tithe pig for another had
And, believe me, I stand a fair chance to
For I dine with Duke Humphrey, excep
I, like Nebuchadnezzar, can dine upon ;
My last *doit* is spent, while, my mis~~adventure~~

A prebend or dean shall he 'stall thee outright,
Or henceforth bid the varlet ne'er come in my sight."
Not Hermes more swiftly could wing through the
sky,

Than back did poor Bull to the Chancellor fly ;
Who, bloated with pride, and with spleen over full,
To the message reply'd, " So your name, friend, is
Bull ;

Your cognomen's as grand as the great Capricorn's !
But, as you're a Bull, prithee, where are your
horns ?"

" My horns ?" quoth the doctor ; " you're full of
your fun ;

But your question I'll answer, in point, with a pun :
I'm a Bull *without* horns, tho' my name you deride ;
For the HORNS, 'tis well known, always go with
the HYDE !"

This stroke put an end to the Chancellor's prating,
And he made *Bull* a Bishop, to 'scape a *Bull-bait-
ing*.

A TALE OF A TANKARD.

No plate had John and Joan to hoard ;
Plain folk in humble plight :
One only tankard crown'd their board,
And that was fill'd each night !

Along whose inner bottom, sketch'd,
In pride of chubby grace,
Some rude engraver's hand had etch'd,
A baby Angel's face.

John swallow'd, first, a mod'rate sup ;
But Joan was not like John ;
For, when her lips once touch'd the cup,
She swill'd till all was gone.

Another card he play'd ;
And, where the Angel stood so plain,
A devil got pourtray'd.

Joan saw the horns, Joan saw the tail,
Yet Joan as stoutly quaff'd ;
And ever, when she seiz'd her ale,
She clear'd it at a draught.

John star'd, with wonder petrified !
His hair rose on his pate,
And—" Why dost guzzle now," he cries
" At this enormous rate ?"

" O John," says she, " am I to blame !
I can't, in conscience, stop :
For, sure, 'twould be a burning shame,
To leave the Devil a drop !"

And make a jest of trifling things,
Which rouse the gall of lords and kings,
But never yet stirr'd mine ;
And interchange a sportive thought,
From fancy's storehouse, promptly fraught,
As wit gives zest to wine ;

Before me push'd, in thrifty pace,
One, whom I thought the self-same chase
Had led in quest of ME ;
His shape, his dress, his gait the same ;
As honest—you'll excuse his name ;
But I'd have sworn 'twas HE.

But when, on shoulder I my hand
Clapp'd hard, to bring him to a stand,
With—" How now, honest Ned !"
He turn'd and frown'd, and silence broke,
His cheek all pallid while he spoke,
And mine suffus'd with red !

" What means this freedom, sir ?"—" Gad so !
Your pardon, sir," says I—" I trow
We're all to error prone :
My blind mistake with favour scan ;
I took you for another man ;
I've been to blame, I own."

" Sir !" says the wight, with gallows brow,
And such a cut-throat face, I vow,
As made me almost quake ;
" I am not him you took me for ;
So take more care in future—or,
Beware your next mistake."

" I thank you, sir ; but faith," says I,
" I took your worship, by the bye,

...his aspect, sir ! and why not MINE ?
“ Dear sir,” says I, “ pray don’t opine,
That I am over nice ;
But if, as one mistake I’ve own’d,
An honest man, in YOU, I’ve found,
I’ve been mistaken twice !”

AN IRISH BLUNDER, WITHOUT A
COLONEL PATRICK O’BLANEY, as
teague

As ever took snuff to repel pest or plague
Having got a French snuff-box, of *papier*
Which to open requir’d much pains, do y
Always kept a bent sixpence at hand in h
And call’d it his key, by the which to un
As, by niggling and wedging it under the
He came at his rappee, that was under it
But one day, when he wanted a pinch for
He search’d for his key

And, my hide-and-seek friend, I beg leave to remind
ye,
That, the next time I want you, I'll know where
to find ye."

TO MADAME DE VILLEGAGNON.

On the seizure of her clothes by the Customhouse
Officers.

PARDON, fair traveller, the troop
That barr'd your wardrobe's way ;
Nor think your silks, your gown, and hoop,
Were objects of their prey.

Ah ! who, when authoriz'd by law
To strip a form like yours,
Would rest content with what he saw,
And not exert his pow'rs ?

THE MATERNAL PREDICTION.

DOLLY DOVETAIL, a damsel of tear-sheet descent,
On the best use of time most devoutly was bent,
And her favours bestow'd on six lovers at least,
Who perform'd husbands' duties without help of
priest !
For Doll was in keep with a wealthy Mynheer
Who kept a great shop, too, of toys and Dutch
gear ;
But oft stealing out when Vansplawken was busy,
Danc'd her merry-go-rounds till her head was quite
dizzy ;
And, what was still worse, between sport out and
in,
Her waist, late so taper, got up to her chin !

K 2

As 'twas plain as a pikestaff the boor
Made a point to keep *all that was Doi*
"Why, that's very true," said the v
sigh ;
"But young Jack in the Box will spe
by ;
For I'm sure that his tongue will, by
such,
That the rogue will speak English, b
Dutch !"

THE MUSSULMAN'S PIG.

THUS says a prophet of the Turk—
"Good Mussulmen, beware of pork ;
There is a part in every swine
No follower or friend of mine
May taste, whate'er his inclination,
On pain of excommunication."

Whilst others at the doctrine rail,
And piously refuse the tail.
Thus conscience freed from ev'ry clog,
Mahometans eat up the hog.
You laugh—'tis well—the tale, apply'd,
May make you laugh on t'other side.
Renounce the world, the preacher cries:
We do, a multitude replies.
Whilst one, as innocent, regards
A snug and friendly game at cards;
And one (whatever you may say)
Can see no evil in a play.
Some love a concert, or a race;
And others shooting, or a chase.
Revil'd and lov'd, renounc'd and follow'd,
Thus, bit by bit, the whole is swallow'd.
Each thinks his neighbour makes too free,
Yet likes a slice as well as he.
With sophistry their sauce they sweeten.
Till quite from tail to mouth is eaten.

THE LAWYER.

Similis simili gaudet. PHÆD.

A KNOTTY point a lawyer had,
Which no one e'er resolv'd;
He try'd the bar, and e'en the bench—
They're all in doubts involv'd.

At length he recollected well,
He had *one friend* behind—
Old *Satan* had not yet been ask'd,
Though *always* in *his mind*.

Away the *lawyer* posts in haste,
With *briefs* unto the devil,

"Agreed, egad," the lawyer cry'd ;
"I'll stay with all my heart !"

From that time forth the *lawyer* sta
And practis'd mighty well—
If it be true, as it is said,
That *rogues thrive best in h-ll.*

JUSTIFICATION.—A RURAL TAI

A FARMER once, who wanted much
A sturdy husbandman ;
And one, well qualify'd as such,
To suit his thrifty plan :

One who was sparing at his meat,
And sparing in his drink :

For bacon-rack was quickly shrunk,
So well he'd fill his dish ;
And soon the cellar's stock was sunk,
He'd drink so like a fish !

Which made Old Squeezum rail and rave
Against his neighbour Muggs,
To bubble him, like a lying knave,
With three such d—d humbugs.

You " never hungry ! ne'er athirst !
Of working never tir'd !"
I wish that both your skins had burst,
Ere such a pest I hir'd.

Hold, zur, says Hobnail, doant ye vly
In such a deadly twoddle ;
If Measter Muggs have tould a lie,
Then vairly crack my noddle.

Vor I do never hungry be,
Before my guts I vill ;
And drowth do never trouble me,
Before I gets a zwill ;

And I did never work pursue,
Till tir'd or overheated :
Zo Measter Muggs have tould ye true,
And you have not been cheated.

A MEDICINE FOR THE LADIES.

MISS MOLLY, a fam'd toast, was fair and young,
Had wealth and charms—but then she had a
tongue !

But his dear Molly prov'd a very wife.
Excess of fondness did in time decline;
Madam lov'd money, and the knight lov'd
From whence some petty discords would
As, "You're a fool!"—and, "You are
wise!"

Though he and all the world allow'd her
Her voice was shrill, and rather loud than
When she began, for hat and sword he'd
Then, after a faint kiss, cry, "B'y, dear
Supper and friends expect me at the Rose
"And, what, Sir John, you'll get your us
Go, stink of smoke, and guzzle nasty wine
Sure, never virtuous love was us'd like mine
Oft, as the watchful bellman march'd his
At a fresh bottle gay Sir John he found.
By four the knight would get his business
And only then reel'd off, because alone.
Full well he knew the dreadful story—

"Hey ! hoop ! d'ye hear, my damn'd obstrep'rous spouse !

What ! can't you find one bed about the house ?

Will that perpetual clack lie never still ?

That rival to the softness of a mill !

Some couch and distant room must be my choice,
Where I may sleep uncurs'd with wife and noise."

Long this uncomfortable life they led,
With snarling meals, and each a sep'rate bed.
To an old uncle oft she would complain,
Beg his advice, and scarce from tears refrain.
Old Wisewood smok'd the matter as it was ;
" Cheer up ! " cry'd he, " and I'll remove the cause.

A wond'rous spring within my garden flows,
Of sov'reign virtue, chiefly to compose
Domestic jars and matrimonial strife,
The best elixir t' appease man and wife ;
Strange are th' effects, the qualities divine ;
'Tis water call'd, but worth its weight in wine.
If, in his sullen airs, Sir John should come,
Three spoonfuls take, hold in your mouth—then
mum ;

Smile, and look pleas'd, when he shall rage and
scold ;

Still in your mouth the healing cordial hold.
One month this sympathetic med'cine try'd,
He'll grow a lover, you a happy bride.
But, dearest niece, keep this grand secret close,
Or ev'ry prattling hussy 'll beg a dose."
A water-bottle's brought for her relief ;
Not Nantz could sooner ease the lady's grief ;
Her busy thoughts are on the trial bent,
And, female-like, impatient for th' event.

*The bonny knight reels home, exceeding clear,
Prepar'd for clamour and domestic war.*

Wond'ring, he star'd, scarcely his eye
But found his ears agreeably deceiv'd
"Why, how now, Molly, what's
now?"

She smiles, and answers only with a b
Then clasping her about—"Why, let
These night-clothes, Moll, become you
With that he sigh'd, her hand began to
And Betty calls, her lady to undress.
Thus the fond pair to bed enamour'd w
The lady pleas'd, and the good knight

For many days these fond endearments
The reconciling bottle fails at last;
'Twas us'd and gone—then midnight st
And looks and words the union discom
Her coach is order'd, and post-haste she
To beg her uncle for some fresh supplie
Transported, does the strange effects rel
Her knight's conversion and her happiness

ON A HAIR-DRESSER.

OLD TONSOR, who many
Had shav'd for a penny,
Cut hair, dress'd, and bled for a tester,
Nor ever was wishing
To mend his condition,
Grew rich by the death of a sister.

To his villa retir'd,
Old Tonsor was fir'd
With the thoughts of enjoying his wealth;
But soon found, to his torment,
That want of employment
Procur'd him nor comfort nor health.

The sports of the field,
No joy could they yield—
Guns, fishing-rods, horses, or dogs;
Nor reading, nor writing,
Did he take delight in—
'Squires, justices, parsons, or hogs.

So he took to his trade—he
Made each lass a lady,
And turn'd all their clowns into fops;
And beards became scarcer
Than before was a razor,
And pigtails as plenty as hops!

THE PRAISE OF MARGATE.

THE Tailor here the port of *Mars* assumes,
Who, cross-legg'd, sat in silence on his board;
Forgets his goose and rag-besprinkled rooms,
And thread and thimble, and now struts a Lord!

Here *Mistress Tap*, from pewter pots
Walks forth in all the pride of paun
Mounts her swoln heels on *Dandelion*
And at the ball-room heaves her hea

Chang'd by their travels—mounted hig
Here *Suds* forgets whate'er remembra
And *Mistress Suds* forgetteth too the p
Wigs, bob and pigtail, basins, razors.

Here, too, the most important *Dicky D*
With puppy pertness, pretty pleasant
Forgets the narrow fishy house of *Crab*,
And drives, in Jehu-style, his whirlir

And here, 'midst all such consequence a
The Poet ! semper idem—just the sai
Bidding old *Satire's* hawks at folly fly,
To fill the shops of *Booksellers* with {

Why at a *Tailor* throw your jibes, your jeers,
When honest industry at wealth arrives ?

'Tis as when Cockneys, sometimes void of skill,
O'er meads, and corn fields, after covies roam,
Spring them and fire, but not a partridge kill,
Shoot a poor sparrow as they journey home !

And, pray, what odds, pert Peter, after all,
'Twixt *Cleaver's Wife* and thou, great *Poetaster* !
She quits the "beef and mutton on her stall,"—
You, lotion, potion, clyster-pipe, and plaster !

THE BARBER AND CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

YOUNG NICK, within a barber's shop,
A chimney had been sweeping,
And, having done his swarthy job,
Again was downward creeping.

While tying up his bag of soot,
A waggish shaving blade
Exclaim'd, "May I presume to ask,
What was your father's trade ?"

"What trade ?" quoth sweep ; "why, to my shame
And chagrin be it spoken,
My father was a *Barber*, sir !
How cursedly provoking !

"I might have been a Barber too,
And his own sphere have play'd in,
But did not like, to say the truth,
A business so degrading."

“ No—ne’er shall thy insidious
My stedfast bosom move ;
Reason must triumph in my heart
Ere reason yield to love.”

“ And will my Laura still believe
The old maid’s envious tale,
Who, at the bliss they can’t receive
With fretful malice rail ?

“ To them no vernal scenes appear
No purple-painted sky ;
’Tis gloomy winter all the year
To envy’s canker’d eye.

“ While nature, vivid nature, reigns
In mountain, dale, and grove
While love-exciting youth remains
Laura must yield to love ;

The quiv'ring lip, the rosy hue,
The falt'ring voice suppress ;
While all her charms rise to the view,
I elasp'd her to my breast.

My fair resigns, with tender sighs,
And looks of fond delight ;
" Ah ! now I feel," she, murm'ring, cries,
" *Whatever is, is right.*"

YORKSHIRE HUMPHREY, OR, TWO HEADS
BETTER THAN ONE.

As Yorkshire Humphrey, t'other day,
O'er London Bridge was stumping,
He saw, with wonder and delight,
The water-works a-pumping.

Numps gazing stood ; and, wond'ring how
This grand machine was made :
To feast his eyes, he thrust his head
Betwixt the balustrade.

A sharper, prowling near the spot,
Observes the gaping lout ;
And soon, with fish-hook finger, turns
His pocket inside out.

Numps feels the twitch, and turns around ;
The thief with artful leer,
Says, " Sir, you'll presently be robb'd ;
For pickpockets are near."

Quoth Numpa, " I don't fear London thieves ;
I's not a simple youth ;

And still the words ~~were~~.

The artful prowler takes his stand,
With Humphrey full in view ;
When, now, an infant thief drew nea
And each the other knew.

Then, thus the elder thief began :
“ Observe that gaping lout !
He has a guinea in his mouth,
And we must get it out.”

“ Leave that to me,” young Filcher
“ I have a scheme quite pat ;
Only observe how neat I'll queer
The gaping country flat !”

By this time Numps, who gaz'd his
Was trudging through the street
When the young pilf'rer, tripping !
Well illustrate at his feet.

"There are your pence," quoth Numps, "my boy ;
Be zure thee haulds 'em faster !"

"My pence !" quoth Filch ; "here are my pence,
But where's my *guinea*, master ?

"Help ! help ! good folks ; for God-sake help !"
Bawls out this hopeful youth :

"He pick'd my *guinea* up just now,
And has it in his mouth !"

The elder thief who lurking near,
Now close to Humphrey draws ;
And seizing on his gullet, plucks
The *guinea* from his jaws.

Then roars out, "Masters, here's the coin,
I'll give the child his *guinea* !
But, who'd have thought to see a thief
In this same country ninny ?

Humphrey, astonish'd, thus begins ;
"Good measters ! here me, pray !"
But, "Duck him, duck him !" is the cry ;
At length he sneaks away.

"Ah ! now," quoth Numps, "I will believe,
What often I've heard said ;
That London thieves would steal the teeth
Out of a body's head !

PARODY ON ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

'Twas at the venison feast, the Borough won

By ———'s patriot son,

At top in pleasing state

The portly Mayor sate,

As on judicial throne.

His *aldermen* were plac'd around,

Their robes of scarlet with furr'd honors bound,

(A rich dessert the banquet crown'd).

The lively Sheriffs by his side,

Each with each other vied

In suits of newest fashion's pride;

Genteel, gallant, and courtly pair,

Well ye deserve the charming *fare*!

The Chaplain sleek arose,

At bottom in his place,

With hasty accents to say grace;

Instant the keen-edg'd guests sit close,

And social joys embrace.

The course began with fish,

As fresh as one could wish,

Brought by the mail, a lordly dish!

A turbot's spreading form bespake the treat,

With luscious lobster-sauce complete;

Soles, whittings, dories—Quin's great boast,

Who sought them first on Torbay's boast,

Tasted—nor from his palate hurl'd,

But stamp'd their worth—himself the glutton of
the world.

The guttling crowd admire the ample size;

A present rarity, one shouting cries;

A present rarity, another loud replies.

With ravish'd ears

The Town-clerk hears;

Affects the smile,

And carves the while,

And seems all great with Peers.
The praise of Sudbury's champaign park now
 chim'd in pat ;
The bucks so flavour'd, and the does so fat.
A sovereign haunch in triumph comes,
Greeted with soft-applauding hums.
Now bring the jelly-sauce—It comes ! It comes !
 Venison ever fat and young,
Foremost does 'mong dainties range ;
 Venison's dainties are a treasure,
 Venison fills up Lord Mayor's leisure.
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure,
Only business after 'Change.
Charm'd with the sight, our chief grew vain,
Talk'd his great dinners o'er again,
And how he outdid all, the Judges once to entertain :
 He felt importance big arise,
 With glowing cheeks and rolling eyes,
Yet check'd his pride—call'd for the tankard,
And of the nutmeg beverage drank hard ;
 But first, for zest, did choose
 Squeez'd lemon to infuse.
 He saw the sirloin great and good,
Of which to fill his plate
Became his high estate,
 (Old English royal food)
Deserted now—for why the need ?
On this he every Sunday fed :
Not so the ham and fowls go by
Untouch'd, the hare, goose, pigeon-pie.
With napkin under chin he now fetch'd breath,
 Revolving, with a frequent smack,
The quick removes, above, below ;
 How some did this, some that attack ;
And wit began to flow.

My mighty masters, pleas'd you see
Our viands rare of each degree,
'Tis but your favourite taste to move,
And melt the mouth with what you love.
Savory, sweet, stew'd, roast, and boil'd,
Nicely cook'd, and nothing spoil'd ;
Beef to-day cures toil and trouble,
To-morrow makes nice squeak and bubble :
Ever welcome, ever winning,
Filling still, and still uncloying ;
On the rump, if you're beginning,
Mustard makes is most enjoying.
What's worth all beside is near you,
Take your fill, nor surfeit fear you.
The many set the table in a roar,
The beef was prais'd, but venison ten times more.
The Mayor, his glee unable to contain,
Seiz'd on the haunch
To fill his paunch,
And cut and cramm'd, and cut again.
At length the fat all gone, and slices best,
The pamper'd Prætor fell upon the breast.

Now let our mirth in bumpers pass,
A fuller yet, and yet a fuller glass,
The King—now—now—distinct—asunder
With three cheers, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark ! Hark ! the loyal sound
Has rais'd the Recorder,
Who sets forth in order
The blessings of Britons around.
“ A song, a song,” the toast-master cries ;
See Britannia arise,
To rule o'er the waves,
Nor shall her tars be slaves,
While sparkles flash forth from their eyes.

Behold the martial band
Each a sword in his hand;
These, like veteran troops in battle they wield,
Nor undaunted they yield,
All glorious in the field,
Give the huzzas due
To our valiant crew.
Behold how they toss off their cans full of flip;
Then point, as they eager advance,
Their battering cannon 'gainst proud hostile France.
The Freemen encore with furious applause,
And the Mayor drank a bottle in zeal for the cause,
And now is the mace come
To lead him safely home,
When, like another hero, he knock'd the beadle
down.
Once long ago,
Ere patent kitchens learnt to glow,
While taverns made the wine,
Our sires, content at twelve to dine,
All stout and hale,
Could on old stingo with a pipe regale.
At length commodious Dolly came,
Inventress of the chop-house fame;
And now each wasteful cook pours spicy store,
Enlarging former luxury
With poignant sauces season'd high,
Gives to pall'd appetite a whet unknown before.
Let turbot yield to haunch the prize,
Or haunch to turbot—Whether?
Rather with happy compromise
Be both brought in together.
Your voices raise, ye voters pure,
Still echo from the Husting's sure
Your generous Member's name.
Venison unbought to them you owe;
This blessing corporations know;

Who shall their wisdom blame ?
Let ne'er this annual feast decline ;
And may our meetings all combine
Gratitude, harmony, good cheer, and wine.

PARODY ON "'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF
SUMMER."

'Tis the last glass of claret,
Left sparkling alone ;
All its rosy companions
Are swallow'd and gone.
No wine of her kindred,
No red port is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
And gladden my eye.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
This desert to crown :
As the bowls are all empty,
Thou too shalt float down.
Thus kindly I drink up
Each drop of pure red,
And fling the bright goblet
Clean over my head.

So soon may dame Fortune
Fling me o'er her head,
When I quit brimming glasses,
And bundle to bed.
When Champagne is exhausted,
And Burgundy gone,
Who would leave even Claret
To perish alone ?

THE PIOUS PAINTER.

THERE once was a painter in Catholic days,
Like Job, who eschewed all evil,
Still on his Madonnas the curious may gaze
With applause and with pleasure, but chiefly his
praise
And delight was in painting the Devil.

They were angels compar'd to the devils he drew,
Who besieged poor St. Anthony's cell;
Such burning hot eyes, such a damnable hue,
You could even smell brimstone their breath was so
blue;
He painted the Devil so well.

And now had the artist a picture begun,
'Twas over the Virgin's church-door;
She stood on the Dragon, embracing her son;
Many Devils already the artist had done,
But this must outdo all before.

The old Dragon's imps, as they fled through the
air,
At seeing it, paus'd on the wing,
For he had the likeness so just to a hair,
That they came as Apollyon himself had been
there;
To pay their respects to their king.

Every child, at beholding it, shiver'd with dread,
And scream'd as he turn'd away quick;
Not an old woman saw it, but, raising her head,
Dropt a bead, made a cross on her wrinkles, and
said,
Lord, keep me from ugly Old Nick!

What the painter so earnestly thought on by day,
He sometimes would dream of by night :
But once he was startled as sleeping he lay :
Twas no fancy, no dream ; he could plainly survey
That the Devil himself was in sight.

"You rascally dauber !" old Beelzebub cries,
"Take heed how you wrong me again !
Though your caricatures for myself I despise,
Make me handsomer now in the multitude's eyes,
Or see if I threaten in vain !"

Now the painter was bold and religious beside,
And on faith he had certain reliance ;
So earnestly he all his countenance eyed,
And thank'd him for sitting with Catholic pride,
And sturdily bade him defiance.

Sometimes in the morning the painter arose,
He's ready as soon as 'tis light ;
Every look, every line, every feature he knows,
'Tis fresh in his eye—to his labour he goes,
And he has the old Wicked One quite.

Happy man ! he is sure the resemblance can't fail ;
The tip of the nose is red hot ;
Here's his grin and his fangs, his skin cover'd with
scale,
And that the identical curl of his tail ;
Not a mark, not a claw is forgot.

He looks, and retouches again with delight ;
'Tis a portrait complete to his mind !
He touches again, and again gluts his sight ;
He looks round for applause—and he sees, with
affright,
The original standing behind !

"Fool ! Idiot !" Old Beelzebub grinn'd as he spoke,
And stamp'd on the scaffold in ire ;
The painter grew pale, for he knew it no joke :
'Twas a terrible height, and the scaffolding broke ;
The Devil could wish it no higher.

"Help ! Help me ! O Mary !" he cried in alarm,
As the scaffold sunk under his feet ;
From the canvass the Virgin extended her arm ;
She caught the good painter, she sav'd him from harm :
There were hundreds who saw in the street.

The old Dragon fled when the wonder he spied,
And curs'd his own fruitless endeavour ;
While the painter call'd after, his rage to deride,
Shook his pallet and brushes in triumph, and cried,
"I'll paint thee more ugly than ever !"

THE ART OF PHYSIC.

A YOUNG apprentice, spruce and smart,
Practitioner of Galen's art,
Disdain'd the labours of the shop,
By no means fit for such a fop.
His master pertly he address'd :
"Pestles and mortars I detest ;
Sir, I despise those tools of trade,
For hands of vulgar mortals made.
I was not born to cast up bills,
To serve out purges, plasters, pills :
No, Sir ; by pharmacopie laws
I long to gain the world's applause,
My bosom pants for wealth and fame,
And W——'s town shall hail my name."

He spoke ; the Doctor shakes his ears,
And scarcely credits what he hears.
“ Good lack a-day ! I think the lad
Has lost his wits ; he’s surely mad.
Well ! if you really wish to see
The Art of Physic, come with me.”

Old Bolus now, with air profound,
Commences his accustom’d round.
Through divers streets and lanes they stray,
Till a small house arrests their way.
They ope the door, and mount the stair ;
Heads up, toes out, a stately pair.
As they approach’d the sick man’s room,
They felt a mingled, strange perfume
From powders, lotions, phials, blisters,
Vomits and draughts, and salves and clysters.

The Doctor feels his pulse :—“ Dear me !
You’ve eat some *oysters*, Sir, I see.”
The wife, astonish’d at his skill,
Exclaim’d—“ I hope ’twont make him ill.
I only gave him three or four ;
Indeed, Sir, John has had no more.”—
“ Ay, so I said. Who knows th’ event,
If people ask not my consent ?
Quick ! bring me paper, pen, and ink,
And make him my prescription drink.
His malady I ascertain :
I’ll go, make haste, and come again.”

At home, the pupil urg’d his wish
To learn how Bolus knew the fish ?
“ Tut, tut ! Why any man could tell ;
Beneath the bed I saw the shell.”
“ This art I had not heard before.
Thanks, Sir !” He question’d him no more,

But hasten'd to the patient's bed :
Lo, when he came, the man was dead !
Returning home, he cries,—“ Too late
I went to stop the will of Fate.”
“ What ? ” says the Doctor, in a huff,
And gave his nose a pinch of snuff,
“ It was not sure the *oysters* ? ”—“ Worse,
Oh ! worse by far ; he ate a *horse*.”
“ Zounds ! ate a *horse* ! you make me stare.”
“ Nay, then—perhaps—it was a *mare* ;
Upon my honor, *I espied*
A saddle lying where he died.”

THE DOCTOR AND CAPTAIN ; A TALE FROM
BATH.

IN Bladud's city, a place of vast renown,
Where, in the season, wealthy cits from town
Escort their buxom wives and pretty daughters,
To cut a dash,
And make a splash,
To dance, to play at cards, and drink the waters—
A strife arose 'twixt men of high condition,
A *Captain* this, and that a *grave Physician*.
One day the *Hero of the Scarlet Coat*
Upon the *Doctor's Gate* with pencil wrote,
“ SCOUNDREL,” in letters clear and plain.
The *Doctor* saw—amaz'd he stood—
He long'd to let the *Captain* blood,
And, waxing warm, he grasp'd his gold-top'd
cane—
Then sallied forth, and after various dodgings,
At length he found the *Noble Captain's lodgings* ;
L. 2

There, in politeness to be conquer'd scorning,
He told the servant with an arch regard—
“Give to your Master *Doctor Pestle's* card,
For at MY door he left HIS NAME this morning.”

THE COUNTRY SURGEON.

LUCKLESS is he whom hard fates urge on
To practise as a country surgeon—
To drag a heavy galling chain,
The slave of all for paltry gain—
To ride regardless of all weather,
Through frost, and snow, and hail together—
To smile and bow when sick and tired,
Consider'd as a servant hired.
At every quarter of the compass,
A surly patient makes a rumpus,
Because he is not seen the first,
(For each man thinks his case the worst ;)
And oft at two points diametric,
Call'd to a business obstetric.
There lies a man with broken limb,
A lady here with nervous whim,
Who, at the acme of her fever,
Calls him a savage if he leave her.
For days and nights in some lone cottage,
Condemn'd to live on crust and pottage,
To kick his heels, and spin his brains,
Waiting, forsooth, for labour's pains ;
And that job over, happy he,
If he squeeze out a guinea fee.
Then worn like culprit on the wheel,
He sits him down to hasty meal ;
He sits ! when, lo ! a patient comes,
With rotten tooth and putrid gums :

The doctor takes his dentist tools,
 Fixes the screw, and tugs and pulls ;
 His dinner cold, his hands this mess in,
 All for a shilling or a blessing.
 Now comes the night—with toil opprest,
 He seeks his bed in hope of rest :
 Vain hope ! his slumbers are no more,
 Loud sounds the knocker at the door—
 A farmer's wife, at ten miles' distance,
 Groaning, calls out for his assistance :
 Fretting and fuming in the dark,
 He in the tinder strikes a spark,
 And, as he yawning heaves his breeches,
 Envies his neighbour blest with riches.

 TIMBUCTOO AMATORY POETRY.

I KNOW what my Dsirika loves,
 And I'll creep by the light of the moon,
 To the jungles and tamariak groves,
 To steal a young howling baboon.

My charmer shall make it a cage,
 And feed it with lizards and frogs,
 And when it attains its full age,
 Shall bait and torment it with dogs.

I will catch her a fat yellow snake,
 To be eaten with crocodiles' eggs ;
 Form of buffaloes' entrails a cake,
 And a jam of tarantulas' legs.

From the banks of the Niger I'll bring
 Fish bones to be thrust through her nose,
 And sew up live worms in a ring,
 To encircle her fingers and toes.

I told her my plan, but her heart
Is so tender she winced at the worms,
And propos'd I should alter that part,
Before she accepted my terms.

"I had rather," she cried, quick as thought,
"On my finger a wedding-ring hung;"
And I lov'd her the more when I caught
Such a delicate hint from her tongue.

TRUISMS.

LONDON Bridge is built of stone :
Bonaparte's gone to pot :
A chestnut horse is not a roan :
Boiling lead is rather hot.

Englishmen aren't born in France :
Adam ne'er wore a velvet coat :
A donkey needn't learn to dance :
Four crowns are worth a one pound note.

Madrid's not paved with orange peel :
Undertakers dress in black :
A calf when dead becometh veal :
Elephants don't drink barsack.

Lettuces don't learn to sing :
Mutton pies aren't make of zinc :
A crocodile's an ugly thing :
Flutes are seldom painted pink.

A cart-horse needn't go to church :
A pound of cherries weighs a pound :
School-boys hate the sight of birch :
King George the Third is under ground.

Green gooseberries are always green :
A drunkard's face is sometimes spotty :
Some cows are fat, and some are lean :
Hughes Ball has married Mercandotti.

The king don't live on rotten eggs :
Sea-water's very salt indeed :
A horse can't go without four legs :
Figs don't spring from mustard-seed.

Books aren't made of Stilton cheese :
Spectacles defend the eyes :
Dogs will bite—and so will fleas :
A child, if scalded, always cries.

Dustmen seldom go to court :
Achilles never saw Macbeth :
Some folks love old crusted port :
Running puts one out of breath.

THE SNUFF-TAKER: A PARODY ON "THE
WOODPECKER."

As I sat by the fire, in reflection profound,
I thought that my nose I would treat ;
And I said, " If there's snuff in the world to be
found,
I shall get it in Lundyfoot's street."
'Twas ten ! not a sound but the striking of clocks,
And the Snuff-taker tapping—his favourite box.

So to Lundy's I went, tho' the weather was rough,
My sensations with scent to regale ;
How busy the shopmen ! some serv'd out the snuff,
And some neatly roll'd up pigtail.

Not a sound ! all the watchmen were silent as blocks,
But the snuff-taker tapping—his favourite box.

Then I took a long stroll in the silence of night,
And I cried, " Fortune grant me but these—
A quid of tobacco, my joy and delight,
And snuff to incite me to sneeze."
It was morn ! not a sound but the crowing of cocks,
And the snuff-taker tapping—his favourite box.

THE ELDER BROTHER.

CENTRIC in London noise, and London follies,
Proud Covent-garden blooms in smoky glory ;
For Chairmen, Coffee-rooms, Piazzas, Dollies,
Cabbages, and Comedians, fam'd in story.

On this gay spot, upon a sober plan,
Dwelt a right regular and staid young man :
Much did he early 'hours and quiet love ;
And was entitled, Mr. Isaac Shove.

An orphan he ; yet rich in expectations,
Which nobody seem'd likely to supplant,
From that prodigious *bore* of all relations,
A fusty, canting, stiff-rump'd, maiden aunt ;
The wealthy Miss Lucretia Cloghorthy,
Who had brought Isaac up, and *own'd* to forty !

Shove on this maiden's will relied securely ;
Who vow'd she ne'er would wed, to mar his
riches ;
Full often would she say of man, demurely,
" I can't abide the filthy things in breeches !"

He had apartments up two pair of stairs :
 On the first floor lodged Doctor Crow ;
 The landlord was a torturer of hairs,
 And made a grand display of wigs below,
 From the beau's brutus, to the parson's frizzle.
 Over the door-way was his name ; 'twas Twizzle.

Now you must know,
 This Dr. Crow
 Was not of law, nor music, nor divinity ;
 He was obstetric : but the fact is,
 He didn't in Lucina's turnpike practise ;
 He took by-roads—reducing ladies' shapes,
 Who had secur'd themselves from—leading apes,
 But kept the reputation of virginity.

Crow had a roomy tenement of brick,
 Inclos'd with walls, one mile from Hyde-park
 Corner ;
 Fir-trees, and yews, were planted round it thick :
 No situation was *forlorn* !
 Yet, notwithstanding folks might scout it,
 It suited squalmish spinsters, who fell sick,
 And did not wish the world to know about it.

Here many a single gentlewoman came,
 Pro tempore—full tender of their fame !
 Who, for a while, took leave of friends in town,
 “ Business, forsooth, to Yorkshire call'd her down,
 Too weighty to be settled by attorney !”
 And, in a month or six weeks' time, came back ;
 When ev'ry body cried, “ Good luck,
 How monstrous *thin* you've grown, upon your
 journey !”

The Doctor, knowing that a puff of scandal
 Would blow his private trade to tatters,
 Dreaded to give the smallest handle
 To those who dabble in their neighbour's matters.

Therefore he wisely held it good
To hold his practice from the neighbourhood,
And not appear there as a resident;
But merely one, who casually went
To see the ladies in the large brick house,
To lounge and chat, not minding time a sous,
Like one to whom all business was quite foreign;
And thus he visited his female sick,
Who lay as thick,
Within his tenement of brick,
As rabbits in a warren.

He lodg'd in Covent-garden all the while;
And, if they sent in haste for his assistance,
He soon was with them—'twas no mighty distance;
From the town's end, it was but bare a mile.

Now, Isaac Shove
Living above
This Dr. Crow,
And knowing barber Twizzle liv'd below,
Thought it might be as well,
Hearing so many knocks, single and double,
To buy, at his own cost, a street-door bell,
And save confusion in the house, and trouble!
Whereby his (Isaac's) visitors might know,
Without long waiting in the dirt and drizzle,
To ring for him at once, and not to knock for Crow,
Or Twizzle.

Besides, he now began to feel
The want of it was rather *ungenteel*;
For he had often thought it a disgrace
To hear, while sitting in his room above,
Twizzle's shrill maid, in the first landing-place,
Screaming—"A man below wants Mister Shove!"

The bell was bought : the wire was made to steal
Round the dark staircase, like a tortur'd eel,
Twisting and twining.

The jemmy handle Twizzle's door-post grac'd :
And, just beneath, a brazen plate was plac'd,
Lacquer'd and shining :

Graven whereon, in characters full clear,
And legible, did " Mr. Shove " appear ;
And, farthermore, which you might read right well,
Was—" Please to ring the bell."

At half past ten, precisely, to a second,
Shove, ev'ry night, his supper ended ;
And sipp'd his glass of negus, till he reckon'd,
By his stop-watch, exactly one more quarter :
Then, as exactly, he untied one garter ;
A token 'twas, that he for bed intended.

Yet, having still a quarter good before him,
He leisurely undress'd before the fire ;
Contriving, as the quarter did expire,
To be as naked as his mother bore him,
Bating his shirt, and night-cap on his head ;
Then, as the watchman bawl'd eleven,
He had one foot in bed ;
More certainly than cuckolds go to heav'n.

Alas ! what pity 'tis, that regularity,
Like Isaac Shove's, is such a rarity !
But there are willing wights in London town,
Term'd Jolly Dogs, Choice Spirits, alias Swine,
Who pour, in midnight revel, bumpers down,
Making their throats a thoroughfare for wine.

Thus spendthrifts, who life's pleasures thus outrun,
Dosing, with head-achs, till the afternoon ;
Lose half men's regular estate of sun,
By borrowing too largely of the moon.

One of this kidney, Toby Tossopot hight,
 Was coming from the Bedford, late at night ;
 And being *Bacchi plenus*, full of wine,
 Although he had a tolerable notion
 Of aiming at progressive motion,
 'Twas not direct, 'twas serpentine.
 He work'd, with sinuosities, along ;
 Like Monsieur Corkscrew, worming thro' a cork ;
 Not straight, like Corkscrew's proxy, Don Prong,
 A fork !

At length, with four bottles in his pate,
 He saw the moon shining on Shove's brass plate :

When, reading " Please to ring the bell,"
 And being civil, beyond measure,
 " Ring it !" says Toby, " very well,
 I'll ring it with a deal of pleasure."

Toby, the kindest soul in all the town,
 Gave it a jerk that almost jerk'd it down.
 He waited full two minutes, no one came ;
 He waited full two minutes more, and then,
 Says Toby, " If he's deaf, I'm not to blame !
 I'll pull it for the gentleman again."

But the first peal woke Isaac in a fright ;
 Who quick as lightning, popping up his head,
 Sat on his head's antipodes, in bed,
 Pale as a parsnip, bolt upright.

At length he, wisely, to himself did say,
 Calming his fears,
 " Tush ! 'tis some fool has rung and ran away !"
 When peal the second rattl'd in his ears.

Shove jump'd into the middle of the floor ;
 And trembling at each breath of air that stirr'd,
 He grop'd down stairs, and open'd the street-door,
 While Toby was performing peal the third !

Isaac ey'd Toby fearfully askant ;
And saw he was a strapper, stout and tall ;
Then put this question, " Pray, Sir, what d'ye
want ?"
Says Toby, " I want nothing, Sir, at all."

" Want nothing, Sir ! you've pull'd my bell, I vow,
As if you'd jerk it off the wire !"
Quoth Toby, gravely making him a bow,
" I pull'd it, Sir, at your desire."

" At mine ?"—" Yes, yours ! I hope I've done it
well !
High time for bed, Sir, I was hast'ning to it ;
But if you write up, ' Please to ring the bell,'
Common politeness makes me stop and do it."

Isaac, now waxing wrath apace,
Slamm'd the street-door in Toby's face,
With all his might ;
And Toby, as he shut it, swore,
He was a dirty son of—something more
Than delicacy suffers me to write ;

And, lifting up the knocker, gave a knock,
So long and loud, it might have rais'd the dead !
Twizzle declares, his house sustain'd a shock,
Enough to shake his lodgers out of bed :

Toby, his rage thus vented in the rap,
Went serpentining home to take his nap.

'Tis now high time to let you know,
That the obstetric Dr. Crow
Awoke in the beginning of this matter,
By Toby's tintinnabularly clatter ;

And, knowing that the bell belong'd to Shove,
He listen'd in his bed, but did not move:

He only could apostrophise,
Sending to hell
Shove and his bell,
That wouldn't let him close his eyes.

But when he heard a thund'ring knock, says he,
"That's certainly a messenger for me!

Somebody ill at the Brick-house, no doubt!"
Then mutter'd, hurrying on his dressing-gown,
"I wish my ladies out of town
Chose more convenient times for crying out!"

Crow, in the dark, now reach'd the staircase head;
Shove, in the dark, was coming up to bed.
A combination of ideas flocking
Upon the pericranium of Crow,
Occasion'd by the hasty knocking,
Succeeded by a foot he heard below.

He did, as many folks are apt to do,
Who argue in the dark, and in confusion;
That is, from this hypothesis he drew
A false conclusion:
Concluding Shove to be the person sent,
With an express from the Brick Tenement;
Whom Barber Twizzle, torturer of hairs,
Had civilly let in, and sent up stairs.

As Shove came up, tho' he had long time kept
His character for patience, very laudably;
He couldn't help, at ev'ry step he stepp'd,
Grunting and grumbling in his gizzard, audibly.

For Isaac's mental feelings, you must know,
Not only were considerably hurt,
But his corporeal also—
Having no other clothing than a shirt :
A dress beyond all doubt most light and airy,
It being then a frost in January !

When Shove was deep down stairs, the Doctor heard,
—Being much nearer the stair-top—
Just here and there, a random word,
Of the soliloquies that Shove let drop.

But shortly by progression brought
The contact nearer,
The Doctor, consequently, heard him clearer ;
And then the fag-end of this sentence caught,

Which Shove repeated warmly, tho' he shiver'd—
“ Damn Twizzle's house ! and damn the bell !
And damn the fool who rang it ! Well,
From all such plagues I'll quickly be deliver'd ! ”

“ What ! quickly be deliver'd ? ” echoes Crow,
“ Who is it ? come ! be sharp ! reply ! reply !
Who wants to be deliver'd, let me know ? ”
Recovering his surprise, Shove answer'd—“ I ! ”

“ You be *deliver'd* ! ” says the Doctor,—“ 'Sblood ! ”
Hearing a man's gruff voice—“ You lout, you
lob !
You be deliver'd !—Come, that's very good ! ”
Says Shove, “ I will, so help me, Bob ! ”

“ Fellow ! ” cried Crow, “ you're drunk with filthy
beer ;
A drunkard, fellow, is a brute's next neighbour !
But Miss Cloghorty's time was very near ;
And, I suppose, Lucretia's now in labour ! ”

“Zounds!” bellows Shove, with rage and wonder wild,
“Why, then, my *maiden* aunt is—*big* with child!”

Here was, at once, a sad discov’ry made;
Lucretia’s frolic now was past a joke;
Shove trembled for his fortune, Crow his trade;
Both, both, saw ruin, by one fatal stroke!

But with his aunt, when Isaac did discuss,
She hush’d the matter up, by speaking thus:

“Sweet Isaac!” said Lucretia, “spare my fame;
Tho’ for my babe, I feel as should a mother,
Your fortune will continue much the same;
For (keep the secret) you’re his *Elder Brother*!”

THE FARMER AND HIS DOG.

A COUNTRY Farmer to market would jog,
With his trusty old servant, a favourite dog;
This dog by fidelity gain’d great fame,
And they used to call him old Cuckold by name:
When near home this old Cuckold was always inclin’d
To run off and leave his old master behind;
One day, as the dog and his master were out,
And the children, as usual, were playing about,
The dog was espied by the children at play,
When anxiously one to his mother did say,
“O mother, here’s Cuckold a-running so fast!”
“Aye!” says she, “then your father’s a-coming
at last!”

THE POET AND STRAW.—A FABLE.

ON Richmond hill, with doublet bare,
A hungry poet takes the air :
The air on Richmond hill, though good,
And excellent cameleon food,
Is rather of too thin a nature
For a beef-loving, two-legg'd creature.
Our poet stops, he looks around,
And murmurs thus in doleful sound :
“ While Plenty o'er the landscape reigns,
Shall bards alone feel meagre pains ?
Ah ! what avails, if in the town
My madrigals acquir'd renown ;
If, stranger to all-powerful coin,
I seldom taste the rich sirloin ;
If, for the produce of my brain,
I meet from money'd fools disdain ?—
In vain the laurel crowns my brows ;
What crowns my pocket ?—not one sous :
Of bay or laurel where the use is ?
Nor bay nor laurel fruit produces :
I've Fame pursu'd, and now I've caught her,
She proves mere moonshine in the water :
How much happier the unletter'd glutton,
Who can indulge on beef and mutton !
How curs'd each servant of the Nine !
I'd rather be a fool, and dine.”
He said, and, to his great surprise,
Beneath his feet a straw replies :
“ Ah ! hapless bard, look down and see
Thy striking emblem here in me ;
Despis'd by those to whom my head
Furnish'd the staff of living—bread :
That gain'd, behold me here cast down,
Trod on by ev'ry sordid clown :

Just so the bard, who from his brain
The hungry mind can entertain,
Is soon neglected and forgot,
A barren praise his hapless lot,
To Fame becomes an empty bubble,
Trod on by fools, like straw or stubble."

PARISH TITHES.

THE parson of a pleasant village,
Who had other tithes besides of tillage,
Being in a merry mood one day,
Thus to his clerk did gaily say:
"Uriah, I am told, thou art
A fornicating clerk at heart:
Now, if thou'lt own the dames thou'st kiss'd,
I'll tell thee honestly my list."
"With all my soul," the clerk replies;
"Old Nick take him the first that lies."
To prove their work, they early go,
Each takes his desk—and as each do
Come into church, he who has known
The lady gay, or fair, or brown,
Must stroke his chin, and call out *Hem!*
And t'other must reply, *Amen!*
The clerk, thus leaning on his Psalms,
The parson, without any qualms,
Lolls on his Bible, waiting keen
To *hem* at the first lady seen.
The 'squire's wife, demure and sly,
Enters the first; the parson's eye
Fixes on her—he *hems*. Another,
Supporting her aged mother,
Attracts the parson's quick attention;
Twice he *hemm'd*—I shall not mention

The qualities and generous faces
Of all the parson's village graces :
Suffice it then to say, eleven
Came in ; he *hemm'd*, the clerk said, " Heav'n !"
Twelve more appear'd ; he did afford
Twelve *hems*—Uriah cried, " O Lord !"
Next was the lawyer's wife—a fair one—
He *hemm'd*—the clerk cried, " Thou'rt a rare one !"
At length, quite sober, sleek, and thin,
The parson's pretty wife came in ;
The parson *hemm'd*—the clerk *hemm'd* too ;
" Zounds !" cries the priest, " that can't be true !"
" Not true ! why not ? you may condemn,
But Old Nick have me, but 'tis—*hem* !"

TO MR. R.

Laid up with a Fit of the Gout.

THERE is a magic in sweet sounds,
Which draws forth ev'ry thing but pounds.
By magic song's commanding tune,
Medea could unhinge the moon.
At old Amphion's plastic call
The stones jump'd up, and form'd a wall ;
The priests' loud horns began to blow—
Down went the walls of Jericho :
The sailors, people not renown'd
For nice intelligence of sound,
Chuck'd poor Arion fairly o'er,
To swim, at least, nine leagues to shore.
Down fiddle went, and fiddler—pish !
He got a-horseback on a fish !
You see the force of music here,
Your dolphins have a charming ear.

Young Orpheus, whom you oft have seen
In playhouse suit of lightest green,
Scarce sweetly swept the whizzing wire,
When, at the magic of his lyre,
From cunning trap-doors of the earth,
Sprang trees of instantaneous birth ;
While all responsive to his airs,
Leapt bulls, and wolves, and dancing bears.
When David sung, what some folks call
(See Doctor Brown) the *Cure of Saul*,
He touch'd the monarch to the quick,
Like Orpheus when he sooth'd *Old Nick*.
A foaming wolf, relentless, fierce,
Who never heard one word of verse,
Came rushing from a neighbouring wood,
Just where the careless poet stood ;
But Horace* (was he much to blame ?)
Humm'd a short ode—the wolf grew tame,
And went as empty as he came.
Strange pow'r of verse in ancient times !
Lost in our luckless land of rhymes.
All things are tending to decay,
Poor Nature's in a palsied way.
Now kings may *touch*, and *touch* again,
The *royal evil* will remain ;
And modern bards, and sceptred kings,
Are equally *ungifted* things.
Not all the laws we laymen make,
Can charm away the belly-ache.
Can numbers numb the twinging gout,
And bring the cripple dancing out ?
Say, can I soothe, with carol sweet,
The *Cerberus* who guards the *Fleet* ?
Can I, by rhyme's harmonious aid,
Charm *Argus turnkeys* from their trade ?

Their mind on other passions rolls,
They have no music in their souls.
While on their accents senates hung,
When Rhet'ric spoke from Tully's tongue,
While he pursu'd his surest art,
To wind him into Cæsar's heart,
As if the words had pierc'd his soul,
The artful Cæsar dropp'd his scroll.
Wonders we cannot work like these,
Say what you list, say what you please,
J——n will hear, yet keep his keys.
Say, will my song, *da-capo'd* o'er,
Piano soft, *andante* roar,
Though even Handel set the air,
Call up one tree to shade the *bare* ?
Though I burst both my cheeks for spite,
And blow aloud from morn to night,
The trumpet, flute, and horn, and all—
The devil of a brick will fall ;
And poetry like mine, I trust,
Can neither raise a wall nor crust.
In that loose cash, however strong,
Who'll take the payment of a song ?
What wolf will now forego his prey
For all that I can sing or say ?
My rhymes, alas ! will *catch no fish*,
To swim in sauce upon my dish !
And for *these* notes, however clear,
Will the next Dolphin * give me beer ?
Alas ! my friend, how vain our boast !
The ancients still must rule the roast :
They could raise walls by music's spell,
Bring trees from earth, and wives from hell :
But fruitless you may pipe and thrum ;
Nor wives, nor trees, nor walls will come.

* A public-house on Ludgate-hill.

Though you, like Phœbus, sweetly sing,
Though I should soar on Pindar's wing,
Yet neither tune nor words avail ;
The gout's a gout, the jail's a jail.
What is't to us, or prose or rhyme,
My measur'd verse, your measur'd time ?
Have we not lost all use of *feet*,
You in the *gout*, I in the *Fleet* ?

TYTHE IN KIND ;—OR, THE SOW'S REVENGE.

NOT far from London liv'd a boor,
Who fed three dozen hogs or more ;
Alike, remote from care and strife,
He crack'd his joke, and lov'd his wife.
Madge, like all women, fond of sway,
Was pleas'd whene'er she had her way ;
And wives will think I deal in fiction,
But seldom met with contradiction :
Then stubborn as the swine she fed,
She neither would be driven nor led ;
And Goodman Hodge, who knew her whim,
Was kind, nor row'd against the stream.

Subdu'd by Nature's primal law,
Young sows are ever in the straw ;
Each week, so genial fate decreed,
Produc'd a new and numerous breed.
Whene'er they came, sedate and kind,
The Vicar was not far behind :
Of pigs, the worth and prime he knew ;
And, parson-like, would have his due.
He watch'd the hour with anxious ken ;
His heart grew warm at number ten :
The young pigs he vow'd the sweeter ;
And scarce allow'd them time to litter.

One morn, with smile and bow polite,
From Hodge he claim'd his custom'd right ;
But first inquir'd, in accents mild,
How far'd the darling wife and child ;
How apples, pears, and turnips grew ;
And if the ale were old or new.

Hodge, who from custom, took the hint,
Knew 'twas in vain a priest to stint ;
And, while his rev'rence took his swig,
Hodge stepp'd aside, and brought the pig.
"Humph!" cried the parson, "let us see
This offering to the church and me !
I fear, my friend, 'twill never do ;
Methinks 'tis lean and sickly too.
Time out of mind 't has been confess'd,
Parsons should ever claim the best."
This said, he ey'd it o'er and o'er,
Stamp'd, set his wig, and all but—swore.
"Such pigs for me ! why, man alive,
Ne'er from this moment hope to thrive ;
Think you, for this, I preach and pray ?
Hence ! bring me better tythes, I say !"

Hodge heard, and, though by nature warm,
Replied—"Kind sir, I meant no harm :
Since what I proffer you refuse,
The sty is open, pick and choose."
Pleas'd with the offer, in he goes,
His heart with exultation glows ;
He rolls his eyes, his lips he licks ;
And scarce can tell on which to fix :
At length he cries, "Heaven save the king !
This rogue in black is just the thing !
Hence shall I gain a rich regale"—
Nor more ; but seiz'd it by the tail.

Loud squeak'd the pig ; the sow was near,
The piercing sound assail'd her ear !

Eager to save her darling young,
Fierce on the bending priest she sprung :
Full in the mire his rev'rence cast ;
Then seiz'd his breech, and held him fast.
The parson roar'd ; surpris'd to find
A foe so desp'rate close behind.
On Hodge, on Madge, he calls for aid ;
But both were deaf to all he said.

The scene a numerous circle draws ;
Who hail'd the sow with loud applause :
Pleas'd, they beheld his rev'rence writhe ;
And swore 'twas fairly tythe for tythe.
" Tythe !" cried the parson, " Tythe d'ye say ?
See here, one half is rent away !"

The case, 'tis true, was most forlorn ;
His gown, his wig, his breech, were torn :
And, what the mildest priest might ruffle,
The pig was lost amid the scuffle.
" Give, give me which you please !" he cried ;
" Nay, pick and choose !" still Hodge replied.
" Choose ! honest friend : alas ! but how ?
Heaven shield me from your murd'ring sow !
When tythes invite, in spite of foes,
I dare take Satan by the nose ;
Like Theseus, o'er the Styx I'd venture,
But who that dreadful sty would enter ?
Yet, while there's hope the prize to win,
By Heav'n ! to leave it were a sin."
This said, he arms his breast with rage,
And half resolves the foe t'engage.
Spite of the parson's angry mood,
The fearless sow collected stood ;
And seem'd to wait the proffer'd war,
With—Touch them, scoundrel, if you dare !

*His last resource the parson tries,
Hems, strokes his chin ; and gravely cries—*

“ Ye swains support your injur'd priest ;
Secure the pig, and share the feast.”
Staunch to his friend was every swain ;
Strange though it seem, the bribe was vain :
And Hodge, who saw them each refuse,
Exclaim'd, in triumph, “ Pick and choose !”
The parson's heart grew warm with ire ;
Yet pride forbade him to retire.

What numbers can his spleen declare !
Denied, for once, his darling fare.
How shall he meet the dreadful frown
Of madam, in the grogram gown :
Who, eager for his promis'd treat,
Already turns the useless spit ?
“ Wretch !” he exclaims, with voice profound,
“ Can no remorse thy conscience wound ?
May all the woes th' ungodly dread,
Fall thick on thy devoted head !
May'st thou in ev'ry wish be cross'd ;
May all thy hoarded wealth be lost !
May'st thou on weeds and offals dine ;
Nor ale, nor pudding, e'er be thine !”

Hodge, who with laughter held his sides,
The parson's wrath in sport derides :
“ No time in idle preaching lose,
The sty is open—pick and choose !”
Loud plaudits rose from every tongue ;
Heaven's concave with the plaudits rung :
Impatient of the last huzza,
The tytheless parson sneak'd away !

THE STROLLING PLAYER.—A TALE.

A STROLLING player, as story tells,
If truth in modern story dwells,

Stood once proclaiming Richard's fate
Hard by an honest farmer's gate ;
And saw the clowns with pleasure come,
Who heard the beating of the drum :
For country actors round about,
Whene'er their cash and credit's out,
Or when his worship shall determine
To drive them out, like other vermin,
'Then some poor youth, who fain would sup,
For sixpence takes the drum-sticks up,
And gladly rambles up and down,
To beat the play through half the town ;
And oft this man, by hunger prest,
Is better paid than all the rest——
But as our present mouth-piece stood,
And curdled ev'ry rustic's blood,
Exerted all his might and pow'r,
On Henry's murder in the Tower ;
How Glo'ster basely took his life,
And after married Edward's wife,
Then quickly stopp'd his nephews' breath,
By vilely stifling them to death ;
With many other horrid crimes,
Whose mention shocks the latest times !
Till Richmond nobly made him yield,
And kill'd the wretch in Bosworth field :
The honest farmer, sighing, said,
" What ways there are of getting bread !
I dare say, friend, you'd think it hard
To work in any farmer's yard ;
Yet tell me, though you speak so fine,
Whose trade is better, yours or mine ?
Is any fellow in your station
Of half our value to the nation ?
And yet at us you toss your nose,
Whene'er you get a rag of clothes ;

With saucy jests presume to flout us,
Although you could not eat without us:
In London I have seen the players
In better waistcoats than our mayors;
Nay, I declare it on my word,
I've seen an actor wear a sword;
And not a creature in the town,
Would ever knock the fellow down,
Although the puppy had began
To think himself a gentleman:
When but the very summer after
(I scarce can mention it for laughter)
He came among the country boors,
And beat just such a drum as yours:
What can you say?" the farmer cried,
When thus our orator replied:—
"Sir, if my word you'll please to trust,
I own your censure often just:
Experience ev'ry day declares
The foolish pride of many play'rs;
And some, perhaps, but let that rest,
Whose lives are not the very best;
But though this truth on some may fall,
The censure ne'er can reach to all.
A rascal howsoever drawn,
Had been a rascal clad in lawn;
And worth will ev'ry eye engage,
Though fortune place it on the stage.
Professions, sir, you never find
Have chang'd the temper of the mind;
And if a man, genteelly bred,
A faultless life has ever led,
Why will your censure wish to blame
The merit justice would proclaim?
I need not say what native fires,
Or judgment, such a life requires:

A truth like this I need not smother,
They're higher much than any other :
And if sometimes we meet with losses,
(All men are liable to crosses)
Why is an actor's made a jest,
When pity smiles on all the rest ?
Had fortune burnt your haggards down,
You, sir, had work'd about the town,
Had beat a drum, or acted worse,
Without a sixpence in your purse."
Here paus'd the youth, the farmer turn'd,
Whose breast with true good nature burn'd,
" Of all thy trade, I ne'er espied
A man possess so little pride :
I ask thy pardon, honest youth,
Thou hast spoke nothing but the truth ;
And while with us you choose to stay,
I beg thou'lt see me ev'ry day ;
Nor blush if e'er thou art distress'd,
To be an honest farmer's guest.
A man I dare be sworn thou art
Blest with a very noble heart.
And hark'ee—nay—but this way stand,
Here, take a guinea in thy hand ;
Had I been in thy place, I see,
You would have acted just like me."

THE TWO STAMMERERS.

WHILE others fluent verse abuse,
And prostitute the comic muse :
In less indecent manner, I
Her comic ladyship will try.
*Oh ! let my prayer, bright maid, avail,
Grant inspiration to my tale !*

A tale, both comical and new,
And with a swinging moral too.

In a small quiet country town
Liv'd Hob, a blunt but honest clown ;
Who, spite of all the school could teach,
From habit stammer'd in his speech ;
And second nature, soon, we're sure,
Confirm'd the case beyond a cure.
Ask him to say hot rolls and butter ;
" A hag-a-gag," and " splitter splutter,"
Stopp'd every word he strove to utter.
It happen'd once upon a time—
I word it thus to suit my rhyme ;
For all our country neighbours know,
It can't be twenty years ago—
Our sturdy ploughman, apt to strike,
Was busy delving at his dyke ;
Which, let me not forget to say,
Stood close behind a public way ;
And, as he lean'd upon his spade,
Reviewing o'er the work he'd made :
A youth, a stranger in that place,
Stood right before him, face to face—
" P-p-p-p-p-pray," says he,
" How f-f-f-f-far may't be
To-to" the words would not come out—
" T-o Borough bridge, or thereabout ?"
Our clown took huff, thrice hemm'd upon't,
Then smelt a kind of an affront ;
Thought he—This bluff, fool-hardy fellow,
A little crack'd, perhaps, or mellow,
Knowing my tongue an inch too short,
Is come to flier and make his sport ;
Wauns ! if I thought he meant to quarrel,
I'd hoop the roynish rascal's barrel !
If me he means or dares deride,
By all that's good I'll tan his hide !

I'll dress his vile calf's-skin in buff;
And thrash it tender, where 'tis tough."
Thus, full resolv'd, he stood aloof;
And waited mute for farther proof;
While t'other, in a kind of pain,
Applied him to his tongue again—

"Speak, friend, c-c-c-c-can you pray,
Sh-sh-sh-show me—on my—way?
Nay, spe-e-eak!—I'll smoke thy bacon!
You have a t-tongue, or I'm mistaken!"

"Yes, that, th-that I-I-I-have;
But not for y-y-you—you knave!"
"What!" cried the stranger, "wh-wh-what!
D'ye mock me? T-t-take you that!"
"Huh! you mock me!" quoth Hob, amain;
"So t-t-take you—that again!"
Then to't they fell, in furious plight;
While each one thought himself i'th' right:
And, if you dare believe my song,
They likewise thought each other wrong.
The battle o'er—and somewhat cool—
Each half suspects himself a fool;
For when to choler folks incline 'em,
Your argumentum baculinum,
Administer'd in dose terrific,
Was ever held a grand specific!

Each word the combatants now utter'd
Conviction brought that both dolts stutter'd,
And each assum'd a look as stupid,
As, after combat, looks Dan Cupid:
Each scratch'd his silly head, and thought
He'd argue ere again he fought.

Hence I this moral shall deduce—
Would anger deign to sign a truce,
Till Reason could discover truly
Why this mad madam were unruly,
*So well she would explain their words,
Men little use could find for swords.*

THE DISAPPOINTED HUSBAND.

A SCOLDING wife so long a sleep possess'd,
Her spouse presum'd her soul was now at rest :
Sable was call'd to hang the room with black,
And all their cheer was sugar-rolls and sack.
Two mourning staffs stood sentry at the door,
And silence reign'd, who ne'er was there before.
The cloaks and tears, and handkerchiefs prepar'd
They march'd in solemn pomp to the church-yard
When see of narrow streets what mischiefs come
The very dead can't pass in quiet home ;
By some rude jolt the coffin lid was broke,
And madam from her dream of death awoke !
Now all was spoil'd ! the undertaker's pay,
Sour faces, cakes, and wine, quite thrown away.
But some years after, when the former scene
Was acted, and the coffin nail'd again,
The tender husband took especial care
To keep the passage from disturbance clear ;
Charging the bearers that they tread aright,
Nor put his dear in such another fright.

THE MIDNIGHT MAGISTRATE.

THE candle shines out when bright Phœbus is gone
And at night Mr. Constable's great as Sir John
Enthron'd here he sits, 'mid his myrmidon band
With his powerful peace-keeping staff in his hand
While some of his cruisers before him are hawling
An amorous couple surpris'd caterwauling.
Against the young rake-hell one loudly complains
How his lantern he broke, and half beat o'
brains.

You're try'd and convicted or a
Yet because in your garb you go
And to show I'm a magistrate fit
Give the man half-a-crown for a
ter,
And somewhat for drinking, and
master."
Thus one cull acquitted, the conf
Is despatch'd with a charge to de

MY UNCLE.

Who lives where hangs three gold
Where Dick's poor mother often
And leaves her tippets, muffs, and

Who, when you're short of the sh
Nose starving for ———

Who takes my saucepan full of holes,
And shoes in want of better soles,
To raise the dust to buy the coals ?

My Uncle.

Who takes the linen, torn and soil'd,
And cradle, piddled till it's spoil'd ;
In short, takes all except the child ?

My Uncle.

Who, when the wretch is sunk in grief,
And none beside will yield relief,
Will aid the honest or the thief ?

My Uncle.

Yet when detection threatens law,
Who hidden stores will open draw,
That future rogues may stand in awe ?

My Uncle.

Who, Fortune's golden glare withdrawn,
When sycophants no longer fawn,
Takes all but honour into pawn ?

My Uncle.

Who cares not what distress may bring,
If stolen from beggar or from king,
And like the sea, takes every thing ?

My Uncle.

Who does all this, and thinks 't no sin,
And would he yield a glass of gin,
Would take the very devil in ?

My Uncle.

Bought wisdom is the best, 'tis clear,
And since 'tis better as more dear,
We for high prices should revere

My Uncle.

Corinna could not promenade,
And 'gan to fume and fret.

The fisher cried, " Give o'er the sple
We are both in one line ;
You spread your net upon the Steyn
Why may not I spread mine ?

" Two of a trade can ne'er agree,
'Tis that which makes you sore ;
I fish for flat fish in the sea,
And you upon the shore."

WHAT GOOD WIVES SHOULD BE LI
WHAT NOT LIKE.

GOOD wives to snails should be a-kin,
Always their houses keep within ;
But not to carry (fashion's hacks !)

THE BROKEN PITCHER.

DAME KNOWALL sent brisk Kate her daughter,
With pitcher to the well for water ;
She met young Davy at the well,
They'd often done *what I won't tell* :
And as they both did frisk and joke,
The pitcher was thrown down and broke.
Kate took the pieces, home she goes,
The fragments to her mother shows.
"Mother," says she, "the proverb's past,
My pitcher's come home broke, at last."
"Yes," says the Dame, "I see too well,
I think your *waist* begins to *swell*."

THE HAPPY PAIR; OR BOTH OF ONE MIND.

WHO says my lord and lady disagree ?
A *pair* more like in all *things* cannot be.
My lord will often *curse* the marriage chain ;
My lady wishes it unloos'd again.
Ever with rakes, my lord is *ne'er* at home :
Ever engag'd, my lady likes his room.
He swears his *boy* is not his *real son* ;
My lady thinks it is not all his own.
He'll have a *sep'rate bed* ;—'Tis *her* desire ;
Sheets warm'd, bed made, the *smiling pair retire* :
The *cause*, tho' *hidden*, yet the *same* their *want* ;
He sends for *miss*, and *she* for her *gallant*.

If *union*, then, makes *bless'd* the *marriage life*,
The *same* the *husband*, and the *same* the *wife* ;
If in *two* breasts one mind gives joy sincere,
What *two* more *happy* than this *happy pair* ?

THE OLD CHEESE.

POOR Tom, who all the village knows
Is snubb'd and drubb'd too by his spouse,
Got leave one day some friends should come
To dine, and he be lord at home.
He d—d the cook, curs'd geese and pease,
"Take 'em away, and bring the cheese."
She scarce could bear, but went her way,
To where her cudgel us'd to lay.
She held it, by her guests unseen :
"Is this old cheese, love, that you mean ?"
"No, put it by," he says, "my dear,
We'll e'en make shift with what is here."

THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY, IN IMITATION OF THE FAMOUS SOLILOQUY OF HAMLET.

To wed, or not to wed—that is the question :
Whether it is better still to rove at large
From fair to fair, amid the wilds of passion,
Or plunge at once into a sea of marriage,
And quench our fires ?—To marry—take a wife—
No more—and by a wife to say we quell
Those restless ardours, all those nat'ral tumults
That flesh is heir to ;—'tis a consolation
Devoutly to be wish'd.—Marry—a wife,
A wife—perchance a devil :—ay, there's the rub ;
For 'mong that angel sex what devils are found,
When they have shuffled off the virgin mask,
Must give us pause.—There's the respect
That keeps a prudent man so long a bachelor ;
For who would bear the taunts of longing maids,
The harlot's impudence, the prude's disdain,

The pangs of love despis'd, coquettes' delay,
 The insolence of beauty, and the spurns
 Which merit bears, when fools become their fav'rites;
 When he himself might his *quietus* make
 With one kind woman!—Say, what youth could bear
 To wish and sigh alone the weary night,
 To dangle after belles, coquettes, and wenches,
 But that the dread of something after honey-moon,
 (That gaily fleeting period, whose sweet joys
 Few loves, alas! survive) puzzles the will,
 And bids us rather linger in the path,
 The well known simple path of single life,
 Than tempt the dark perplexed ways of wedlock!
 Thus forethought does made bach'lors of us all:
 And hence the face of many a willing maid
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of languishment;
 And many a youth of no small pith and moment,
 With this regard, spends all his days in whoring,
 And damns the name of husband.

BREECHES.—AN ODE.

ON some high mountain's rugged top sublime,
 Where mortal tyrant never trod,
 Through all the rounds of time,
 Free as the unpolluted clod,
 Fain would I sit, *bare-breech'd*! most fitly so,
 That the free wind might blow.

Its welcome rude, changing the native hue
 Of those unclothed parts from red to blue,
 And every rainbow tint and dye,
 Making sweet variety.

*I love such honest freedom, better far
 Than the false sunshine of the court, or smile*

Breeches are masks, which no
If all were honest, all were fai
Naked truth needs no disguise
Falsehood, then, in breeches li
Therefore I love them not,—
But him most honest hold who 's i

When thus bare-breech'd on h
Upon the mountain's top, 'mid p
Thinking sublimer thoughts, I
Ask you what I do there?
Why, I would say and I would si
Whate'er to sing or say I list,
Till that ' the winds, in wonder
Listen'd to my minstrelsing :
And when ended was my strain,
I'd walk down again !

"Now, goody,—now, goody,—what are you about?"

I cried as I came near;
But she took no heed of me, indeed,
Just as if she didn't hear.

But she said her say, and mumbled away,
As no one had been by;
And she look'd like a witch, if she dropp'd a stitch,
And cried, "Worse luck for I."

And I marked the goose-quill by her side,
In which her needle was plac'd;
And I thought of the goose from whence it came,
And which had a savoury taste.

But whilst I ponder'd how my thoughts
Mote best resolved be,
The old wither'd hag, in her patch'd red rag,
Most strangely vanish'd from me:

For she rose from her seat, and walk'd into her shed,
As another old woman would do;
When a witch might as well have walk'd on her head,
Or on a broomstick flew.

And never, oh never, have I seen,
Ever since that terrible day,
The old wither'd hag, in her black and red rag,
Or the stocking she bore away!

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

THUS sung the Bard of old, and deem'd no fool,
"Sweet are the uses of Adversity!"
A Dame who kicketh from your rump your stool,
And, savage, showeth not one grain of mercy t'ye!

Bids all your fancied-dearest friends turn tale,
Greets with wir'd whips, and blesses with a jail !

O Mistress of this wisdom-teaching Pain,
With Pill'ry, Gibbet, Famine, in thy train,
Go, knock, God bless thee, knock at others' doors;
By all my fav'rite gods of prose and rhyme,
I feel not thy philosophy sublime—
Go, seek the Zealot who thy stripes implores.

Go, thunder at another's house thy strife ;
Snatch from a husband's happy arms a wife ;
Blot from his soul each glimm'ring ray of hope !
Rack all his lovely daughters with disease ;
Poison his son, and, more thy rage to please,
Present the fainting father with a rope !

But let me keep wife, children, peace, and land,—
And learn thy lessons all at second hand.

My taste is dull—yes, vastly dull, indeed !
I hate to see a brother mortal bleed ;
I hate to hear a gentle nature groan,
And, Goddess, more especially my own.

Yes, yes, Heav'n knows my taste is more confin'd ;
Prefers the Zephyr to the howling wind ;
Prefers too, such my star's unlucky blunder,
One hour's bright calm to months of cloud and
thunder.

Thou possibly mayst be a good physician,
But, *certainly*, dost not know my weak condition.
Blisters, and scarifying, and spare diet,
Would set my nervous system in a riot ;
Rich cordial draughts would answer best, I trow,
Made up by Messieurs Hammersly and Co.

Thine iron scourge would really act in vain,
So apt am I to make wry mouths at pain ;
At disappointment much inclin'd to moan.
Whenever then, O Goddess, things we see,
That with one's nature so much disagree,
Methinks 'twere better they were let alone.

To tumble from a house, or from a tower,
And break a luckless brace of legs and arms,
Would make one look most miserably sour ;
Yet there are men who deem all these no harms.

Then seek them, Goddess — souse them on the stones,
And, for their godly comfort, crack their bones.
If, in a well-stuff'd coach, well overset,
A broken leg, and thigh, and arm, I get,
I am not, I confess, of that pure leaven,
To crawl out on my hands and knees, and say,
Grace-like, " For what I have receiv'd this day,
I humbly thank thee, O most gracious Heav'n ! "

O Mistress of the terrifying mien,
The boatswain's deep-ton'd voice and brawny
arm !

O be not within leagues of Peter seen ;
Thy cat-o'-nine-tails cannot, cannot charm.
A stupid scholar, Goddess, I shall be ;
Thy conversations are too deep for me.

Yes, Madam, you are too sublime a dame
For Peter's company, I speak with shame—
A little winning wench contenteth me,
'Clep'd Fortune, a good-natur'd smiling lass,
Who constant lights my pipe and fills my glass,
And makes my ev'ry day a jubilee.

A hawk-like appetite, and empty p
The bleak wind whistling through a
The flight of fancied friends, a fo
Are things for which my bowels do
For, rot me, madam, if I can discern
One atom of their several earthly

Morality may wear a ruffled shirt,
I really think, and not his conscience
Morality may also like nice pickin
For since the great All-wise has give
Mankind were certainly a set of owls
To dare to place damnation in a cl

Morality, I ween, may go well drest,
Keep a good fire, and live upon the l
Throw by his wheel-barrow, and ke
Visit the op'ra, masquerade, and play
Drink Claret, Burgundy, Champagne
Get fifty thousand with ~~with~~

So great for my own person is my love,
 And hard thy lessons, I can't now begin 'em—
 Besides, as I have hinted just above,
 I'd rather read of battles than be in 'em.

THE SEARCH FOR CONTENT.

ONE day when the gods were engaged in chat,
 Like mortals, conversing on this thing and that,
 The thunderer observ'd, that to earth he had sent,
 As a blessing to man, the fair goddess Content.
 But so long she'd been absent, he fear'd she was lost;
 He therefore resolv'd to send Hermes, the post,
 To search in what quarter the fugitive stray'd,
 And fairly report the discov'ries he made.
 The order was giv'n, and quickly the god
 Adjusted his bonnet, and took up his rod;
 Outstripping the winds, he, quick as the light,
 To the white cliffs of Britain directed his flight.
 As Britain he knew was of Europe the pride,
 Content he conceiv'd must in Britain reside.

In quest of the goddess he first went to court,
 Supposing she'd choose such a splendid resort;
 But observing the throne was encircled with care,
 He wisely concluded she'd never been there.
 To the minister next he directed his course,
 And found the state-pilot with wrangling was hoarse;
 Though his face wore a smile, and though placid his
 mien,

Yet Content he confess'd he had never yet seen.

He next took a trip to the sons of ambition,
 Who bawl and declaim to promote opposition;
 But he knew, from the marks of chagrin in each
 face,

That Content with the faction was quite out of place.

To the clergy his course he determin'd to steer,
In hopes from the priesthood some tidings to hear ;
But Content was a stranger to all, they confess'd,
Though each could describe her, and wish'd her his
guest.

Next day, to a bishop he went, at the dawn,
Whose merit had gain'd him the mitre and lawn ;
For a month he was pleas'd with his splendid condition,
And own'd himself high as his highest ambition ;
But hearing him pray for a speedy translation,
She was greatly provok'd, and retir'd from her station.

Disappointed, from hence noble Hermes withdrew,
And join'd, in a tavern, a bacchanal crew :
The joke, laugh, and bottle went merrily round,
But their glee was repaid by a head-ach, he found ;
They jok'd without wit, and they laugh'd without mirth,
And their happiness ow'd to the bottle its birth :
He therefore concluded, what oft has been tried,
That Content can't with Comus or Bacchus reside.

He next join'd a party of gossiping dames,
Who'd met to demolish a list of good names :
From the slander he heard, this reflection he drew,
That the bosom of Envy Content never knew.

He now had recourse to some fox-hunting'squires,
Whose rudeness and health were deriv'd from their sires :
He found 'twas their business, their ultimate good,
To spring over hedges, and shout in a wood ;
They frankly inform'd him 'tis bliss they pursue,
But never o'ertake it, though always in view :

He therefore concluded abroad they'd not roam,
If fully convinc'd that Content was at home.

At Oxford and Cambridge, he found, in each
college,
A good stock of Port, and a deep fund of know-
ledge ;
Where her aid *Alma Mater* with soundness im-
parts,
Fair science to rear, and to foster the arts.
A professor, he saw, with his trencher-capp'd people,
Was solemnly taking the height of a steeple.
And others were filling a mighty balloon,
Resolv'd to adventure a trip to the moon.

A party, with meagre contemplative looks,
Were smoothing the dog's ears, and dusting their
books.

A few, he observ'd, to secure a degree,
Were carefully meas'ring the leaps of a flea,
And hop'd they'd be able t' elucidate soon
At how many springs she could leap to the moon.
But amidst their acquirements, he found in each
breast

A something to poison and leaven the rest.
So Hermes from college return'd as he went,
For none of the members had met with Content ;
But all had concluded the goddess must dwell,
Together with Truth, in a bottomless well.

He sought through the navy, the army, and bar,
But Content was not met with in peace or in war.
Ev'ry age he examin'd, each sex, all professions,
He inquir'd of each nymph, whether black, brown,
or fair ;
But was constantly answer'd, Content was not there.

Fatigued, and despairing the goddess to meet,
And without any clue to point out her retreat,
By chance he espy'd, at the side of a wood,
A lonely low cottage, whose walls were of mud :
Its top was green turf, and green rushes the thatch ;
The door was quite plain, with a string to the latch.
In front was a field, with a small flock of sheep ;
And goats, at a distance, were climbing a steep.
He gaz'd for a while, and was pleas'd with the

spot ;

Then, lifting the latch, bolted into the cot.
A shepherd was sat by a bright little fire,
Whose aspect was placid, and neat his attire ;
His wife with such looks as abundantly prove,
By silent expression, obedience and love,
Was employ'd at her wheel. Here the god look'd

around,

And saw with success his inquiries were crown'd ;
For Content sat between them, and strove, with a
smile,

Their labours, their cares, and their time to beguile.
When the goddess and Hermes, o'erjoy'd at the
meeting,

Had saluted each other, and finish'd their greeting,
Hermes ask'd, with an arch but a good temper'd
tone,

How long have you liv'd, pray, with Darby and
Joan ?

Content, with a look of much mildness, reply'd,
They've been married three weeks, and I came with
the bride ;

But, from what I've observ'd, I can plainly foresee
They cannot for many days longer agree ;
For madam, last night, in a petulant fit,

With an ill-natur'd air, gave me warning to quit ;
And now I'm resolv'd, in the course of a week,

To take a French leave, and new quarters to seek.

The dialogue ended ; and Hermes, the god,
Tied the wings to his shoes, and adjusted his rod ;
Gave a kiss to Content and the two honest people,
Then sprang from the ground to the height of a
 steeple ;

Join'd the gods in a minute, and made this report
At the first quarter-sessions, when Jove was in court.
Jove heard the detail, and was sorry he'd sent,
On an errand so fruitless, the goddess Content.
"So, Hermes," said he, "with a *posse* of gods,
Go fetch her once more to these happy abodes :
Let Patience go with you, but leave her below,
As the highest felicity mortals shall know,
Whose lives are a wonderful mixture of ills,
Springing up from their passions, their fancies and
 wills ;

Content seeks admission, with labour, in vain ;
Then let them have Patience, and cease to complain."
Well pleas'd with their errand, they cheerfully went,
And brought back, rejoicing, the goddess Content ;
But Patience they left, by the Father assign'd
To comfort, relieve, and encourage mankind :
And if they've a wish for Content, 'twill be giv'n
When Patience has render'd them worthy of Heav'n.

THE PILGRIM.

THE night was dark, and drear the heath,
And sudden howl'd the wind,
When o'er the wold a pilgrim stray'd,
Some friendly inn to find.

He hasten'd to a feeble light
That glimmer'd from afar,
By which he view'd a sign project,
And found it was the Star.

Three gentle taps the pilgrim gae
When Mary op'd the door,
And usher'd in her weary guest,
Not knowing he was poor.

But Mary's een were rather dim,
Or else she might have kenn'd
He was nae muckle wealthie wigh
The widow to befriend.

No cockle-shell or cowl had he,
Nor pilgrim's staff so tall ;
Nor sandal shode had he, I wean,
If any shoone at all.

He ate, he drank, he prais'd the al
Most sumptuously he fed,
And, when he heard the clock strik
He march'd up stairs to bed.

I neither borrow cash nor plate,
Nor neither do I lend.

Daughter, I lik'd thy supper much,
And much I lik'd the dressing ;
Therefore, for all I have receiv'd,
I leave thee, child, my blessing."

Poor Mary Jones astonish'd stood,
To see the good man pray ;
At length the hostess silence broke,
And thus to him did stay :

" I ne'er a pilgrim hous'd before,
Nor such like holy folk ;
But, as you say the custom's old,
I bend beneath the yoke.

No doubt you have a conscience good,
Nor do I mean to shock it ;
But, pilgrim, when you call again,
Bring money in your pocket."

A PLEA FOR PROVERBS, AND A SCRAP OF
ETYMOLOGY.

STANHOPE, the witty and polite,
Who, with much labour, did indite
A book of never-failing rules,
To turn to knaves poor simple fools,
Gall'd (as I much incline to guess)
By some strong truth in homely dress,
To give his wit and anger vent,
Thus to his darling Philip sent :

"Beware of proverbs; use them not,
Or they your fair renown will blot;
And though they may proclaim you able
To sparkle at a kitchen table,
Believe me, never will promote
Your int'rest with a man of note."
Then, just by way of peroration,
He gives a *witty* illustration;
And, showing how "*the Vandal*" opes
His mouth, full cramm'd with homely tropes,
Again, with cautions strong and strict,
Reiterates his interdict.

Yet, maugre Stanhope's witty vein,
A thought has long possess'd my brain,
That oft much solid wisdom lies
Beneath the proverb's plain disguise;
As oft beneath a rude external
We find the richest-flavour'd kernel.
To prove the truth of this position,
My Muse, with wond'rous expedition,
Of instances could give you plenty—
Let one suffice as well as twenty.

The proverb, by the maid design'd
To head her lecture, you will find
In *Phædrus*, if his fables you hunt,—
Non omnia omnibus congruunt;
Which we in English thus explain,
"What's food for some is others' bane."
And now, with all convenient speed,
To th' exposition we proceed.
Once on a time—no matter when—
Five hundred years, perhaps, or ten,
A worthy monk (a *pize* on Fame!
Who has not register'd his name),

O'ercome with philanthropic feeling,
Resolv'd to learn the art of healing,
And, like a cobbler, to make whole,
As well the body as the soul.

Fir'd at the thought, he cast his eye
Amidst the tenants of a sty ;
And, on a novel practice bent,
Ventur'd a bold experiment :
Amidst the porkers' washy food,
A mess of *antimony* stew'd ;
But what peculiar end he sought,
The page of hist'ry "sayeth not."
Forthwith the swinish multitude
'Gan raise their clamours, loud and rude ;
All grunting, kicking, tossing, urging,
And troubled with a dreadful p——g,
Seem'd, as they writh'd beneath the smart,
To deprecate the doctor's art.
But, lo ! a wonder ! Shortly after
(A metamorphose worth your laughter)
Each hog increas'd to such a size,
The doctor scarce believ'd his eyes ;
And oft he rais'd his voice to bless
His patron-saint for such success.

Pleas'd at the change, the holy man
Determin'd to enlarge his plan,
And on each reverend brother try
The panacea of the sty ;
For he had oft with sorrow seen
Their sickly hues, and bodies lean.
Such ills proceed (I grieve to tell !)
From the *excess* of living *well* !
So straight—the secret keeping close—
He gave to each a potent dose,

Hoping to fill each paunch thereby,
 To a full friar's dignity.
 But (sad to say !) they took so ill
 This token of his kind good-will,
 That (as his knowledge to deride)
 They, one all, laid down and died !
 Thus proving, past all contradiction,
 My apothegm is not a fiction.

ON THE LADIES NOT WEARING POCKETS.

"How foolish are our ladies grown ?"
 Cries Jack ; and thus he thinks it shown.
 "Walking down Piccadilly,
 "I met to-day," says he, "whole bands
Holding their purses in their hands !
 Sure nothing is more silly."

Now I maintain the fashion's good,
 Since from it may be understood
 (So, pray, let no one mock it)
 Their sense of charity is deep ;
 For no one now can say "*they keep*
" Their money in their pocket."

MONSIEUR TONSON.

THERE liv'd, as Fame reports, in days of yore,
 (At least some fifty years ago, or more)
 A pleasant wight, on town yclep'd Tom King :
 A fellow that was clever at a joke ;
 Expert in all the arts to tease and *smoke* ;
 In short, for strokes of humour, quite *the thing*.

To many a jovial club this King was known,
With whom his active wit unrivall'd shone :
Choice spirit, grave free-mason, buck, and blood,
Would crowd his stories and bon-mots to hear ;
And none a disappointment e'er could fear,
His humour flow'd in such a copious flood.

To him a frolic was a high delight ;
A frolic he would hunt for day and night,
Careless how Prudence on the sport might frown :
If e'er a pleasant mischief sprung to view,
At once o'er hedge and ditch away he flew,
Nor left the game till he had run it down.

One night our hero, rambling with a friend,
Near fam'd St. Giles's chanc'd his course to bend,
Just by that spot the Seven-Dials hight :
'Twas silence all around, and clear the coast ;
The watch, as usual, dozing on his post ;
And scarce a lamp display'd a twinkling light.

Around this place there liv'd the num'rous clans
Of honest, plodding, foreign artisans,
Known at that time by name of Refugees ;
The rod of persecution from their home
Compell'd the inoffensive race to roam,
And here they lighted like a swarm of bees.

Well ! our two friends were saunt'ring thro' the
street,
In hopes some food for humour soon to meet ;
When, in a window near, a light they view ;
And, though a dim and melancholy ray,
It seem'd the prologue to some merry play ;
So tow'rd's the gloomy dome our hero drew.

Straight at the door he gave a thund'ring knock—
The time, we may suppose, near two o'clock.

"I'll ask," says King, "if Thomson lodges here."

"Thomson!" cries t'other; "who the devil's he?"

"I know not," King replies, "but want to see
What kind of animal will now appear."

After some time, a little Frenchman came—
One hand display'd a rushlight's trembling flame,
The other held the thing they call *culotte*;
An old strip'd woollen night-cap grac'd his head,
A tatter'd waistcoat o'er one shoulder spread—
Scarce half awake, he heav'd a yawning note.

Tho' thus untimely rous'd, he courteous smil'd,
And soon address'd our wag, in accents mild,
Bending his head politely to his knee—
"Pray, Sare, vat vant you, dat you come so late?
I beg your pardon, Sare, to make you vait;
Pray, tell me, Sare, vat your commands vid me?"

"Sir," reply'd King, "I merely thought to know,
As by your house I chanc'd to-night to go—
But really I disturb'd your sleep, I fear!
I say, I thought that you, perhaps, could tell,
Among the folks who in this street may dwell,
If there's a Mr. Thomson lodges here?"

The shiv'ring Frenchman, tho' not pleas'd to find
The business of this unimportant kind,
Too civil to suspect 'twas meant in jeer,
Shrugg'd out a sigh, that thus his rest should break;
Then, with unalter'd courtesy, he spake—
"No, Sare; no Monsieur Tonson lodges here."

Our wag begg'd pardon, and tow'rds home he sped,
While the poor Frenchman crawl'd again to bed:
But King resolv'd not thus to drop the jest;

So, the next night, with more of whim than grace,
Again he made a visit to the place,
To break once more the poor old Frenchman's
rest.

He knock'd—but waited longer than before ;
No footstep seem'd approaching to the door,
Our Frenchman lay in such a sleep profound.
King with the knocker thunder'd then again,
Firm on his post determin'd to remain ;
And oft, indeed, he made the door resound.

At last King hears him o'er the passage creep,
Wond'ring what fiend again disturb'd his sleep :
The wag salutes him with a civil leer ;
Thus drawing out, to heighten the surprise,
While the poor Frenchman rubb'd his heavy eyes—
“ Is there—a Mr. Thomson lodges here ? ”

The Frenchman falter'd with a kind of fright—
“ Vy, Sare, I'm sure, I tell you, Sare, last night ! ”
And here he labour'd with a sigh sincere—
“ No Monsieur Tonson in the varld I know ;
No Monsieur Tonson here—I told you so ;
Indeed, Sare, dere no Monsieur Tonson here ! ”

Some more excuses tender'd, off King goes,
And the old Frenchman sought once more repose.
The rogue next night pursu'd his old career.
'Twas long, indeed, before the man came nigh,
And then he utter'd, in a piteous cry—
“ Sare, 'pon my soul, no Monsieur Tonson here ! ”

Our sportive wight his usual visit paid ;
And the next night came forth a prattling maid,
Whose tongue, indeed, than any jack went faster !

The damsel then began, in doleful strain
The Frenchman's broken slumbers to
And begg'd he'd call at proper time
King told her, she must fetch her man
A chaise was ready—he was leaving it
But first had much of deep concern

Thus urg'd, she went the snoring man
And long, indeed, was she oblig'd to b
Ere she could rouse the torpid lump
At last, he wakes—he rises—and he st
But scarcely had he totter'd down the
When King attacks him in his usual

The Frenchman now perceiv'd 'twas all
To this tormentor mildly to complain,
And straight, in rage, began his cry
“Sare, vat de devil make you treat me
Sare, I inform you, Sare, tree nights ago
Got dam, I swear no more

The name of Thomson rais'd the storm so high,
He deem'd it, then, the safest plan to fly,
With—" Well, I'll call when you're in gentler
mood."

In short, our hero, with the same intent,
Full many a night, to plague the Frenchman, went ;
So fond of mischief was the wicked wit !
They throw out water—for the watch they call ;
But King, expecting, still escapes from all.
Monsieur, at last, was forc'd his house to quit.

It happen'd that our wag, about this time,
On some fair prospect, sought the eastern clime.
Six ling'ring years were there his tedious lot !
At length, content, amid his ripening store,
He treads again on Britain's happy shore,
And his long absence is at once forgot.

To London, with impatient hope, he flies ;
And, the same night, as former freaks arise,
He fain must stroll, the well-known haunt to trace.
" Ah ! here's the scene of frequent mirth," he said :
" My poor old Frenchman, I suppose, is dead.
Egad ! I'll knock, and see who holds his place."

With rapid strokes he makes the mansion roar ;
And, while he, eager, eyes the op'ning door,
Lo ! who obeys the knocker's rattling peal ?
Why, e'en our Frenchman ! Strange to say,
He took his old abode that very day !
Capricious turn of sportive Fortune's wheel !

Without one thought of the relentless foe,
Who, fiend-like, haunted him so long ago,
Just in his former trim he now appears :

The waistcoat and the nightcap seem'd the same ;
With rushlight, as before, he creeping came,
And King's detested voice, astonish'd, hears.

As if some hideous spectre struck his sight,
His senses seem'd bewilder'd with affright ;
His face, indeed, bespoke a heart full sore :
Then, starting, he exclaim'd, in rueful strain,
" Begar ! here's Monsieur Tonson come again !"
Away he ran, and ne'er was heard of more !

THE PILGRIMS AND THE PEAS.

A BRACE of sinners, for no good,
Were order'd to the Virgin Mary's shrine,
Who at Loretto dwelt, in wax, stone, wood,
And, in a curl'd white wig, look'd wond'rous
fine.

Fifty long miles had those sad rogues to travel,
With something in their shoes much worse than
gravel :

In short, their toes, so gentle, to amuse,
The priest had order'd peas into their shoes

A nostrum famous in old Popish times
For purifying souls that stunk with crimes ;
A sort of apostolic salt,
That Popish parsons for its powers exalt
For keeping souls of sinners sweet,
Just as our kitchen salt keeps meat.

The knaves set off on the same day,
Peas in their shoes, to go and pray ;
But very different was their speed, I wot :

One of the sinners gallop'd on,
Light as a bullet from a gun ;
The other limp'd as if he had been shot.

One saw the Virgin soon—*peccavi* cried—
Had his soul whitewash'd all so clever ;
When home again he nimbly hied,
Made fit, with saints above, to live for ever.

In coming back, however, let me say,
He met his brother rogue about half way,
Hobbling with outstretch'd bum and bending knees,
Damning the souls and bodies of the peas ;
His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brow in sweat,
Deep sympathizing with his groaning feet.

“ How now ! ” the light-toed, whitewash'd pilgrim
broke,

“ You lazy lubber ! ”

“ Odds curse it ! ” cried the other, “ ’tis no joke—
My feet, once hard as any rock,
Are now as soft as blubber.

“ Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear ;
As for Loretto, I shall not get there :
No ! to the dev'l my sinful soul must go ;
For, damme, if I ha'n't lost ev'ry toe.

“ But, brother sinner, do explain
How 'tis that you are not in pain ;
What power hath work'd a wonder for your toes ;
While I, just like a snail, am crawling,
Now swearing, now on saints devoutly bawling,
Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes ?

“ How is't that you can like a greyhound go,
Merry, as if that nought had happen'd, burn yet ?

I took the liberty to boil

A RECKONING WITH

COME on, old Time ! nay, thou
Gaffer ! thou com'st on fast enough
Wing'd foe to feather'd Cupid
But, tell me, Sandman ! ere thy
Have multiplied upon my brain
So thick to make me stupid ;

Tell me, Death's Journeyman !
Hear thou *my* speech ;—I will
Irrev'rent while I try it ;
For, though I mock thy flight,
Thy forelock fills me with such
I—*never take thee by it.*

List then, old Time !

And, when at Christ Church, 'twas thy sport
To rack my brains with sloe-juice Port,
And lectures out of number :—
There Freshman Folly quaffs and sings,
While Graduate Dulness clogs thy wings
With mathematic lumber.

Thy pinions, next, (which, while they wave,
Fan all our birth-days to the grave)
I think, ere it was prudent,
Balloon'd me from the schools to town,
Where I was *parachuted* down,
A dapper Temple student.

Then much in dramas did I look,
Much slighted thee and great Lord Coke ;
Congreve beat Blackstone hollow ;
Shakspeare made all the statutes stale,
And, in *my* crown, no pleas had Hale
To supersede Apollo.

Ah, Time ! those raging heats, I find,
Were the mere dog-star of my mind ;
How cool is retrospection !
Youth's gaudy summer-solstice o'er,
Experience yields a mellow store,
An autumn of reflection !

Why did I let the god of song
Lure me from law, to join his throng,
Gull'd by some slight applauses ?
What's verse to A when *versus* B ?
Or what John Bull, a comedy,
To pleading John Bull's causes ?

*But, though my childhood felt disease,
Though my lank purse, unswoll'n by fees,*

THE COMMON-PLACE BOOK

me ragged muse has netted,—
, honest Chronos ! 'tis most true,
hee (and, faith, to *others*, too !)
'm very much indebted :

r thou hast made me gaily tough,
ur'd me to each day that's rough,
In hopes of calm to-morrow ;
nd when, old Mower of us all,
eneath thy sweeping scythe I fall,
Some *FEW dear friends* will sorrow.

Then, though my idle prose or rhyme
Should half an hour outlive me, Time,
Pray bid the stone-engravers,
Where'er my bones find church-yard room,
Simply to chisel, on my tomb,
“ *Thank Time for all his favours !*”

TIME'S ANSWER.

DEAR George, thy retrospective glance
Has check'd me in my mad advance,
This old truth to arrive at :
Of all who hunt for fame or gain,
Or plough the meadow or the main,
Not one—“ *contentus vivat.*”

Think'st thou thy pow'rs, that charm the town,
Had gain'd like honour to the gown ?
Ah, no ! the field's too narrow :
Else, in old Rufus' hall, thy lungs,
Self-buoyant in the war of tongues,
Had e'en out-garrowed GARROW.

Till wash'd within the bar, quite snug,
Humour is contraband—a drug ;
For know, my honest fellow,
Young amorous barristers to bilk,
Wit, ere she sins in robes of silk,
Does penance in prunella.

Leave common law to common men ;
Believe me, George, thy nervous pen
A brighter cause espouses :
Yok'd to the rumbling dray of law,
Let others empty pleadings draw ;
'Tis thine to draw—full houses.

How many votaries of the Muse
My sand as blotting-paper use ;
With politics some fill me :
While at a sing-song house, I'm told,
Where foreign *notes* are chang'd for gold,
Some *beat*, and others *kill* me.

Thou know'st my *little winning ways* ;
I live by eating modern plays—
(A milk and water diet) ;
But thou wouldst starve me, selfish man !
Go gnaw thy pen—I never can—
'T would break my teeth to try it.

When wilt thou write like other men ?
Observe your brethren of the pen,
How scornfully I treat 'em :
Like oysters (sorrowful to tell),
Their plays no sooner quit the shell,
Than, *presto—pass—I eat 'em*.

Whilst others in oblivion waste,
Time, the Ithuriel spear of taste,

Shall still thy dramas treasure ;
They're one and all so truly good,
That, though they never give me food,
They always give me pleasure.

Thus sailing down Life's eddying pool,
My wings shall fan thy passions cool—
Psha ! cease this idle pother !
My eyes draw dim—give me your hand ;
One-half my glass is chok'd with sand !
Let's fill with wine the other !

Long may'st thou flourish, wisely gay,
Till my own forelock turns to grey ;
And when old Pluto's raven
Shall croak thee to thy narrow room,
The passenger, upon thy tomb,
Shall read these lines engraven :

“ Within this monumental bed
Apollo's favourite rests his head :
Ye mourners, cease your grieving ;
A son the father's loss supplies ;
Be comforted, though Colman dies,
His ‘ *Heir at Law* ’ is living ! ”

THE NOBLE REVENGE.—A TALE.

ALL people, languages, and nations,
In summer time have country stations,
And have contrivances and ways,
Some very old and others new,
To get the better of long days,
Which are the hardest to subdue.

In Italy, the morning passes
In visiting and hearing masses ;
And every creature, after dinner,
Retires, in couples or alone ;
Both male and female, saint and sinner,
Strip themselves naked as a stone.

All the world's out when night approaches,
A-foot, in curricles, and coaches ;
Then they give concerts, and act plays,
And sup at one another's houses ;
The wives go with their cicisbeos,
Their mates with other people's spouses.

In France, and probably in Spain,
Summer gets on with toil and pain ;
The ladies sally with long canes,
To gather flowers, or pick a sallad,
Attended by fantastic swains,
Like figure-dancers in a ballet.

Some stay within, and do much better ;
Some only stay to write a letter ;
Others into the garden run,
To bowl, or shoot with bows and arrows ;
Strephon, with Chloe and a gun,
Makes love, and fires among the sparrows ;
Kill all the tenants of the grove,
But let those live that only live to love.

Pray, how do English summers go ?
They pass their summers but so so ;
More like the Germans than the French ;
Drinking as long as they are able,
And never thinking of a wench
Till all the liquor's off the table :

E COMMON-PLACE BOOK

ey give their mind that way,
ore alert than they ;
lly afraid,
icroaches there so much,
ld spoil the Cyprian trade,
spoils it with the Dutch.

, in the month of June,
quite out of tune :
right, she and my lord
he old country seat ;
joy, with one accord,
part, and seldom meet.

need to mope alone ;
mpanions of their own :
orst, without all question,—
na, squires, parsons, without end ;
s of a strong digestion,—
and her fiddling friend.

7 lord had a resource,
things equaller, of course,
ace his lordship chooses,
t upon what pretence,
emple of the muses,
less judgment than expense.

ime a little faster,
ointing a toast-master,
nple's sacred shade
ie Nama, to his charmer,
e fav'rite chambermaid,
daughter of some farmer.

1 a spy reveal'd
1at those walls conceal'd.

When my lord was inclin'd to take it,
There was a room for making tea ;
My lady's woman us'd to make it,
And always us'd to keep the key.

He had left off tea some time ; but why,
Abigail was resolv'd to spy.
Within the room she made, or found,
A hole to peep into the next ;
Her labour with success was crown'd,
Though the discov'ry made her vex'd.

He left off tea, you may infer,
Because he was tir'd to death of her.
She saw, as plain as eyes could see,
And never saw him half so keen,
My lord, as busy as a bee,
Sipping the sweets of sweet eighteen.

To be discarded and turn'd off,
Of every servant-wench the scoff,
For whom ? the wife of a mean tailor ;
Such was the nymph in the muse's house !
She look'd as if she could impale her,
Even as a tailor could a louse.

My lord return'd, sated with glory ;
And Betty ran 'to tell her story.
Says she, your ladyship's so kind,
My zeal for you made me suspicious ;
I watch'd, but never thought to find
Any thing downright flagitious.

Against mankind she declaim'd next,
And then stood closely to her text ;
Minutely painted the whole scene,

The nymph, her age, her lovely figure,
And, to increase her lady's spleen,
She magnified his lordship's vigour.

Great was her ladyship's distress :
How she would act is hard to guess :
All folks allow revenge is sweet,
And many think there's nothing sweeter ;
But 'tis a maxim with the great,
The meaner the revenge, the greater.

Caprice, according to *Fontaine*,
Guides almost ev'ry female brain :
If mere caprice can raise a flame
To make a dwarf enjoy a queen,
Revenge may make the noblest dame
Employ an instrument as mean.

Nature, left to herself, most prone is
To follow the *lex talionis* :
In ev'ry nice and doubtful case,
My lady drove as nature led ;
And so she took, in my lord's place,
Her rival's husband to her bed.

A tailor's nothing on his board ;
In bed he's better than a lord ;
Her ladyship found him so there,
And, by his help, after ten years,
At last produc'd a son and heir,
That made my lord the happiest of peers.

TOMMY DALMAHOY.

THERE liv'd within the Isle of Man,
In comfort, in content, and joy,
Where all live happy, if they can,
Mister and Mistress Dalmahoy.

One little son, four years ago,
Bless'd this fond pair (as we are told);
So Tommy Dalmahoy, you know,
We may imagine four years old:

When from his maid he chanc'd to stray,
Who cried, "Come back, you naughty boy;"
But, ah! the soot-king stole away
Poor little Tommy Dalmahoy.

Now Dolly did not dare go home;
So, having run about all day,
Still vainly seeking little Tom,
At *night* she wisely—ran away.

That night poor Mrs. Dalmahoy
All restless lay, no sleep had she,
For thinking of her little boy,
And of her servant Dolly Dee.

Next day (as vain was every plan
These anxious parents could employ)
Resolv'd to quit the Isle of Man,
Mister and Mistress Dalmahoy.

"You know," said she, "my cousin Brown,
A widow, lives at Pentonville;
Let us go live at Somers-Town."
Said Dalmahoy, "My love, we will."

They gain'd the land by easy sail :
Of time they would not risk the loss ;
So took two places in the mail,
Which brought them safe to Charing-Cross.

Now be it known, that Dolly Dee,
The very day she came to town,
As lucky as a girl could be,
Engag'd herself to Mistress Brown.

This lady seldom was provok'd,
(And thus her health and temper kept),
But when her parlour chimney smok'd,
And then—she vow'd it should be swept.

This was the case one winter's day :
The little freezing sweep appears ;
His hands for mercy seem to pray,
His eyes distilling *jetty* tears.

The maid exclaim'd—" Ah ! can it be !"
He clasp'd her neck with eager joy ;
And many kisses Dolly Dee
Gave little Tommy Dalmahoy.

Quite angry enter'd Mistress Brown,
Who vow'd the maid should lose her place ;
She, from her chamber coming down,
Saw Dolly and the sweep embrace.

Of virtue, prudence, moral laws,
She prattled till her tongue was weak :
The maid did not reply, because
Her heart was full—she could not speak.

At length she ceas'd, and in a chair
Exhausted sunk in silent grief :

The maid then told the whole affair,
And gave her careful mind relief.

She cried (still trembling from her fright),
"I see, dear Dolly, I've been wrong ;
But as you knew that you were right,
Why did you let me scold so long."

A thoughtful head had Mrs. Brown,
And form'd her plans with prudent skill ;
So sent a note to Somers-Town
(Five minutes' walk from Pentonville).

"To-night, to take a cup of tea,
And then at cards an hour employ,
Will Mistress Brown be glad to see
Mister and Mistress Dalmahoy."

Now by the time that Dolly Dee
Had wash'd and comb'd poor little Tom,
A note, as short as note could be,
Arriv'd, to say, "they both would come."

* * * * *

Now tarts and sandwiches appear'd ;
But what they were I must conceal,
Because I have not truly heard
If they were ham, or beef, or veal.

A dish was plac'd at either end,
And, in the middle, stood between
(Nor guess'd they what it might portend)
A wide and monstrous soup-tureen.

The guests in wild amazement gaz'd,
But soon their wonder turn'd to joy ;

When Mistress Brown the cover rais'd,
Upstart'd—Tommy Dalmahoy.

His father star'd—his mother shriek'd,
And, from her seat she tumbling down,
In strong hysterics, laugh'd and squeak'd,
Which quite alarm'd poor Mistress Brown.

The fit was o'er—she wip'd her eyes ;
Tom, jumping out, soon found a chair ;
Cried Mistress Brown, " To supper rise,
And I'll relate the whole affair."

The guests now each, with face serene,
The sandwiches began to munch ;
And Dolly mov'd the soup-tureen,
And brought instead a bowl of punch.

They ate and drank, with much delight,
Till twelve o'clock, so great their joy ;
And then said Mistress Brown, " Good-night,
Mister and Mistress Dalmahoy."

A POOR POET'S BEGGING EPISTLE.

SIR,

YOUR friendship I court
For a timely support ;
My guts are grown wond'rous limber ;
My belly complains
Of the want of my brains,
Which us'd to supply it with timber.

May I swing like a dog,
If I have a hog,

A smelt, a george, or a tester ;
But here am I pent
To keep a sad Lent,
Without any hopes of an Easter.

I've sent to my betters
Some circular letters
Of this my dismal condition :
But you, sir, I'm sure,
My distemper will cure ;
Or a halter must be my physician.

'Tis the first time that I
E'er a rhyming did try ;
In which, if I had any skill,
In a more elegant way,
As I thought, I would say,
Your obliged servant, Ra. Argill.

P. S.

I hope you'll excuse
My unpolite muse :
Did Bacchus my fancy inspire,
Address you I would,
In verses as good
As any of Pope or of Prior.

THE SPECTACLES.

ROBIN, who to the plough was bred,
And never learnt to write or read,
Seeing the good old people use
To read with glasses 'cross their nose,
Which constantly they wore about 'em,
And said they could not do without 'em,

Happen'd one day to come to town ;
And, as he saunter'd up and down,
He chanc'd to spy where such like things
Hung dangling on a row of strings.
It took him in the head to stop,
And ask the master of the shop,
If he could furnish folk that need
With glasses that could make 'em read ?
Or sell a pair of—what do you call it ?
Would fit the nose, and would not gall it ?
The man his drawer in one hand took,
The other op'd the Bible-book.
The drawer contain'd of glasses plenty,
From ninety down to less than twenty ;
Some set in horn, and some in leather ;
But Robin could approve of neither ;
And when a hundred pairs had tried,
And still had thrown them all aside,
The man grew peevish—both grew vex'd,—
And swore he could not read the text.
“ Not read ! ”—“ Confound you for a fool ;
I'll hang if e'er you went to school !
Did you e'er read without the help
Of spectacles ? ”—“ Why, no, you whelp ;
Do people who can walk without,
Buy crutches for to stump about ? ”

THE POWER OF SCOLDING.—A TALE.

FRIEND Benedict has got a wife,
Whose hand he took to sweeten life :
Her father gave her store of gold ;
Her mother learnt her how to scold ;
In this she has such progress made,
To be quite mistress of the trade.

Betty one day was washing up
The china, and she broke a cup.
Her lady heard the pieces clatter,
And straight ran in to know the matter :
The broken cup, the mischief showing,
Soon set her wond'rous clack a-going ;
It went so very loud and clear,
The servants left the room for fear ;
But as they, frighten'd, ran away,
One touch'd her little lap-dog, Tray :
The cur shriek'd out ; she heard the noise,
With double fury rais'd her voice ;
The tables, china, chairs, and glasses,
All animated, left their places ;
Things, scarcely mov'd from year to year,
Skipp'd through the room, as if for fear :
The scene was mighty odd and droll,
To see one after t'other roll.
The room near empty, she still scolding,
Stunn'd Benedict, awhile beholding ;
Who begg'd, at last, her tongue she'd stay,
For fear the house should run away.
Just then were stalking through the room,
The mops, the brushes, and long broom ;
She took the latter, broke his head,
And laid poor Benedict for dead.
He, motionless, in bloody plight,
Soon put his Peggy in a fright,
Not because she'd her husband lost,
But lest her neck should pay the cost.
Security was needful next,
For which she on this project fix'd :
Just o'er his head a ham there hung,
Which had kept motion with her tongue ;
On seeing that suspended swing,
And only fasten'd by a string,

She thump't it till it tumbled down,
And laid it by him on the ground ;
Then, throwing by the guilty broom,
She ran distracted round the room,
Ringing her cap from off her head,
And screaming out, " He's dead, he's dead !"
The servants heard her speak of death,
Came running in, all out of breath.
Just then to his she laid her cheek,
And, bubbling, cried, " My heart will break ;
Ah ! cruel ham, thus to destroy
My dear, dear husband, life and joy ;
Where is the wretch, O tell me where,
That plac'd the ham to kill my dear ?
Oh ! could I bring him back to life,
I'd be the kind indulgent wife ;
But that's a wish the gods deny,
Nor will they with him let me die.
Since tears of grief for ever must
Flow from my eyes, I will be just
To this dear man, nor ever name
A foible that shall hurt his fame.
I cannot now a loss sustain,
That e'er will give me cause for pain ;
Since he is gone I lov'd most dear,
There's nothing left that merits care."

This spoke, she from the room was led,
And straight conducted up to bed ;
There fell into a sound repose,
And in the morning early rose ;
Sent John to call the mantua-maker,
The mercer, tailor, undertaker :
They soon obey'd the message sent,
Got orders, and away they went,
To make all ready that were fit,
To lay her husband in the pit.

All things were finish'd in great haste,
And in the coffin he was plac'd :
His wife intended, the next day,
To put his carcass in the clay ;
Which certainly had been his fate,
But for the thing I'll now relate :
She told her boy (whose name was Page)
To feed poor Poll, and clean the cage ;
He with the parrot went to play,
And let the pris'ner fly away.
When this was to his mistress told,
She did so stamp, so rave, so scold !
Wish'd things inhuman to the boy,
And vow'd she would the house destroy !
The servants, goods, and what were near,
Absconded, as before, for fear ;
The house it shook, the fires blaz'd ;
Her husband wak'd, like one amaz'd,
Forc'd from his wooden trunk its lid,
And, frighten'd, from the prison fled ;
Down stairs he ran, got to the door ;
His Peggy saw him, scream'd the more,
And quickly would the house have split,
Had not she fell into a fit.
The scolding ceas'd, the servants came,
Wond'ring what had got their dame,
Greatly frighten'd when they found
Her stretch'd and silent on the ground ;
Some took her hands, some rais'd her head,
But all concluded she was dead !
Poor Benedict, though in his shroud,
Was busiest of the frighten'd crowd ;
He ran for water for her face,
But tumbled down, and broke the glass !
Whilst this mischance he was supplying,
His wife reviv'd, and fell a-crying,

Astonish'd to behold again
A man she had so lately slain ;
Guilt, conscious guilt, now touch'd her heart,
For acting the tyrannic part :
Her husband saw her inward pain,
And said, " My dear, your tears refrain."
This tender speech so strongly wrought,
It from her this confession brought :
" If you, my patient, injur'd love,
Will not a guilty wife reprove,
My former errors I'll repent,
And henceforth be a penitent ;
As wife, I'll ever stand in awe,
And your commands shall be my law !"
This vow she keeps, has left her airs,
And now her spouse the breeches wears.

THE NEWCASTLE APOTHECARY.

A MAN, in many a country town, we know,
Professing openly with death to wrestle ;
Ent'ring the field against the foe,
Arm'd with a mortar and a pestle.

Yet some affirm no enemies they are,
But meet, just like prize-fighters in a fair,
Who first shake hands before they box,
Then give each other plaguy knocks,
With all the love and kindness of a brother ;
So (many a suff'ring patient saith)
Though the apothecary fights with death,
Still they're sworn friends to one another.

A member of this Æsculapian race
Liv'd at Newcastle upon Tyne :

OF HUMOROUS POETRY.

No man could better gild a pill,
Or make a bill,
Or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister,
Or draw a tooth out of your head,
Or chatter scandal by your bed,
Or give a glister.

Of occupations these were *quantum suff.* ;
Yet still he thought the list not long enough,
And therefore midwifery he chose to pin to't
This balanc'd things ; for if he hurl'd
A few score mortals from the world,
He made amends by bringing others into't.

His fame full six miles round the country ran ;
In short, in reputation he was *solus* ;
All the old women call'd him " a fine man !"
His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, though in trade,
(Which often will genius fetter)
Read works of fancy, it is said,
And cultivated the Belles Lettres.

And why should this be thought so odd ?
Can't men have taste to cure a phthisic ?
Of poetry though patron god,
Apollo patronizes physic.
Bolus lov'd verse, and took so much delight in'
That his prescriptions he resolv'd to write in't.

No opportunity he e'er let pass
Of writing the directions on his labels,
In dapper couplets—like Gay's Fables,
Or rather like the lines in Hudibras.

Apothecary's verse !—and where's the treasure
'Tis simply honest dealing—not a crime ;

In pharmacy, that's call'd cathartick
And, on the label of the stuff,
He wrote verse,
Which one would think was a
And terse :

“ When taken,
To be well shaken

Next morning, early, Bolus rose,
And to the patient's house he goe
Upon his pad,
Who a vile trick of stumbling ha
It was indeed a very sorry hack ;
But that's of course,
For what's expected from a horse
With an apothecary on his back :
Bolus arriv'd, and gave a loudish
Between a single and a double ra

Knocks of this kind

"Well, how's the patient?" Bolus said.
John shook his head.

"Indeed!—hum!—ha!—that's very odd!
He took the draught?"—John gave a nod.

"Well?—how?—what then?—speak out, you
dunce."

"Why, then," says John, "we shook him once."

"Shook him!—how?" Bolus stammered out.

"We jolted him about."

"Zounds! shake a patient, man—a shake won't
do."

"No, sir—and so we gave him two."

"Two shakes!—odds curse!

'Twould make the patient worse."

"It did so, sir—and so a third we tried."

"Well, and what then?"—"Then, sir, my master
died."

LITTLE MOUTHS.—A TALE.

FROM London, Paul the carrier, coming down
To Wantage, meets a beauty of the town;
They both accost with salutation pretty,
As, How dost, Paul? Thank ye, and how dost,
Betty?

Didst see our Jack, nor sister? No; you've seen,
I warrant, none but those who saw the queen.

Words often spoke in jest, says Paul, are true;
I came from Windsor, and, if some folks knew
As much as I, it might be well for you.

Lord, Paul, what is't? Why, give me something
for't;

This kiss, and this. The matter's then, in short—

The parliament have made a proclamation,
Which will this week be sent all round the nation,
That maids with little mouths do all prepare,
On Sunday next, to come before the mayor,
And that all bachelors be likewise there ;
For maids with little mouths shall, if they please,
From these young men choose two a-piece.
Betty, with bridled chin, extends her face,
And then contracts her lips with simp'ring grace ;
Cries, hem ! pray what must all the huge ones do
For husbands, when we little mouths have two ?
Hold, not so fast, cries he, pray pardon me ;
Maids with huge gaping wide mouths must have
three ?

Betty distorts her face with hideous squall,
And, mouth a foot wide, begins to bawl,
Oh, ho ! is't so ? The case is alter'd, Paul :
Is that the point ? I wish the three were ten ;
I warrant I'll find mouth, if they'll find men.

THE THRIVING TRADESMEN.

WHEN a couple of broom-men had chatted one day
On a number of things in a sociable way,
A new subject they started. Says Jack, " My
friend Joe,
I have long been most plaguedly puzzled to know
How you manage to sell your brooms cheaper than
mine,
As I steal the materials."—" I like your design,"
Replied Joe ; " but improvement's the soul of a
trade :
All the brooms I dispose of, I steal ready made."



THE COUNTRY FELLOWS AND THE ASS.

A COUNTRY fellow and his son, they tell
In modern fables, had an ass to sell :
For this intent they turn'd it out to play,
And fed so well, that by the destin'd day,
They brought the creature into sleek repair,
And drove it gently to a neighb'ring fair.

As they were jogging on, a rural class
Was heard to say, " Look ! look there at that ass !
And those two blockheads, trudging on each side,
That have not either of 'em sense to ride !
Asses all three !" And thus the country folks,
On man and boy, began to cut their jokes.

Th' old fellow minded nothing that they said,
But ev'ry word stuck in the young one's head ;
And thus began their comment thereupon :—
" Ne'er heed 'em, lad." " Nay, father, do get on."
" Not I, indeed." " Why, then, let me, I pray."
" Well, do ; and see what prating tongues will say."

The boy was mounted ; and they had not got
Much farther on, before another knot,
Just as the ass was pacing by, pad, pad,
Cried, " O ! that lazy booby of a lad !
How unconcernedly the gaping brute
Lets the poor aged fellow walk a-foot !"

Down came the son, on hearing this account,
And begg'd and pray'd, and made his father mount ;
Till a third party, on a farther stretch,
" See ! see !" exclaim'd, " that old hard-hearted
wretch !

This done, they thought
Escape reproaches, and
For having tried each part
What could be left for joy

Still disappointed, by
“ Hark ye, you fellows !
Get off, for shame ! or one
You both deserve to carry
Ready to drop down upon
With such a huge unconsc

On this they both dismo
Contriv'd to carry, like a t
The ass between 'em ! pri
With man and lad, and sli
Others omit that fancy in
As overstraining an ingeni

The copy that we follow
Rubb'd d

Could put down nought at last but nice tid bits ;
Nay oft, with much solicitation too,
Her mistress was oblig'd to kiss and woo,
For fear poor tender Chloe might have fits.

Fat was our Chloe—like a ball of grease ;
So round, a foot-ball quite, and fair her fleece :
Oft on the Turkey carpet as she lay,
And sleep o'er Chloe's eye-lids did prevail,
'Twas very, very difficult to say
Which was her head indeed, and which her tail.

At length it came to pass, that Chloe
Did sullenness and sickness show ;
So heavy, leaving off her wanton capers ;
Gap'd, stretch'd, and lethargy she likewise show'd ;
Was sick at stomach, (nay, I dare say, sp-w'd !)
And seem'd, poor dog, afflicted with the vapours.

My lady took her pining to her arms,
Hugg'd her and kiss'd her, full of sad alarms,
Fearing her poor little soul would die :
Chloe was all stupidity and lumpish,
Scarce lick'd her hand—so sullen and so mumpish,
Nor scarcely rais'd the white of either eye.

The coachman's call'd. “ O Jehu, Chloe's ill—
Quite lost her appetite ; she has no will

To move, or say, poor soul, a single thing :
Jehu, what can the matter be—d'ye know ?”

“ I think, my lady, I could cure Miss Chloe.”

“ Dear Jehu, what delicious news you bring !

Take her, then—take her, Jehu, to your room,
And from her spirits drive this ugly gloom,
And get her pretty appetite again.”

"O good, my lady, never, never fear;
I understand her case—'tis very clear;
By Heav'n's assistance, I sha'n't work in vain."

Now to his room the coachman bore Miss Bitch,
Who, looking back all wistful, felt no itch
To go with Jehu; still he bears her on;
Arriv'd, kind Jehu offers her a bone.
Miss Chloe in a passion seeks the door;
In vain—'tis shut; she lays her on the floor,
And whines—gets up, all restless—looks about—
Watches the door so sly, and cocks her ears,
So pleas'd and nimble at each sound she hears,
In hopes (vain hopes, alas!) of getting out.

Chloe, like lightning, now resolves to pass,
Bounce from her gaoler, through a pane of glass,
And, by a leap, no more in prison groan;
But, fearing she might spoil her pretty chops,
Nay, break her neck, by chamber-window hops,
Chloe most wisely let the leap alone.

Jehu now offer'd her a piece of liver.

"Chloe, do you love liver?" Jehu said.

"The devil take," she seem'd to say, "the giver,"
So hurt the dog appear'd—then turn'd her head.

"Well, Chloe, well—Heav'n mend your proud
digestion!

To-morrow I shall ask you the same question."

The morrow (ah! a sulky morrow) came:
Chloe scarce slept a single wink all night,
Whining and groaning, longing much to bite!

Calling in vain upon the lady's name.

"Well, Chloe, can you take your liver?"—"No;
No, thank ye, Jehu."—"Leave it, pretty Chloe."

The day pass'd on—no eating? not a crumb.
Miss Chloe crawl'd about the room, so sad,
Sulky, and disappointed, angry, mad;
Now moaning, now upon her rump so dumb;
At times around on barb'rous Jehu squinting;
Such looks! not much good-will to Jehu hinting.

Another morning came—a liver meal.
“Chloe, how stands your stomach? how d'ye feel?”
“Jehu, I will not eat.”—Jehu goes out.
What does Miss Chloe? With a nimble pace,
Runs to the liver, without saying grace,
Gobbling away, with appetite so stout;

For now the liver seem'd to meet her wish,
And, not half satisfied, she lick'd the dish!
Jehu returns, and smiles—Chloe grows good,
Takes civilly a slice of musty bread,
Rejects from Jehu's hand no kind of food,
Glad on the rind of Cheshire to be fed.

Jehu with Chloe to my lady goes,
And, triumphing, his little patient shows;
Not once discovering the rough mode of cure—
Jehu had lost his place, then, to be sure.

My lady presses Chloe to her breast,
Half crazy, hugging, kissing her—so blest
To see her fav'rite Chloe's chang'd condition.
“Thank ye, good Jehu—Heav'ns, what skill is in
ye!”
Then into Jehu's hand she slips a guinea;
And Jehu's thought a very fine physician.

THE INDIAN, OR SELF-INTEREST.

SEARCH o'er each nation, still you'll find
The ruling passion of mankind
Pervades each breast, and ever will ;
" Self-interest" is their motive still.

And hence you'll find the rude untaught
All are with " self-interest" fraught.
An instance here I'll bring, to show
How far this love of self will go :—

An Indian governor, 'tis said,
One morn his workmen had survey'd,
And saw his slaves attentive to
The work which each man had to do.

Returning home, he met, they say,
A lusty Indian on his way ;
To whom he said, " Why don't you go
And work as well as others do ?

Surely you very hard must fare ;
You've scarcely any clothes to wear ;
But starve you'd sooner, I suppose,
Than work for money or for clothes."

The Indian said, " And why not you,
With all your men, go working too ?"
" And so I do," the governor said ;
" Not with my hands, but with my head."

" If I do work," says Sancho, then,
" I must be paid like other men ;
And what is there for me to do,
If I'd a mind to work for you ?"

The governor was glad to find
The Indian was to work inclin'd,
And told him, as he found him willing
To work, that he should have a shilling ;

Likewise he would his belly fill,
If he a fatted calf would kill.
The Indian goes, the calf is slain,
Then quickly trudges back again ;

With eager looks, and open-handed,
The shilling in a trice demanded.
The governor stood aghast to see
Him thus returning for his fee.

" You have not dress'd the calf," he said ;
" You must do that before you're paid."
The Indian said, " I was to go
Only to kill the calf, you know ;

Therefore, as it is your request,
The calf shall very soon be drest ;
But you must give me, when I've done,
Two shillings, then, instead of one."

To this they both agreed, 'tis said ;
The job was done, the money paid.
The fellow to the alehouse come,
One shilling soon he spent in rum ;

Then to the governor return'd,
Where he so late the money earn'd.
" Master, one shilling bad," he cried,
" And ne'er a one I've got beside."

The man suppos'd the tale was true,
And chang'd it without more ado.

now he by him had been deceiv'd
Yet thought that, at some future ti
He should be punish'd for his crim

This governor would ne'er chastise
His slaves, but when they told him
And then his custom was to send
A little distance to a friend,

And beg that he'd the goodness hav
To give a flogging to a slave.
Accordingly he wrote a letter,
(Sure no expedient could be better)

Intending that the black should go,
And get a handsome flogging too :
The master saw him in the town,
And thus, presenting half-a-crown,

" If you will take this as directed,"
Not thinking he (the black) expected

Before this journey I do go,
'Cause I may not come back, you know."
Scarce had he got a mile or more,
When a poor slave, he knew before,

He met—"Here, you must run," says he,
"And take this letter, 'stead of me."
Away he went, but soon return'd
With fifty lashes, dearly earn'd ;

With which the governor intended
This artful black should be befriended :
But he, by art, had prov'd that slaves
Are, like their masters, arrant knaves,

To suit their purpose—Thus we find
How self-love governs human kind.
The governor, one future day,
In walking out, met, on his way,

The slave who this arch trick had play'd ;
So beckon'd him, and sternly said,
"Why did not you, as you were hir'd,
Go with that letter, as requir'd ?

"You would have had, if you had went,
What on that slave was wrongly spent."
The black was ready at a joke,
And recollected, ere he spoke,

What answer he to him had made,
When he "Why you no work?" had said ;
So making up, with queer grimace,
A comic-tragic rueful face,

And pointing 's finger to his head,
Thus to the governor archly said—

"Me sure to 'scape all such disassa ;
Me now know how 'make head work,' massa."

THE COUNTRY BUMPKIN AND RAZOR-SELLER.

A FELLOW, in a market town,
Most musical, cried razors up and down,
And offer'd twelve for eighteen-pence ;
Which certainly seem'd wond'rous cheap ;
And, for the money, quite a heap,
As ev'ry man would buy, with cash and sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard ;
Poor Hodge, who suffer'd by a broad black beard,
That seem'd a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose ;
With cheerfulness the eighteen-pence he paid,
And proudly to himself in whisper said,
"This rascal stole the razors, I suppose.

"No matter if the fellow be a knave,
Provided that the razors shave ;
It certainly will be a monstrous prize."
So home the clown with his good fortune went,
Smiling, in heart and soul content,
And quickly soap'd himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lather'd from a dish or tub,
Hodge now began, with grinning pain, to grub,
Just like a hedger cutting furze :

'Twas a vile razor !—then the rest he tried—
All were impostors !—" Ah !" Hodge sigh'd,
"I wish my eighteen-pence within my purse."

In vain to chase his beard, and bring the graces,
He cut, and dug, and winch'd, and stamp'd, and
swore,
Brought blood, and danc'd, blasphem'd, and made
wry faces,
And curs'd each razor's body o'er and o'er.

His muzzle, form'd of opposition stuff,
Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its ruff;
So kept it—laughing at the steel and suds.
Hodge, in a passion, stretch'd his angry jaws,
Vowing the direst vengeance, with clench'd claws,
On the vile cheat that sold the goods.

“ Razors !—a vile, confounded dog—
Not fit to scrape a hog !”

Hodge sought the fellow—found him—and begun,—

“ P'rhaps, Master Razor-rogue, to you 'tis fun,
That people flay themselves out of their lives :
You rascal ! for an hour have I been grubbing,
Giving my crying whiskers here a scrubbing,
With razors just like oyster-knives.

“ Sirrah ! I tell you, you're a knave,
To cry up razors that can't shave.”

“ Friend,” quoth the razor-man, “ I'm not a knave :
As for the razors you have bought,
Upon my soul, I never thought
That they would shave.”

“ Not think they'd shave ?” quoth Hodge, with
wond'ring eyes,
And voice not much unlike an Indian yell ;
“ What were they made for then, you dog ?” he
cries.
“ Made !” quoth the fellow, with a smile—“ to
sell.”

THE BEGGARS' HATS ; OR, THE WAY TO GET RICH.

IN Florence, once, a signior dwelt,
Who Fortune's favours erst had felt ;
But, while too fast her wheel she whirl'd,
He giddy grew, and headlong hurl'd
From her high slippery spoke was he,
Down to the pit of Poverty ;
Which was so deep, he 'gan to doubt
If e'er again he could get out.

Beside, the phantom Honour came,
Forbidding him, in Honour's name,
Plebeian use of hands magnific,
Or digits ten, to make prolific
In action of ignoble sort,
Which might degrade his rank at court ;
Declaring trade was worse than Turk,
And bade him rather starve than work :
While Indolence cried out, "'Twere treason
To think that Honour wanted reason ;
For, so illustrious was his blood,
'T had noble been before the flood,
And, like to stagnant lake, had bubbled
Offensive stench, if e'er 'twas troubled.
More honourable it were to beg,
Pull off his cap, and make a leg—
Not to a mortal ; that were horrid !
But he might bow his noble forehead,
And yet not give his pride a purging,
Before a certain Blessed Virgin,
Who from a post was lately cut,
And in convenient corner put,
To hear petitions, and receive
As much as people pleas'd to leave."

This reasoning was so very good,
It might not easily be withstood :
He therefore vow'd, as was expedient,
To be for evermore obedient,
To listen meekly when she chid him,
And do whate'er she pleas'd to bid him ;
In which last points, most folks allow,
He ne'er was known to break his vow.
Thus resting for support upon her,
He pleas'd both Indolence and Honour.

Holy Madonna's high renown,
Through many a fair Italian town,
Was great ; for pearls she had abundant ;
Flounces and furbelows redundant ;
Sacks, gowns, hoops, petticoats, and smocks ;
Ear-rings, gauze caps, and powder'd locks ;
Lac'd shoes, fring'd garters ; and, that she
Might, *tout a fait*, in fashion be,
Each cheek was daub'd with red and white,
Like dowager's by candle-light.
Nay, more our wonder to bespeak,
She chang'd her linen once a week !
Though this was thought, throughout the nation,
A work of supererogation,
Much too sublime for imitation ;
For cleanliness is so uncommon,
'Tis useless held, in man or woman.

She was withal so monstrous chaste,
Virtue was buckled round her waist :
E'en monks themselves, it had been said,
Could not purloin her maidenhead.
Beside, the miracles she wrought
Were more than some folks could have thought ;
Nay, were they not affirm'd by friars,
You'd swear the publishers were liars.

But he t' eternity shall fry,
Who thinks a friar's lips can lie.

Our signior, as we said before,
Proud, indolent, and very poor,
Became a vot'ry at her shrine,
In hope she'd seriously incline
To hear his fervent flatt'ring speeches,
And be so good to grant him riches :
Each morn, betimes, he trotted, fasting,
And promis'd homage everlasting,
With sprinklings, crossings, genuflections,
Would she but deign to take directions
From him, a blind and silly sinner,
And grant, at least, each day a dinner.

But somehow, this hard-hearted maid
Ne'er listen'd to a word he said,
But unconcern'd remain'd, and mum,
As though she had been deaf and dumb ;
Not all his prayers and pious bustle
Could ever make her move a muscle ;
As mute she stood, when urg'd the most,
As if she still had been a post,—
And was so sparing of her favour,
The signior's faith began to waver,
Till his backsliding soul had fear
She would not, or she could not, hear.

In Florence, thus, as well as London,
The soul, subdu'd by body mundane,
Has found it difficult to b'lieve
Doctrines it never could conceive ;
Nay is, at times, inclin'd to doubt
What fools alone can doubt about.

Our story soon will make it clear
His faith has little cause of fear.

His beads to drop, his prayers to say,
He rose one cheerful morn of May,
When weather made the lips relative,
And the frank soul communicative,
The Blessed Mary to confront,
And kneel unto, as was his wont :
But, though 'twas early, yet was he,
As it fell out, the last of three.
Two beggars, blind, were bent before her,
Pretending highly to adore her,
The tear to squeeze, the sigh to broach,
Whene'er they heard a foot approach ;
Else not a single groan, or hem :
The Devil might sigh and groan for them,
If they suppos'd no mortal ey'd 'em,
Or knelt to mutter pray'rs beside 'em ;
Though Vicar of Bray ne'er bray'd so loud
As they, when braying in a crowd.

Not hearing any thing i' th' wind,
(Observe, I told you they were blind)
They chatter'd with each other freely,
And not with mouth by some call'd mealy,
Of their impostures hypocritic,
Their feignings to be paralytic,
With various arts and tricks exterior,
Each vaunting still himself superior
In cheating your fanatic blockhead,
And plucking pence from pious pocket.
No sooner did they money mention,
Than our good signior's whole attention
Was caught, and straight, all eye and ear,
On cautious tip-toe he drew near ;
While they, with vanity impellant,
Told each dissimulative talent :
Till one, more hardy, boasted that
Two hundred pistoles, in his hat,

Well quilted were—and all in gold,
As good as e'er were touch'd or told !
“ Pshaw,” with a sneer, replies the other,
“ But I've five hundred pistoles, brother,
Of gold, which touchstone well endures,
Hid in the self-same place as yours !”

Their belts had burst, had they been buckled,
So heartily the rascals chuckled,
To think that they, who wanted eyes,
Were, more than others, rich and wise :
For Vanity as soon convinces
Your mendicants, as peers or princes ;
And tear of approbation trickles
Down beggar's cheek, when self-love tickles,
As fast, and with as warm delight,
As down the cheek of earl or knight.
Their talk heard well our man of Florence,
And though he theft held in abhorrence,
That is, whenever he suspected
He probably might be detected,
Yet Conscience soon was acquiescent,
Upon occasion like the present.
Quick, then, with ambidexter snatch,
He left each pate without a patch,
And back recoil'd with footstep silent ;
While they, with clamours loud and vi'lent,
Supposing each by th' other plunder'd,
“ Thief ! scoundrel ! robber ! rascal !” thunder'd ;
And both began to claw and curse,
Like drabs of Billingsgate, or worse ;
While arm athletic well belabours,
Till uproar rais'd the drowsy neighbours ;
Who gave them, as my tale supposes,
For broken heads and bloody noses,
And every other dire disaster,
Much good advice, by way of plaster.

Our signior linger'd not t' inquire
Which way his dupes would vent their ire,
But, holding it unwise to tarry,
Ran off as fast as legs would carry ;
Nor ever stopp'd to look behind,
Till, out of danger and of wind,
He deem'd that safely, on reflection,
He might take breath and recollection.

And now, when certain of his booty,
Some scruples strange about his duty
Began to fill his doubting mind ;
Till he was more than half inclin'd
To entertain an odd belief,
That he was more than half a thief ;
And waken'd Conscience gave such twitches,
About his late ill-gotten riches,
As, reader, you and I, I trow,
Who never sinn'd, can never know.

You've seen that folks in pain, no doubt,
Do bellow stoutly to get out :
Hence doctors logically prove
That what we hate we do not love ;
While Truth peers through their diction florid,
As plain as horns through cuckold's forehead.

" Like causes like effects produce,"
Is an old axiom still in use :
Hence Pain suggested an opinion,
In cranium of our Florentinian,
That she no more should break his rest
When he his crime had once confess'd ;
And, as 'twas an uncommon case,
She held it wise that to his grace,
'Th' archbishop, he should forthwith go,
And let him all the story know.

He, like most folks, before and since,
Found Pain an arbitrary prince,
Whose arguments must needs convince.
Beside, he was not very subject
Too long to reason on one object.
Nor should this fact be too much minded ;
For, though you see that I'm long winded,
Yet too much reas'ning will fatigue me :
And who but, if he saw a pigmy
Lab'ring to carry a cow, must laugh,
Knowing he could not carry a calf ?

The prelate found, he then and there
(His reverence in his elbow chair)
Told first and last of his proceedings,
His vow to th' Virgin, pray'rs, and pleadings ;
Fail'd not t' enumerate his devotions,
And all his orthodoxy notions
Of God, the Virgin, Mother, Daughter,—
Of consecrated wood and water ;
And spoke with spirit so submissive,
So primitive, and so expressive,
His reverence vow'd, with holy amen,
He never heard, from lip of laymen,
Doctrine so purely apostolic,
So purely to be term'd catholic !

“ As for the hats—hold—let me try—
Humph ! ah—why, sir, 'tween you and I,
We ought, in all humility,
Each to wear one ! ay—this for me.
'Tis very old, I grant, and bad ;
But so Christ's children should be clad :
'Tis heavier, too, than that you'll wear ;
But it's my duty most to bear :
Painful pre-eminence, to moan
And weep transgressions not our own.

“ Meanwhile procession shall be made,
And holy office sung or said,
With every possible decorum,
That they who have sins may deplore 'em,
And, with contrition true, may cry, Ah !
Before our blest *Sancta Maria* :
For, sir, 'tis plain, that, had not she
Been one of this confederacy,
This deed had wanted yet a name,
Which I a miracle proclaim !
Nay, what is more, you 'ad gone without
That hat, which now, beyond a doubt,
Is yours, by right of gift divine,
As legally as this is mine.”

Our signior, all as wise as *honnête*,
Bow'd, and put on his beggar's bonnet ;
And, in this conf'rence, learn'd, we see,
Much logic—more divinity.

The story 's done ; but, for the moral
If you will take a poet's *parole*,
It has already, sir, been shown ;
If not, I greatly doubt 't has none.
To dulness morals are akin ;
They're often better out than in.
Another reason may appear
Why moralize I should not here :
Like book yclep'd Encyclopedy,
My tale is much too long already.

Has seen "*Lodgings to Let*" stare
face :

Some are good, and let dearly ; while
known,
Are so dear and so bad, they are best

Will Waddle, whose temper was
lonely,

Hir'd lodgings that took single gentle
But Will was so fat, he appear'd like
Or like two single gentlemen roll'd in

He enter'd his rooms, and to bed he r
But, all the night long, he felt fever'd
And, though heavy to weigh as a score
He was not, by any means, heavy to

Next night was the same !—and the r
next ;

The doctor look'd wise :—" A slow fever," he said ;
Prescrib'd sudorifics, and going to bed.

"Sudorifics in bed," exclaim'd Will, "are hum-
bugs !

I've enough of them there, without paying for
drugs !"

Will kick'd out the doctor ; but, when ill indeed,
E'en dismissing the doctor don't *always* succeed ;
So, calling his host, he said, "Sir, do you know,
I'm the fat single gentleman six months ago ?

"Look'e landlord, I think," argued Will, with a
grin,

"That with honest intentions you first *took me in* :
But from the first night—and to say it I'm bold—
I have been so damn'd hot, that I'm sure I caught
cold."

Quoth the landlord—"Till now I ne'er had a dis-
pute ;

I've let lodgings ten years—I'm a baker to boot ;
In airing your sheets, sir, my wife is no sloven,
And your bed is immediately—over my oven."

"The oven !!!" says Will.—Says the host, "Why
this passion ?

In that excellent bed died three people of fashion.
Why so crusty, good sir ?"—"Zounds !" cries
Will, in a taking,

"Who wouldn't be crusty, with half a year's
baking ?"

Will paid for his rooms.—Cried the host, with a
sneer,

"Well, I see you've been going away half a year."

THE KING AND THE SHEPHERD

A FABLE is a tale ; a tale's a fable
A toy that's made for children of
But to make either useful are you able
Lord ! Ask an author that ! Usefu

Both tale and fable will instruct, del
Essence of intellect will make of c
Sir, all great qualities in them unite
And those who write them are as

Who would not be th' immortal La
Immortal ? Yes, immortal ! Whe
The rhyming race, you cannot call t
Make rhymes and immortality aki

Horace, a thousand others, I could r
Attribute immortality to ~~some~~ :

Homer ! Shakspeare ! Pestilence take old Time !
His feats fill half the living bards with sorrow :
I mention La Fontaine, sweet child of rhyme,
Because from him I am about to borrow.

Also, because, o' th' poet tribe but few
On this sad immortality can draw
Value receiv'd, like him, good bill and true,
Conformable to high poetic law.

He says, I therefore venture to premise,
Two master passions rule the human race ;
Ambition, love ; to them all sacrifice :
Observe, ambition wears a changeful face.

Love of renown, for this thing or for that,
Is but ambition, call it what you will ;
The vanity of riband, lace, gown, hat,
Cap, shawl, or bonnet, is ambition still.

As mischievous, though paltry, that I grant ;
It differs only in degree and kind :
'Tis often mad, and prone to foam and rant,
And, oft'ner still, like pauper, lame and blind.

E'en rival drunkenness and gluttony,
Although perhaps in general they seem
Scarcely to rank above bestiality,
Will of ambition oft pretend to dream.

One glories in the tuns he can devour,
Another in the flavour of his table ;
Each vaunts above his rival he can tow'r,
And the prodigious feats of which he's able !

Your drunkard, who so beastly vain as he ?
Pshaw ! drunkard and glutton ! I really hate 'em !

To give them troughs, hog-like, should men decree,
I'm greatly wrong if they would underrate 'em.

But to my tale : I preach too much, for ever,
And murder time, that I but mean to kill :
To show their little wit poets endeavour ;
Paper they spoil, oceans of ink they spill.

TALE.

IN good old times, not in these sinful days,
(Folks then were vastly better, as I've heard)
A shepherd's flock did much a king amaze,
They were so fat and sleek, and nicely shear'd.

So num'rous, too, and healthy were their lambs :
Kill'd and cut up, how would they grace the spit !
In shoulders, legs, and loins, they and their dams
Seem'd so delightfully for eating fit !

The sage king, having ponder'd, wav'd his hand ;
A hundred courtiers, when he beckon'd, flew,
And humbly begg'd to hear his high command,
That they might show how much to majesty is due.

The king bade them remark the well-fed flock !
"Go ! tell the shepherd he must come to court."
They heard amaz'd, as mute as fish call'd stock !
The wink went round—"His majesty's in sport."

They went, but, when they durst, they laugh'd
aloud ;
On countenance of each there sat a sneer :
They call'd the shepherd—"Fellow ? don't be
proud,
But come to court."—"How ! I at court ap-
pear ?"

To court he goes, is honour'd by the king ;
Plain sense and honesty are all his knowledge ;
His acts of justice through the country ring,
Much more, mayhap, than had he come from
college.

A good old hermit, erst the shepherd's friend,
Who heard ' these things, alarm'd more than
amaz'd,
Though age had made his weary body bend,
Hasten'd to warn the man the king had rais'd.

His former shepherd-comrade soon he sees,
Encircled by court tribes of parasites,
Who worship, basking in the summer breeze,
The favour'd sage, in whom the king delights.

" What do I see ? " he cried : " Is it a dream ?
Can you, a man of sense, in courts confide ?
Have you, although the waters flowing seem,
No apprehension of the turning tide ?

" I've seen it change and ebb, alas ! too oft ! " .
'Twas thus the hermit spoke, but spoke in vain :
At fears like these the vizier-shepherd scoff'd.
The hermit friend continu'd thus his strain.

" Have you the mute forgot ? the silken cord ?
The bow-string ? You ! a man reputed wise !
Why let your life depend upon a word ?
On danger when so great, why shut your eyes ?

" You're the blind traveller, whose whip was lost,
And, groping for it, up a serpent took,
Harmless at first, because benumb'd by frost ;
The blind man at his danger could not look.

“ Like this blind man, should
treasure,
And cherish serpents, warm
breath,
Just at the moment when, secure :
You hug them to your heart,
death.”

“ I know they may,” secure, his f
“ Yet fear them not : mankind, c
O, be that true ambition not denied
I’ll face the death which I shall

In vain the hermit talk’d of turmoi
The restless day, the sleepless ni
Your virtuous zealot always danger
To foolish martyrdom he braves

Yes, yes, the man was virtuous.]
Honest, yet first in office, ~~he and~~
Whisners ~~celebrate~~

What mean you now ? why with such envy sneer ?

We mean his strong box, and its rich contents.
His strong box ?—Yes, his strong box.—Bring it
here.

Sire, by the groans of men that box augments.

With joy they fly to execute their task :

On ceremony now they do not stand,
Nor use soft language, nor permission ask ;
They do but execute the king's command.

Your secret sins will now be brought to light :

Come, sir, your hoards ! your treasures ! where
are they ?

Your guilt is visible ; we see your fright :

Your strong box, and its key ! quick, quick !
obey !

The monarch comes ; much fruitless search is made

Through private room, and door with double lock :
In vain all eyes do ev'ry hole pervade ;
Th' accus'd appears to stand firm as a rock.

At last, as 'twere by chance, hopeless almost,

Garrets to search one cunning wight propos'd :
A coffer there was found—the key was lost ;
Strong proof of guilt, which soon would be dis-
clos'd.

The monarch bit his lips, as monarchs do

When they are angry. So, vile slave !
Are you at last discover'd ? All is true !
How have you dar'd thus far my wrath to brave ?

The vizier-shepherd answer'd, and 'tis said

That as he spoke he wip'd away a tear :
“ In sorrow, sire, I bend my guilty head,
And never was repentance more sincere.

" Then break it open ; let me sta
From your strict justice I make
I yield to torrents, which cannot h
There lies the treasure which my

Hammer was brought ; up flew th
Nor gold nor diamonds lay expo
But shepherd jacket, rightly 'twas
With clouted shoes, darn'd stoc
new.

" There lies my wealth ; there lies
There lies the whole that simple
There lies what nature wants : I a
There lies warm honesty : why

" Thanks to my king ; to courts fa
To quit their purlieus solemnly
Shall I again change ~~peace for~~

"There, please you, sir, dwells Parson Thrift,
Here Lawyer Claw, there Doctor Lopp."

This answer, Baron, serves for all ;
Sure as there's physic, gospel, law,
In every town at which you call,
You'll find a Thrift, a Lopp, and Claw.

And such this lucky trio's lot,
When you have journey'd England round,
You'll see that it has always got
The three best things on English ground.

Best *house*, best *living*, and best *pay* ;
And ere you thrice three leagues have been,
I thrice three pounds to one will lay,
You'll note the lucky wights I mean,

Are doctor, lawyer-man, and priest ;
Worthies, I ween, decreed by fate
On *thrice one* more best things to feast,
On *mind*, and *body*, and *estate*.

But if, as sometimes you will view,
To body a fair face should join,
That takes the lead of t'other two,
With lawyer, doctor, and divine.

Though still observe, the wights agree,
So zealous is their guardian care,
To part between them *all the three* ;
And, for the happy people's share,

Leave preachments, parchments, drugs in plenty !
And what, my friend, can be more kind ?
Wish you a suit ? they give you twenty :
And what does wealth, but load the mind ?

Then, as for physic, when your breath
Is all that's left 'twixt skin and bone,
Doctor can serve you after death,
And save your very *skeleton* !

Laud, then, O muse ! the generous
Who on themselves take all our evil
Keep from the worms the body free,
And the soul rescue from the devil.

BEANS AND BACON, A PHILOSOPHY

WHEN big Sir Fungus fill'd the mass
All gorgeous carv'd, and rais'd above
He ask'd a question, made his brethren
Pulling his peruke down to—hide his
As we've arrang'd, complete, both *grub*
Pray, in what *genus* shall we class ~~ours~~
How class our bean ?

Each at Hope's threshold made a cheering halt,
And all nos'd error, like poor curs at fault ;
Some were for analyzing Nature's laws ;
Some hid their ignorance in hems and haws ;
Some, with a maniac's motion, soar'd the air ;
Some kick'd their wigs about in wild despair.
Shade of Linnæus, said a silken peer,
Great soul of botany, whom all revere !
But, gentlemen, if you're not dumb as fishes,
How can the Swedish spirit hear my wishes ?
Confound these physical disputes, for me.
Who rails at physic ? roar'd a hot M.D.
Indistinct murmurs sadden'd all the room ;
The hungry Parcæ flutter'd in the gloom ;
Pride vague ideas on ideas heap'd,
While sleepless Satire through the keyhole peep'd.
Look for Phaseolus—who makes that clatter ?
Pray, gauge my *cranium*—what the de'il's the matter ?

Knowledge is vanity, Sir Joe, 'tis true :
Pray, what is science ?—I can't tell ; can you ?
Farewell synopsis, comments, all farewell.
What's this I hear ? why, zounds, Lord D.'s not well.

Insidious Lunacy, with wond'rous pains,
Was slurring Wit, and addling all their brains ;
When an old woman (who, at their desire,
Was wont to empt' the pot, and stir the fire)
Ended the squabble, as bystanders ought,
And sav'd their brains from being split by thought :
Your honours, sure, quoth she, can't be mistaken ;
I always *class* my *beans* with—BACON !

EPSOM RACES.

COME, Madam Muse, new nib thy pen,
And put on thy best graces,
To sing, in merry, jocund strain,
The joys of Epsom Races.

Curricles, coaches, chaises, gigs,
Beaux, bloods, and men of trade,
Black-legs, nobles, peers, and prigs,
All join the cavalcade.

The young, the old, the brown, the fair,
Of pleasure take their fill ;
The mania spreads, from Berkeley-square,
As far as Fish-street-hill !

Miss Drugget cries—" My sweet papa,
Let's go to Epsom, pray ;
There's you, and I, and dear mamma,
Will fill a one-horse shay ?

In order to go safe and slow,
By day-break we'll set off ;
The ride will do you good, I know,
And cure your nasty cough.

I *doats* upon the country now ;
How sweet the *wernal* breezes ;
We'll take our dinner, too, I *wow*,
And dine beneath the *treeeses*."

Old Drugget shook his cranium wise ;
But madam cried—" I' fegs !
What, though old Dobbin's lost both eyes,
He still has got four legs.

" You cruel man, you're more severe
Than Chinese, Turk, or Persian ;
Deny your wife, and daughter dear,
But one short day's diversion !

" So, Mr. Drugget, pray give o'er,
And mind what I desire ;
Go to the liv'ryman next door,
And quick a buggy hire."

The Cit found all resistance nought ;
My lady was in *earnest* :
The chaise was hir'd, provisions bought,
And poor old Dobbin harness'd.

Through ev'ry village that they went,
The boys began a-hooting ;
Their luckless steed was almost spent
Before they got to Tooting.

Old Drugget laid on many a blow,
And whipp'd with might and main ;
And now, behold, he cried, Gee-ho !
And now he jerk'd the rein.

At length he turn'd to spousy dear
And said—" My sweetest jewel,
The race-ground, love, is very near ;
For, see, we're ent'ring Ewell."

Reaching, at last, the crowded course,
They gap'd, they star'd, they wonder'd ;
Whilst bets upon the fav'rite horse
Vociferously thunder'd.

The Cit exclaim'd—" Confound this din
I wish, as I'm a sinner,

Holla ! you sir ! come here
You, gin and gingerbread

But when the racing list he
To trust his sight afraid i
"Zounds ! here's not only s
But also *sporting ladies* !

" Sure there was never such
Since days of Father Adam
I'll see it nearer."—Out he l
And gave the reins to mad

Ent'ring a booth, a dext'rous
In trick and cunning able,
Seduc'd the unsuspecting Cit
To join an E. O. table.

Tempted by play's inviting ca
A guinea bright he ventures
And views the circling of d

Away went Drugget and his dear ;
Away went ham and chicken ;
With bottles, glasses, wine and beer :
Ye gods, what pretty picking !

There, too, good lack, between the wheels
Was seen their hapless daughter,
Kicking aloft her lovely heels,
'Midst copious streams of porter !

"I've lost my wig," poor Drugget roar'd.
"Your wig ! that's nought," cried Miss ;
"Mamma has spoil'd her bran-new gown,
And I my blue pelisse."

The unlucky chaise went quite to pot ;
Old Dobbin, too, was undone :
At great expense a cart they got,
To take them back to London.

Arriv'd at home, th' enraged Cit,
With words the most uncivil,
Sent horses, jockeys, E. O. too,
All packing to the devil !

A RECEIPT FOR STEWING VEAL.

TAKE a knuckle of veal ;
You may buy it or steal :
In a few pieces cut it,
In a stewing-pan put it.
Salt, pepper, and mace,
Must season this knuckle ;
Then what's join'd to a place,
With other herbs muckle,

And lettuce and onion,
With marygold meet.
Put no water at all,
For it maketh things smal
Which lest it should hap
A close cover clap on.
Put this pot of wood's me
In a hot boiling kettle,
And there let it be
(Mark the doctrine I teach
About—let me see—

Thrice as long as you p
So skimming the fat off,
Say grace with your hat c
O then ! with what raptu
Will it fill dean and chay

CAUTION TO TRAVEL

ALL travellers, this heavy judgme
A handsome hostess makes a rocke

OF HUMOROUS POETRY.

Around her spectres shook their chains,
And goblins kept their station ;
They pull'd, they pinch'd her till she swore,
To spare the male creation.

Before her now the buck, the beau,
The squire, the captain trips ;
The modest seiz'd her hand to kiss,
The forward seiz'd her lips.

For some she felt her bosom pant,
For some she felt it smart ;
To all she gave enchanting smiles,
To one she gave her heart.

She dreamt—(for magic charms prevail'd,
And fancy play'd her farce on)
That, soft reclin'd in elbow chair,
She kiss'd a sleeping parson.

She dreamt—but O rash muse ! forbear,
Nor virgins', dreams pursue ;
Yet blest above the gods is he
Who proves such visions true.

THE DROPSICAL MAN.

A JOLLY, brave toper, who could not forbear,
Though his life was in danger, old Port and stale
beer,
Gave the doctor the hearing—but still would drink
on,
'Till the dropsy had swell'd him as big as a tun ;
The more he took physic the worse still he grew,
'Till tapping was now the last thing he could do.

These man, these house, and estate
This manor, this house, and estate
My early excesses may teach you
That 'tis working for death to die
youth."

Says Tom (who's a lad of a gentle
And not like young rakes, who're
herit),

"Sir, don't be dishearten'd; altho
Th' operation is painful, and haza
'Tis no more than what many a
through;

And then, as for years, you may yet
Your life after this may be happy

"Don't flatter me, Tom," was the
With a jest in his mouth, and a te

"Too well, by experience, my vesse
No sooner are tapp'd, but they giv

Who knows how far the novelty may charm ?
It can't, at any rate, do much harm.
The tale we give then, and, we need not fear,
The moral, if there be one, will appear.

Two thirsty souls met on a sultry day,—
One Glazier Dick, the other Tom the Tinker ;
Both with light purses, and with spirits gay,
And hard it were to name the sturdiest drinker.
Their ale they quaff'd ;
And, as they swigg'd the nappy,
Though both agreed, 'tis said,
That trade was wondrous dead,
They jok'd, sung, laugh'd,
And were completely happy.

The landlord's eye, bright as his sparkling ale,
Glisten'd to see them the brown pitcher hug ;
For ev'ry jest, and song, and merry tale,
Had this blithe ending—"Bring us t'other mug !"
Now Dick the Glazier feels his bosom burn
To do his friend, Tom Tinker, a good turn ;
And where the heart to friendship feels inclin'd,
Occasion seldom loiters long behind.

The kettle, gaily singing on the fire,
Gives Dick a hint just to his heart's desire ;
And, while to draw more ale the landlord goes,
Dick in the ashes all the water throws,
Then puts the kettle on the fire again,
And at the Tinker winks,
As "Trade's success !" he drinks,
Nor doubts the wish'd success Tom will obtain.

Our landlord ne'er could such a toast withstand ;
So, giving each kind customer a hand,

His friendship too display'd,
And drank—"Success to trade!"
But, O! how pleasure vanish'd from his eye,
How long and rueful his round visage grew,
Soon as he saw the kettle's bottom fly;
Solder the only fluid he could view!
He rav'd, he caper'd, and he swore,
And d—d the kettle's bottom o'er and o'er.

"Come, come!" says Dick, "fetch us, my friend,
more ale;
All trades, you know, must live:
Let's drink—"May trade with none of us ne'er fail!"
The job to Tom then give;
And, for the ale he drinks, our lad of mettle,
Take my word for it, soon will mend your kettle."
The landlord yields, but hopes 'tis no offence
To curse the trade that thrives at his expense.
Tom undertakes the job; to work he goes,
And just concludes it with the ev'ning's close.

Souls so congenial had friends Tom and Dick,
They might be fairly call'd brother and brother;
Thought Tom, to serve my friend I know a trick,
"And one good turn always deserves another!"
Out now he slily slips,
But not a word he said;
The plot was in his head,
And off he nimbly trips.
Swift to the neighb'ring church his way he takes;
Nor, in the dark,
Misses his mark,
But ev'ry pane of glass he quickly breaks.
Back as he goes,
His bosom glows,
To think how great will be his friend Dick's joy,
At getting so much excellent employ!

Return'd, he, beck'ning, draws his friend aside,
Importance in his face ;
And, to Dick's ear his mouth applied,
Thus briefly states the case—
“ Dick ! I may give you joy ; you're a made man ;
I've done your business most complete, my friend ;
I'm off !—the devil may catch me if he can ;
Each window of the church you've got to mend ;
Ingratitude's worst curse on my head fall,
f, for your sake, I've not broke them all !”

Tom, with surprise, sees Dick turn pale,
Who deeply sighs —“ O la !”
Then drops his under jaw,
And all his pow'rs of utt'rance fail ;
While horror in his ghastly face,
And bursting eye-balls, Tom can trace,
Whose sympathetic muscles, just and true,
Share with heart
Dick's unknown smart,
And two such phizzes ne'er met mortal view.

At length friend Dick his speech regain'd,
And soon the mystery explain'd—
“ You have indeed, my business done !
And I, as well as you, must run ;
For, let me act the best I can,
Tom ! Tom ! I am a ruin'd man.
Zounds ! zounds ! this friendship is a foolish act ;
You did not know with the parish I contract ;
Your wish to serve me, then, will cost me dear ;
I always mend those windows by the year !”

I urge a theme that all must know

At morn, when tea and toast appear
And to the table all draw near,
What gives a zest to welcome cheer

In vain the urn is hissing hot,
In vain rich Hyson stores the pot,
If the vile Newsman has forgot

What is't can draw the Vicar's eye
E'en from the tithe-pig smoking by
To mark some vacant Rectory?

What is't attracts the optic pow'rs
Of Ensign gay, when fortune shows
Down prospects of the war

What is't absorbs the wealthy Cit,
The half-pay Sub, the Fool, the Wit,
The toothless Aunt, the forward Chit?

The Paper.

What is't informs the country round
What's stol'n or stray'd, what's lost or found,
Who's born, and who's put under ground?

The Paper.

What tells you all that's done and said,
The fall of beer, and rise of bread,
And what fair lady's brought to bed?

The Paper.

What is it tells of plays and balls,
Almack's, and gas lights, and St. Paul's,
And gamblers caught by Mr. Halls?

The Paper.

What is't narrates full many a story
Of Mr. Speaker, Whig, and Tory,
And heroes all agog for glory?

The Paper.

What is it gives the price of Stocks,
Of Poyais Loans, and patent locks,
And Wine at the West India Docks?

The Paper.

What tells you too who kill'd or hurt is,
When turtle's fresh arriv'd, whose skirt is
Much relish'd by Sir William Curtis?

The Paper.

What speaks of thieves and purses taken,
And murders done, and maids forsaken,
And average price of Wiltshire bacon?

The Paper.

As worth and merits then revere,
And since to-day begins our year,
Think not you e'er can buy too dear

ON A SWINDLING MUSICIAN, W
ENTRANCE-MONEY FOR A CONC
RAN OFF WITH IT.

THOUGH short his *tune*, his *touch* was
Our gold he freely *finger'd* ;
Quick both with *fingers* and with *feet*,
His *movements* have not linger'd.

Where lies the wonder of the case ?
A moment's thought detects it :
His *practice* has been *thorough bass*,
A *chord* will be his exit.

Yet while we blame him

It cheers the dull Scholar, the Fool it makes wise,
And the *Lower* may cease to complain,
When he toasts the bright glance of his Mistress's
eyes,
And his sorrows drowns deep in *Champagne*.

But variety even in Drinking we court,
And mankind still to differ consent ;
Thus the *Sailor* forgets all his dangers in *Port*,
And the *Soldier* delights in his *Tent*.
Here's *Spruce* for the *Dandies*, those fanciful elves,
Whose joy's still to gaze in the glass ;
For the *Miller* here's *Sack*,—and as bright as them-
selves,
Here's *Madeira* for each pretty lass !

With *Mountain* the *Traveller* will joyfully meet,
To *Canary* good *Singers* all flock ;—
The *Player* will *Punch* for his favourite greet,
And *Cynics* are blest in *Old Hock* !
Then let each fill his glass, till exhausted's our store,
And a toast now to drink would you ask ;—
Here's health to the Fair, and confusion to Care,
And long life to the Sons of the Flask !

CHARLEY'S MISTAKE.

ONE frosty night, a few weeks since, not more,
Charley, instead of six, trudg'd home at four :
'Twas piercing cold, and would be death to stay—
He to his hovel, therefore, bent his way.
Arriv'd—to bed he budg'd without a light,
Not dreaming matters there were aught but right,
His coat, his waistcoat, and his breeches too,
With little care upon the bed he threw,

And stepping in, with sort of shivering moan,
He starts his rib, poor soul, not quite alone.
' Bless me ! ' exclaim'd the wanton, " is it you ?
Come just in time to save your faithful Sue :
Quickly some brandy, prithee, do procure,
My pain's too great for mortal to endure."
In haste his scatter'd garments are replac'd,
And Charley to the gin-shop may be trac'd.
The brandy he receives—dubs up a shilling—
For he, to serve his rib, was always willing.
' This piece I cannot change,' his hostess cried.
' Not change it ! ' the astonish'd scout replied ;
' I but a shilling on the counter threw,
And ask no change from that and brandy too."
' A sovereign, Charles, or my poor eyes deceive me,
You from your pocket drew, and gave me."
Scout stares with wonder—first the fact denies—
Then smiles—and to his fob conveys the prize.
Now posts, as he suppos'd, a second bob,
Which he extracted from the self-same fob.
' Another sovereign ! ' ma'am with haste exclaims,
And Charley star'd, as though bereft of brains.
Recover'd, he surveys with anxious care,
The garments which contain'd the precious ware,
And found them of the finest—kerseymere !
The pockets too with care he fumbles o'er,
And of these pretty pictures found a score :
' Zounds ! ' he exclaim'd, " 'tis strange to me,
That I, who only once a week a sovereign see,
Should all at once become possess'd
And be, besides, so finely dress'd)
Of all this money, which my fob contains ;
Why, madam, 'tis enough to rack one's brains."
Still Charley shrewdly guess'd how matters were,
And hasten'd home to adjust the business there,
And change, for corduroy, the kerseymer.

The corduroys, however, now were gone,
And *his* frail rib with *him* who'd put them on :
Time, she conceiv'd, scout's anger might assuage—
But present death to meet his too just rage.

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES TRAVESTIE.—THE
FAREWELL ADDRESS OF MY LORD LONDON-
DERRY TO THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE CAN-
NING, ON HIS APPOINTMENT TO THE GO-
VERNMENT OF INDIA*.

Go where Plutus waits thee.

Go where Plutus waits thee ;
But, while pride elates thee,
 Oh ! still remember me.
And when, with golden treasure,
Thou shalt fill thy measure,
 Oh ! then remember me.
Though Indian arms may press thee,
Though nabobs may caress thee,
Though slaves may cry, God bless thee !
 When far from hence thou'lt be ;
Forget not thy dear Derry,
When sober, drunk, or merry,
 But Oh ! remember me.

When at night thou rovest
With the lass thou lovest,
 Oh ! then remember me.

* It will be remembered Mr. Canning was appointed Governor-General of India, and was on the eve of departing when the death of the Marquis of Londonderry made room for his present elevation.

... he closes
Till I've thought of thee.
O think of him who fought thee,
Bargain'd for, and bought thee ;
Oh ! George, remember me.

When, around thee, dying,
Wretched men are lying,
Oh ! then remember me.
And when, with joy, thou'rt gazing
On their hovels blazing,
Oh ! still remember me.
Nor let Pity, stealing
To thy heart, appealing,
Raise one spark of feeling,
Or draw one tear from thee ;
But let mem'ry bring thee
Strains *I* us'd to sing thee ;
Oh ! then remember me.

I'll butter what I get,
Said Alderman Heygate.
Give me some stew'd carp,
Said Alderman Thorp.
The roe's dry as pith,
Said Alderman Smith.
Don't cut so far down,
Said Alderman Brown ;
But nearer the fin,
Said Alderman Glyn.
I've finish'd, I'faith, man,
Said Alderman Waithman.
And I too, I'fatkins,
Said Alderman Atkins.
They've crimp'd this cod drolly,
Said Alderman Scholey ;
'Tis bruised at the ridges,
Said Alderman Bridges.
Was it caught in a drag? Nay,
Said Alderman Magnay.
'Twas brought by ten men,
Said Alderman Ven-
Ables ; yes, in a box,
Said Alderman Cox.
They care not how fur 'tis,
Said Alderman Curtis.
From air kept and from sun,
Said Alderman Thomson.
Packed neatly in straw,
Said Alderman Shaw ;
In ice got from Gunter,
Said Alderman Hunter.
This ketchup is sour,
Said Alderman Flower ;
Then steep it in claret,
Said Alderman Garratt.

I write, "*ma chere amie*,"
To let you know how nobly Spain
Agrees with France and me.
All folks, misled by false pretences,
Are coming to their chains and senses,
And all the crowds I see,
Adore, without the smallest shyness,
The Inquisition, and my Highness.

Whene'er we meet a whisker'd foe,
He's murder'd and defeated ;
(My Bulletins have told you so)
Yet corpses have retreated,
And every day the battle slain,
Substantial ghosts, start up again ;
And Hell and I are cheated,
And blade and bullet seem to soften,—
We kill the brutes so very often !

We pass our time delightfully ;
I like, as I'm a sinner.

I also like the Friars and Nuns,
The cowls, the canons—not the guns—
And gaze in rapture round,
When all the Counts, and all their wives,
Damn the Guerrillas, and their knives.

The Peasantry seem quite content
The King has got the gout ;
The Cortes seem securely pent ;
The Devil may drive them out :
Old Moncey has been often bit,
But he has length of beard and wit,
And minds what he's about ;
While Mina swears in every weather,
And cuts his jokes and throats together.

You know O'Donnell's plot was blown ;
And General Morillo
Might just as well have left alone
His petty peccadillo.
They did not, little love, amuse,
And were not of the smallest use ;
And I must wear the willow,
And mourn that two such glorious traitors
Brought nothing but their grins and gaiters.

Adieu ! you'll understand my story
From this right royal rhyme ;
I've gain'd a deal of ground and glory,
And lost a deal of time.
My uniform is much admired,
I'm getting wonderfully tired,
My boots are quite sublime ;
And I remember in my prayer,
Paris, kid gloves *—*et vous, ma chère !*

* It is well known that " the Ladies whom the Bon
bons love," are always requested to wear kid gloves.

A PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATION OF A WELL-
KNOWN CLASSICAL PUN.

“ Tu Doces.”—“ Thou Tea-Chest.”

WITHIN the precincts of Soho,
A tea-chest fell on Peter's toe,
And made him dance a reel :
Screwing his visage up, he saith,
“ *Thou art a shrewd* instructor, faith !
Thou *teachest* ! I can feel.”

AN EXQUISITE.

BUT Stultz sometimes exports a dandy over,
Or, in more modern phrase, an *exquisite*,
(Being delicate, they always cross by Dover,)
To show us exiles how a coat should fit.
Now don't mistake, or think I mean to cover
This *caste* with ridicule—O, far from it !
I'm told they're lady-like and harmless creatures,
With something of hermaphroditish features.

I like to look at them ! the cheek of cream,
Too soft for love, or wine, or war, or mirth, to
Disturb into expression ; eyes whose beam
Is delicate as wax-light ; voice for earth too
Dulcet by half !—such beings as, 'twould seem,
A maiden lady might have given birth to,
Without once erring from her frigid strada,
Or *flirting* with a soul, except her shadow.

You'll know one by its stays, screw-spurs, perhaps
A lewd-sketch'd box that music, and not snuff,
fills—
To show the diamond finger off that taps :
Its puny chest bulged out with vests and ruffles,
As if 'twere furnish'd, like the sphinx, with paps—
But still more like a turkey stuff'd with truffles.
Pshaw ! 'stead of heaving sail thus rigg'd to roam,
I wish those apes in stays would *stay* at home.

SHORT-HAND QUESTION AND ANSWER.

A GENTLEMAN remarkable for his fund of humour, wrote to a female relative the following couplet :—

How comes it, this delightful weather,
That *U* and *I* can't *dine* together ?
To which she returned the following reply :—
My worthy friend, it cannot be ;
U cannot come till *after T*.

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES TRAVESTIE.—THE
DIAMOND NECKLACE.

AIR—" Rich and rare were the gems she wore."

RICH and rare were the gems she wore,
And diamonds bright on her neck she bore ;
But her well-oiled wig was brighter far
Than her sparkling gems, or George's star.

The ministers never dare offer me
Too well they love place and gold
And will ne'er turn their backs on
door."

So on she went, and *tipt him a grin*
Then winking her eye, and cocking
Cried, "*Mum ! my brave Knight-*
tales,
My son shall your place have, and
vails."

A TRIP FROM MORTLAKE TO E
AND BACK AGAIN.

AIR—" De la contredanse de la

THE horses are pawing,
Their Buxton bits *gnawing* •

My frill from London—
My frock is undone—
We shall find the fun done
Before we arrive."

"Do, pray, Sir, excuse one,
We're all in confusion;
I can't get my shoes on,
You hurry one so:
We're coming down stairs, Ma!
For the first heat who cares, Pa?
You know Dick declares, Pa,
'Tis horridly slow."

"I fear we're fated
To be belated—
The nags have waited
Since half after ten.
But ladies dressing,
And frizzing and tressing,
Are quite distressing
To us sporting men."

The horses are starting,
And forward are darting;
The landau departing,
Bowls fast down the road.
Its varnish'd wheels flashing,
Through puddles are splashing;
The steeds onward dashing
As if they'd no load.
Spendthrifts, scapegraces,
Legs with long faces,
All to the races
Are forcing their way;

And vehicles jamming,
The highway are cramming
The course is in sight !
A hubbub astounding,
Our senses confounding,
The carriage surrounding,
Foretells a flash fight.

But no !—See yonder—
What new-born wonder
Has rent asunder
The gathering mob ?
That scarlet dennett,
With three snips in it,
Has just this minute
Half crack'd a man's nob !

On ! on ! let them chatter,
Like mills let them clatter,
And mill them—no matter—
What's ————

"Tens did ye say, Sir?
Book—don't delay, Sir;
On Monday* you'll pay, Sir;
Done with you, Sir, done!"

My feeble verse failing
Proves quite unavailing
For fairly detailing
The wonderful run;
I tell not the bustling,
The flogging and jostling,
The spurring and hustling—
Emilius has won!

What desperation,
Rage, exclamation,
Congratulation,
What grief and what joy!
No speculators,
But merely spectators,
Our masticators,
We quickly employ.

And now our lunch ending,
The dickey descending,
Our way we are bending
To gaze on the girls;
"What, run away from us?"—
"Good morning, Sir Thomas!"
"Don't pink hats become us?"
"The sun spoils my curls."

"Your list I'll borrow;—
What balls to-morrow?
I, to my sorrow,
Was not at Almack's.

* Monday is the settling day at Tattersall's.

~~Acquaintances gone~~
Now parting, now meeting,
We round about roam ;
Till ended the races,
Regaining our places,
We all turn our faces
With pleasure tow'rds home

By dint of striving,
And post-boys' driving,
We just arrive in
Good time for the feed ;
But ere expressing
Our joy, we press in
Our rooms, to dress in
All possible speed.

The dinner-bell's chiming !
My song there's no crime in
Tho' rules of good rhyming

CHIT CHAT.—IN IMITATION OF THEOCRITUS,
Idyll. 15.

Mrs. Brown.

Is Mistress *Scott* at home, my dear ?

Servant.

Ma'am, is it you ? I'm glad you're here.
My *mistress*, though resolved to wait,
Is quite *impatient*—'tis so late,
She fancied you would not come down.
But pray walk in—Ma'am, *Mrs. Brown.*

Mrs. Scott.

Your servant, Madam. Well, I swear
I'd given you over. Child, a chair—
Pray, Ma'am, be seated.

Mrs. Brown.

Lord ! my dear,
I vow I'm almost dead with fear.
There is such *scrouging* and such *squeezing*,
The folks are all so disobliging.
And then the waggons, carts, and drays,
So clog up all these narrow ways,
What with the bustle and the throng
I wonder how I got along.
Besides the walk is so *immense* !
Not that I grudge a coach expense,
But that it jumbles me to death,
And I was always short of breath.
How can you live so far, my dear ?
It's quite a journey to come here.

Mrs. Scott.

Lard ! Ma'am, I left it all to him :
Husbands, you know, will have their whim.

Mrs. Brown.

Hist ! lower, pray,
The child hears every word you say.
See how he looks !—

Mrs. Scott.

Jacky, come here,
There's a good boy, look up, my dear,
'Twas not papa we talk'd about—
Surely he cannot find it out ?

Mrs. Brown.

See how the urchin holds his hands,
Upon my life he understands.
There's a sweet child, come, kiss me, c
Will *Jacky* have a sugar plum ?

Mrs. Scott.

This woman has a very good voice.

Mrs. Brown.

My good man, too—Lord bless us! wives
Are born to lead unhappy lives,
Although his profits bring him clear
Almost two hundred pounds a year,
Keeps me of cash so short and bare
That *I have not a gown to wear*;
Except my robe, and yellow sack,
And this old lutestring on my back.
But we've no time, my dear, to waste:
Come, where's your cardinal? make haste.
The *King*, God bless his Majesty! I say,
Goes to the house of Lords to-day,
In a fine painted coach and eight,
And rides along in all his state.
And then the *Queen*—

Mrs. Scott.

Ay, ay, you know
Great folks can always make a show.
But tell me do—I've never seen
Her present majesty, the *Queen*.

Mrs. Brown.

Lard! we've no time for talking now,
Hark!—one—two—three—'tis twelve, I vow.

Mrs. Scott.

Kitty, my things; I'll soon have done:
It's time enough, you know, at *one*.
Why, girl! see how the creature stands!
Some water here to wash my hands.
Be quick—why sure the gipsy sleeps!
Look how the drawling daudle creeps!
That basin there—why don't you pour?
Go on, I say—stop, stop—no more—

Go—fetch my gloves, and fan, and muff.
Well, heav'n be pleas'd—this work is done
I'm ready now, my dear—let's run.
Girl, put that bottle on the shelf,
And bring me back the key yourself.

Mrs. Brown.

That clouded silk becomes you much,
I wonder how you meet with such ;
But you've a charming taste in dress.
What might it cost you, Madam ?

Mrs. Scott.

Guess.

Mrs. Brown.

Oh ! that's impossible, for I
Am in the world the worst to buy.

Mrs. Scott.

I'm glad you think so,—Kitty, here,
Bring me my cardinal, my dear.
Jacky, my love—nay, don't you cry—
Take *you abroad*!—indeed, not I;
For all the *Bugaboos* to fright ye—
Besides, the naughty horse will bite ye;
With such a mob about the street,
Bless me! they'll tread you under feet.
Whine as you please, I'll have no blame,
You'd better blubber than be lame.
—Come, come, then, give Mamma a kiss.
Kitty, I say, here take the boy,
And fetch him down the last new toy,
Make him as merry as you can,
—There, go to *Kitty*—there's a man,
Call in the dog, and shut the door.
Now, *Ma'am*.

Mrs. Brown.

Oh Lard!

Mrs. Scott.

Pray go before.

Mrs. Brown.

I can't indeed, now.

Mrs. Scott.

Madam, pray.

Mrs. Brown.

Well then, for once, I'll lead the way.
Lard! what an uproar! what a throng!
How shall we do to get along?
What will become of us? look here,
Here's all the king's horse-guards, my dear.

Don't be afraid, my dear, come on :
Why, don't you see the guards are gone

Mrs. Scott.

Well, I begin to draw my breath ;
But I was almost scared to death ;
For when a horse rears up and capers,
It always puts me in the vapours.
For as I live, nay don't you laugh,
I'd rather see a toad by half,
They kick and prance and look so bold
It makes my very blood run cold—
But let's go forward—come, be quick,
The crowd again grows vastly thick.

Mrs. Brown.

Come you from *Palace-yard*, old dame

Old Woman.

Teach me to dance

Mrs. Scott.

Can you direct us, dame?

Old Woman.

Endeavour.

Troy could not stand a siege for ever.
By frequent trying, *Troy* was won ;
All things, by trying, may be done.

Mrs. Brown.

Go thy ways, proverbs—well, she's gone—
Shall we turn back, or venture on ?
Look how the folks press on before,
And throng impatient at the door.

Mrs. Scott.

Perdigious ! I can hardly stand,
Lard bless me, *Mrs. Brown*, your hand ;
And you, my dear, take hold of hers,
For we must stick as close as burrs,
Or in this racket, noise, and pother,
We certainly shall lose each other.
—Good God ! my cardinal and sack
Are almost torn from off my back.
Lard ! I shall faint—O Lud—my breast !
I'm crush'd to atoms, I protest.
God bless me ! I have dropt my fan,
—Pray did you see it, honest man ?

Man.

I, Madam ! no, indeed : I fear
You'll meet with some misfortune here.
—Stand back, I say ; pray, Sir, forbear—
Why, don't you see the ladies there ?
Put yourself under my direction,
Ladies, I'll be your safe protection.

And you'll be always sure to
A welcome, Sir, in—Lard! the
Bears such a name, I can't tell
To tell him where I live, I vot
—Mercy! what's all this noise
Pray is the *King* a-coming, sir

Man.

No—don't you hear the people
'Tis Mr. *Pitt* just going out.

Mrs. Brown.

Ay, there he goes, pray Heav'n
Well may the people all caress
—Lord, how my husband used
And drink success to honest *Pitt*
And happy o'er his evening cheer
Cry, you shall pledge this toast,

Man.

Hist—silence—don't you hear
Now

For he's the *laird of aw our clan*.
Troth, he's a *bonny muckle man*.

Man.

Here comes the coach, so very slow
As if it ne'er was made to go,
In all the gingerbread of state,
And staggering under its own weight.

Mrs. Scott.

Upon my word it's *monstrous* fine!
Would half the gold upon't were mine!
How gaudy all the gilding shows!
It puts *one's* eyes out, as it goes.
What a rich glare of various hues!
What shining yellows, scarlets, blues!
It must have cost a heavy price,
It's like a mountain drawn by mice.

Mrs. Brown.

So painted, gilded, and so large—
Bless me! it's like my Lord Mayor's barge.
And so it is—look how it reels!
It's nothing else—a barge on wheels.

Man.

Large! it can't pass St. James's gate,
So big the coach, the arch so strait.
It might be made to rumble through,
And pass as other coaches do,
Could they a body coachman get
So most preposterously fit,
Who'd undertake, and no rare thing,
Without a head to drive the King.

Mrs. Scott.

Lard! what are these two ugly things
There—with their hands upon the springs,

Man.

Oh ! they are gods, Ma'am, that you
Of the *Marine Society*.
Tritons, which in the ocean dwell,
And only rise to blow their shell.

Mrs. Scott.

Gods, d'ye call those filthy men ?
Why don't they go to sea again ?
Pray tell me, Sir, you understand,
What do these Tritons do on land ?

Mrs. Brown.

And what are they, those hindmost thing
Men, fish, and birds, with flesh, scales, 1

Man.

Oh they are gods, too, like the others,
All of one family, and brothers.
Creatures which seldom ~~come ashore~~

Let's make for any house we can—
Do give us shelter, honest man.

Mrs. Brown.

I wonder'd where you was, my dear,
I thought I should have died with fear.
This noise and racketing and hurry
Has put my nerves in such a flurry !
I could not think where you was got :
I thought I'd lost you, *Mrs. Scott*—
Where's *Mrs. Tape* and *Mr. Grin* ?
Lord ! I'm so glad we're all got in.

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES TRAVESTIE.—WHO
SUFFERS.

AIR—" We may roam through this World like a Child
at a Feast."

WE can roam through the Town, and of *Flats*
make a feast,
And if one *Gudgeon* bites, we then bait for the
rest ;
And when *bailiffs* and *grabs* hunt us up in the East,
We can pack up our *traps* and be off to the West :
Though *Snip* may *suffer*, we dress in style,
And laugh at the *Snob* who our boots provides,
But without their aid we should ne'er get a smile
From nymphs of the *Ton*, with their ogling eyes.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Through the Town, whether eastward or west-
ward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear Woman goes
round,
Oh ! remember who suffers on shop-board at
home.

THE COMMON-PLACE BOOK

England 'tis easy to get into debt,
For *spoonies* will trust any *cove* that may call;
You cut but a *swell*, and make a *dead set*,
They'll find you in clothes, board, lodging, and
all.

! were the *girls* up to our *moves* on the Town,
And only could see *how* our living we gain,
stead of a smile, we should meet with a frown,
And for ogling eyes, see nought but disdain.
When remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Through the Town, whether eastward or west-
ward you roam,
Then a cup to the smile of dear Woman goes
round,
Oh! remember who suffers on shop-board at
home.

France, when a man of the Town spreads his
sail,
On the ocean of credit his fortune to try,
He runs a few knots—then is *lagg'd* up in jail,
Where, without friends or cash, he must lie down
and die;
But in England a *College*, humanely, is kept,
For those who can't pay, to live at their ease,
Here many a prime *noble fellow* has slept—
For three little months—in a *bed full of fleas*.
When remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Through the Town, whether eastward or west-
ward you roam,
Then a cup to the smile of dear Woman goes
round,
Oh! remember who suffers on shop-board at
home.

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES TRAVESTIE.—THE
SLOE-BLACK PEEPER.

AIR—"Lesbia hath a beaming eye."

PEGGY hath a squinting eye,
But no one knows at what it squinteth ;
Right and left her glances fly,
But what they glance at, no one hinteth ;
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
My Nancy's roguish sloe-black peeper ;
Few its looks, but every one
Strikes sly Cupid's arrows deeper !
Oh, my black-ey'd Nancy, dear !
My pretty, roguish, black-ey'd Nancy !
I despise
Peg's squinting eyes,
But sloe-black peepers please my fancy.

Peggy wears her dresses high,
And then her stays, so tight she'll lace 'em ;
Not a charm can one espy,
Tho' busy fancy tries to trace 'em !
Oh, my Nancy's gown for me,
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free,
To rise or fall as nature pleases !
Yes, my black-ey'd Nancy, dear !
My plump and playful black-ey'd Nancy !
Nature's dress
Is loveliness,
And *yours* like *hers*, just suits my fancy !

Peggy's mouth to grin's inclined,
But 'mongst her teeth there's ne'er a white one ;
And then they look as if design'd
To snap at, or perhaps, to bite one

6 THE COMMON-PLACE BOOK, &c.

at Nancy's *iv'ries*, oh, how clean !
And then her breath is sweet as roses ;
And lips were never redder seen,
Nor aught more straight than Nancy's nose is :
O, my black-ey'd Nancy, dear !
My pretty, roguish, black-ey'd Nancy !
How I prize
Your sloe-black eyes,
But squinting Peg's I ne'er can fancy !

THE END.

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